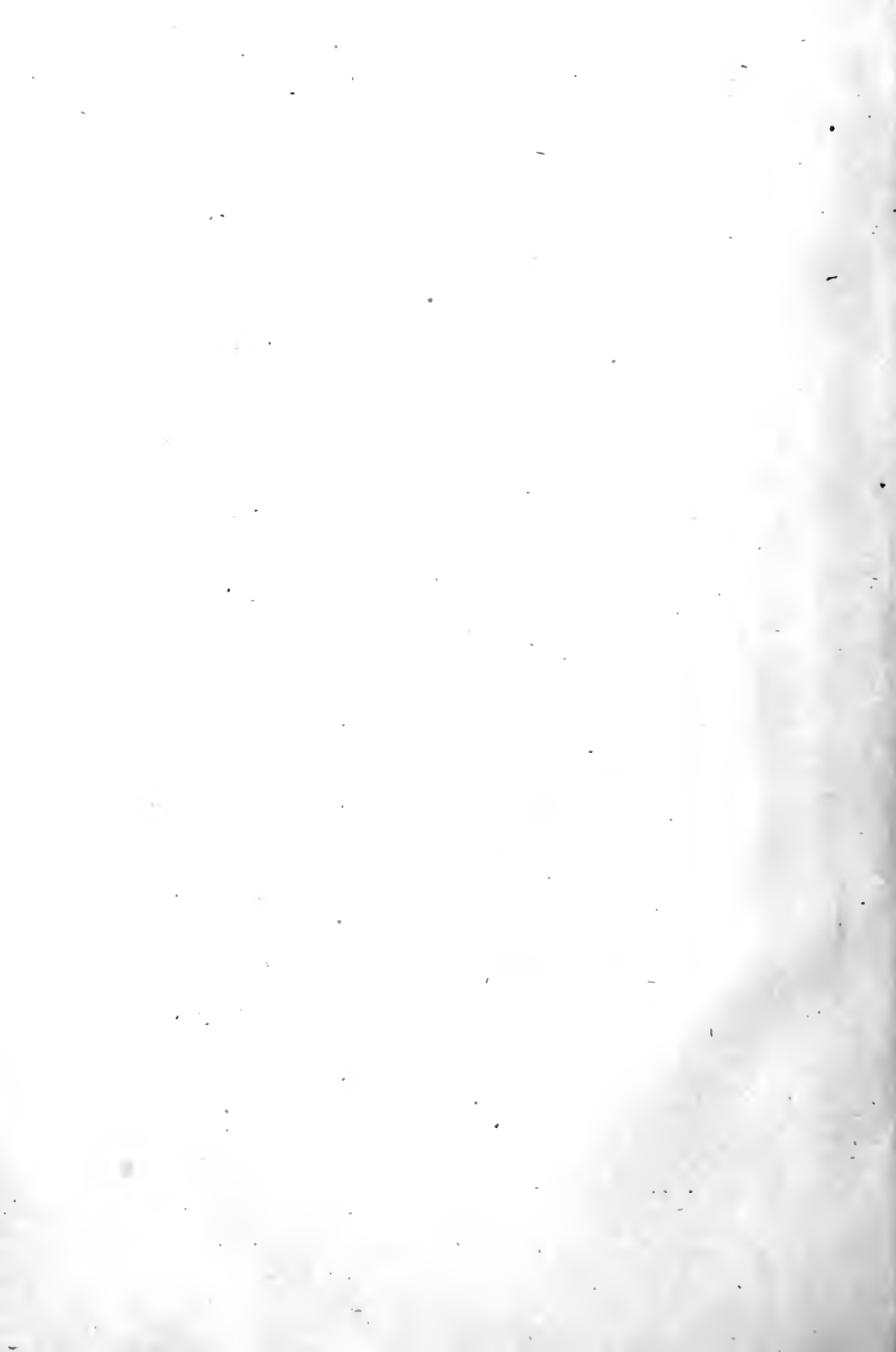




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THE INTERNATIONAL
STUDIO AN ILLUSTRATED
MAGAZINE OF FINE AND
APPLIED ART

VOLUME SIXTY-ONE

COMPRISING MARCH, APRIL,

MAY AND JUNE, 1917

NUMBERS 241, 242, 243, 244

1445-51

29 11 17

NEW YORK OFFICES OF THE INTER-
NATIONAL STUDIO
JOHN LANE COMPANY, 116-120 WEST 32d ST.
MCMXVII

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The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXI. No. 241

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MARCH, 1917

R ETROSPECT AND IMPRESSION BY ELLIOTT DAINGERFIELD

To send the mind into the past, to seek the good in the midst of the useless or the bad; or, as an engineer who drives his auger into the depths of the earth, and in the great core therefrom searches the strata to find the vein of pure gold—this in a way indicates the task I have set myself—in a few words to find, if one may, some of those influences which have made the past twenty years vital in the life of American art.

Reaching back to the later years of the nineteenth century we come upon no stagnant pools, no crass ignorance nor doubtful beginnings. True, the great lights of landscape effort, as we know it, had already finished their work. Their brushes were laid aside and their easels deserted, but the work lived and its influence was present and ever growing more dominant. The dealers, with whom we must always reckon if we care to watch or admit the value of tendencies, were concerned chiefly with the canvases of the men of 1830 and their imitators and followers; there was also with certain dealers a growing attention directed to Impressionism as a light and a power. Here, then, were two ends of a wide-apart world—yet I should say that neither made the extreme appeal nor was of such influence in our art matters as those earlier great ones of Italy who knew the secret and beauty of mural decoration.

Decorative art became chief in a crowded stage. Its first performances in the Chicago Exposition of '93 were of a sort to quicken intelligent desire for greater beauty in all public buildings. Architects whose quickness of artistic vision is not to be doubted, were swift in seeing and in developing decoration, and the latter years of the last century were full ones.

The value of this movement is not to be found alone in the number of public buildings, libraries, court houses and other structures embellished with dignified works, but more particularly in this—that decorative art is based upon knowledge of design, of drawing, of fitness of form to space, of colour suited to environment, and finally, of profound intention. Haphazard and accidental are words not known in mural decoration, and if we are to admit, as perhaps we must, that no stupendous genius has arisen, that we have seen no Michelangelo or Raphael creating imperishable beauty—we may not doubt that the sanity of decoration is a balance wheel that we may depend upon in the swing of that pendulum which we shall see swinging far out of an orderly course, and which will aid in bringing order and beauty into our artistic lives.

During these years the tang of Impressionism was in the air—all France, even all Europe, was saturated with it. In its good form and its bad it took possession of artist and student alike. It was, speaking broadly, chiefly concerned with light and its problems, and it swept across the Atlantic to take our youth by storm. It was the new thing come into the world to solve all problems, and certainly it solved many. The incompetent found a refuge for a time, and many painters found real treasure in its founts. Many beautiful things have been done, many delightful things, but I doubt if we may, even with much searching, find a genius or an entirely original work—one borne of our own discovery. We have had certainly the professional model at the window and at the mirror in every conceivable pose and scheme—we have had daylight things done most excellently in darkened studios with subtly arranged coloured electric lights, and painted with clever brush work, and as little thought as may be—but is that great mystery "Life" so revealed?



Courtesy Macbeth Galleries

THE LADY WITH THE FAN
BY R. ALDEN WEIR



Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE BEECHES
BY ASHER B. DURAND

Twenty Years of Art in America

And yet the search for Life is the most modern of modern desires. This search for the new, the unusual, gave an added push to the extreme reach of the pendulum. Again we borrowed from Europe; the extremes of Post Impressionism, of Futurism, of Cubism and the others which depend upon an *ism* for a name, came to our shores. I wonder that no one seems to see or to say that none of it originated with us. A truly new discovery in art by an American would be an interesting thing!

We cannot say that it was an infusion into our art, because infusions are necessary only when there is great weakness or anemia. This was not so with American art. It was a very healthy body indeed, so it has been rather a cross-breeding or a graft upon us and we have yet to see whether the fruit is to be good or ill. I am not essaying, here, criticism of schools—rather I am considering what is about us or has been during twenty years.

Extremes are seldom productive of good, and the extremist is almost never a leader or a permanent influence. There are no people who more steadily keep their hands on the public pulse than the dealers, and the balance against ultra modernism may be found in the steady flow of noble works which have passed through the dealer's hands to museums and private collections. Works of the greatest artists from the very early primitives down the whole course of days, until to-day, have come to us and we are rich beyond dreams in the treasures of all times, peoples and places. The influence of this is not to be underestimated. It will steady the sway and curb the expression of all extravagance—it will produce a taste which will know well how to choose from all offerings that which will live and be of abiding value.

And there is still another significant indication which we may not ignore—this is the steady and almost phenomenal growth in the demand for and values of our prominent Americans, living or dead. We are learning that most necessary thing,—if art is to have a real and effective life among us—we are learning to value our own art. If the past twenty years had done nothing else than to produce this result, we should write its history in golden letters. Therefore I am an optimist!

Sum the matter up and we may lay these claims with a steadfast faith: In decoration we have contributed noble works to our national treasure. In the growth of museums of art and in splendid

collections therefor the advance is little short of amazing. In treasure of world masterpieces we hold a high place, and in the vortex of extremes we have kept our heads and know well how to select the good and the valuable—that which is vital—and to leave the vague, the uneasy and the obscene to that vortex of oblivion in which they properly belong. To all this we must add the knowledge and the interest of our people who in the last analysis are the arbiters.

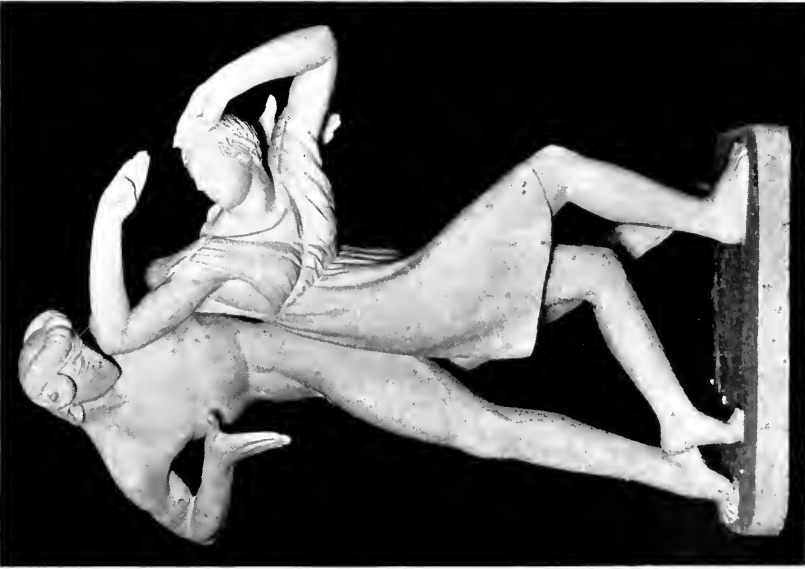
Out of such conditions will come a great art. I do not believe the genius of this art will come from anarchy or the ideals of slum life, or cabaret debate, but he will be a man of reverence, with a conscious love of beauty, and he will know that art is from within, that it is more spiritual than mental, more of the emotions than the intellect. He will see that art glows with vision, that its highest attribute is Love—love of all that is Beautiful.

A MERICAN SCULPTURE—SOME IMPRESSIONS BY W. FRANK PURDY

THE history of the art of sculpture in America is—in its bigness, in its entirety—yet to be written. As a thing essentially American it is, perhaps, at least to those who have the strongest faith in its ultimate destiny as a greater art than any that has gone before, still in the making.

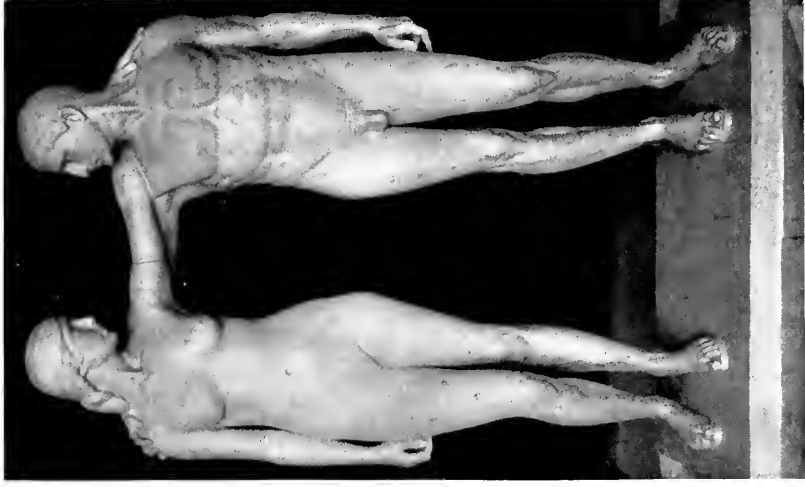
Fifty years is a too brief period in which to measure the development of a thing so vital as the idealistic expression of a people's traditions, feelings, and visions. And yet, it is scarcely more than that since the first masters of our American sculpture foretold the future of that art. These early exponents of the "silent music of sculpture," drinking deeply of the honest inspiration of their own rugged times and people, worked with a simple directness of manner. Telling their stories in the everyday forms they saw about them, they produced those interesting examples of that early monumental art which it has since been the fashion to scoff at. Homely, perhaps, childish almost, perhaps, but *surely* entirely distinct from the semi-classic, highly academic work which has since crept in.

Although much of this early monumental sculpture is laughed at, to-day, by those who think that they have "arrived" in matters of taste,



DANCERS

BY CECIL DE B. HOWARD



ADAM AND EVE

BY MARIO KORBEL

Twenty Years of Art in America

would it not be wise to ask ourselves, right here, whether these early men did not build better, not only than they knew, but better even than we in our sophistication now think they knew; whether the great birth of American sculpture, the birth which is inevitably hers, would not have come sooner, and would not have been more truly representative, more noble, if followed along those, shall we say, "primitive" lines? At least, did not these men lay the foundation of the verities for us, and was not their simple realism lost, too soon, when those who followed were permitted by wealth and opportunity to find their inspiration abroad rather than at home.

These younger artists, drinking freely at the founts of old-world knowledge—Greece, Italy, and yes, even Paris, the mother of artists—brought back to us a sophisticated point of view, a slickness and sureness of method which might indeed make us question whether this search for mere beauty, according to the standards of the old world, was not in a measure a mistake? Whether, after all, they were not following strange gods, rather than the rugged path that would have led them straighter and sooner to the mountain tops of a sincere and reverent expression of an individual American art.

The first great manifestation of this classic influence was undoubtedly shown at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. There, for the first time, the American sculptor had his big opportunity at a purely imaginative self-expression, one fruit of his foreign search which was making itself felt in monumental as well as purely decorative work. Again, at Buffalo, this same trend was manifest, with, perhaps, additional development. To-day, our memories are full of the wonders of the San Francisco Exposition, of which it has been said that if it had accomplished nothing more than afford our prominent sculptors the opportunity that it did, in the embellishment of its grounds and buildings, while giving at the same time to students and lovers of art also the opportunity of appreciating the progress of sculpture in America up to this time, the efforts spent in its development would have been justified.

To-day, the progress made in this art, as viewed from many angles, and in the light of the many individual and noble achievements—proving that the reaching out for greater things has not been in vain—is gratifying. But where is it leading us?

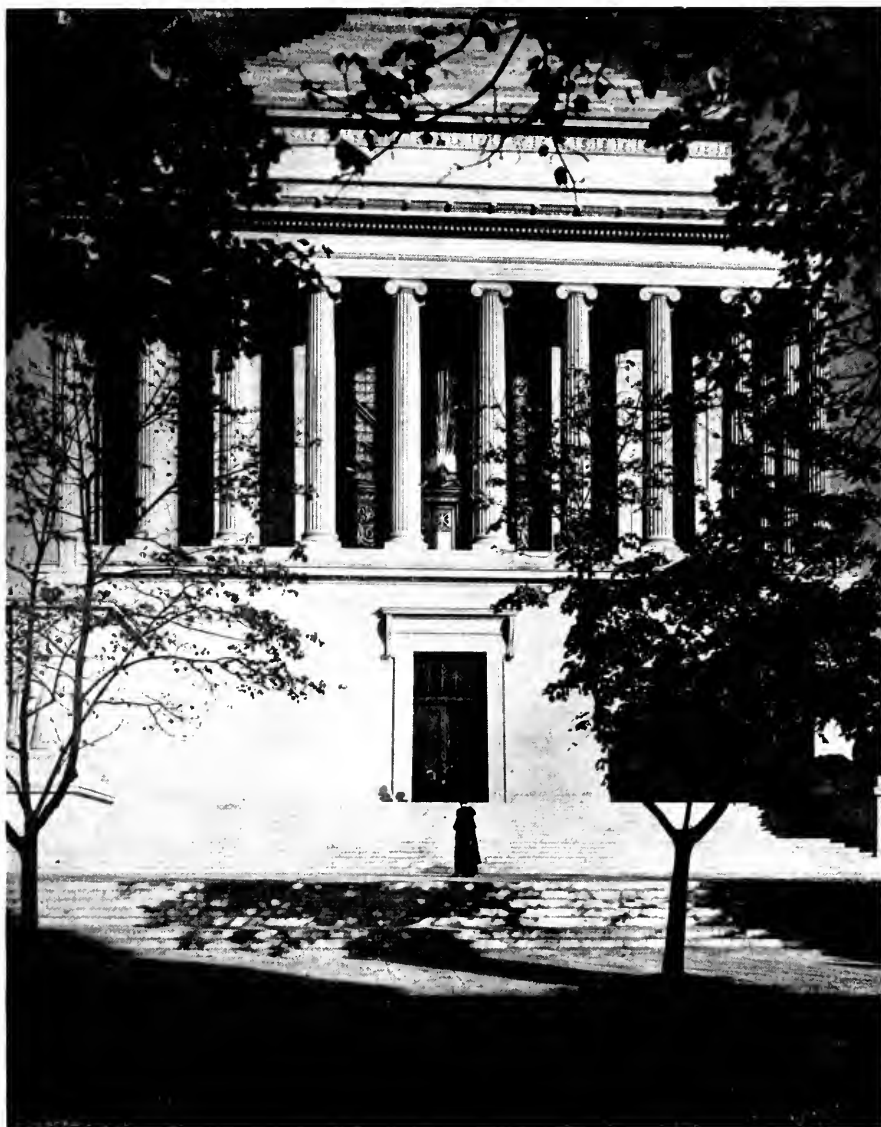
Is it leading us along the right path to that truly creative, native school of art which should be our inevitable heritage? What in fact, is our understanding of true American sculpture? Should it be the consistent and continued adherence to these ethics and forms of the past, which—for want of a better name—may be called the "Academic," or should it be a crown to the labours that have gone before through the fuller fruition of a still more complete, more virile, and more representative art?

Surely there is the breath of an incoming tide, untrammelled by the traditions and constraint of the past, which is trying to cross the bar of convention, bringing with it a fuller and freer understanding. Or, what is this disturbance, this struggle, this surging that is felt beneath the surface? Has the modern school—anarchistic as it may seem—come merely as a shock to self-satisfied complacency, and are we about to answer it only by reflecting again something that was born in the old world?

No—a thousand times no! America in her art—as in other things—is ready here to prove her very bigness. If the real art must include sincerity, individuality and reverence, will not the true American sculptor remain loyal to that sincerity and grace which the past has taught; will not each true American artist, for himself, dare to adopt in addition that individuality preached by the new school, and will he not return to his own shores for his inspiration, moulding—with reverence—the traditions, ideals and hopes of his own people, and out of this combination produce an art which will be epoch making in the history of sculpture? Just as America herself is a fusion of peoples, must not her art be a fusion of ideals? At no time before has the American sculptor had a better opportunity to put these new ideals into practice, and lest what we have said seem pessimistic, let us say in closing that a close, loving, patient view of the development of this wonderful art in this country, during the past few years, confirms the writer's faith to an unshakable degree in this future for American sculpture.

ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS BY H. T. LINDBERG

No discussion of the progress that architecture has made in America during the last two decades would be complete with-



THE TEMPLE OF THE SCOTTISH RITE
JOHN RUSSELL POPE, ARCHITECT

Twenty Years of Art in America

out acknowledging the debt which it owes to certain men who, either by their courage as pioneers, or their genius, have left their stamp for all time upon the architecture of this country.

Even if with changing ideas and values their individual work should be discarded and forgotten, no history of American architecture would be complete without the names of such men as H. H. Richardson, R. M. Hunt and C. F. McKim.

Certainly to the late H. H. Richardson belongs the credit of having laid the cornerstone of scholarly architecture in this country. It is questionable, however, whether his influence, in the final analysis, was for the best; he was entirely too stylistic to be successfully followed, and, in the words of Montgomery Schuyler, "the menace of the Romanesque as the future style of America," can be laid at his door.

To Hunt, and in an even greater degree to McKim, may more justly be ascribed the most far-reaching influence felt in this country. Each was an academician and a classicist.

It was through the influence of McKim, Mead and White that the great Renaissance revival took place in this country. Indeed, for many reasons, it would seem that McKim's influence had been the most powerful that American architecture has felt, and in no way has it been more marked than in that it has blazed the trail for even greater achievements in the future. And he may also be said to have been the first architect of note to give the American artist the opportunity for self-expression, as he did in the Public Library in Boston.

Many examples of a recent phase which this country has felt, due to the modern French influence, can be found in this city; this exotic growth, fortunately, has left no permanent impression.

Another adaptation is the Tudor mansion and the Italian palace, admirably reproduced in both detail and construction. But it is certainly a debatable question as to whether such art cannot more justly be described as retrogressive, rather than progressive. A Tudor home in this country is quite as incongruous as a copy of a chateau on the Loire would be on Fifth Avenue.

So far, we have only had the courage to be ourselves, to attempt to evolve a form of architecture which shall be at once national and characteristic, in the treatment of the problem of our commercial buildings. Here the genius of America

has found its most spontaneous and truest expression.

Our best commercial buildings have the American characteristics of daring and mechanical ingenuity. The Woolworth building, notably, stands for all time an inspiring monument of successful engineering and dignified simplicity. Other office buildings merit an equal tribute of praise, for their boldness of design and frankness of expression.

That their whole reason for being lies in economic conditions does not in the least militate against the value of the "sky-scraper" as an American institution; for these very conditions have compelled the American architect to evolve a distinctive style, without any assistance from precedent, which has grown to be one of the new wonders of the world.

When shall we have the courage and patriotism to be equally ourselves in the expression of our monumental buildings, and to let our domestic architecture also voice our life and requirements?

The modern houses of our multi-millionaires rather tend to discourage any hope in this direction, and this is especially true of their interiors.

How often do we see a mantel from Italy, flanked by pieces of Flemish tapestry, a heterogeneous collection of needlework chairs, and perhaps a worm-eaten refectory table from the old world? They may be genuine, or they may be spurious; the moral effect is equally to be deprecated.

The reason for this condition lies largely in the fact that our decorators are frequently really little more than vendors of so-called antiques. Why should they interest themselves in making original designs for which there is no demand? And this condition will not change until we have been thoroughly surfeited with a scheme of decoration utterly foreign to our national life and mode of thought.

Why ape other times and countries? Surely the necessity for that is past. When the country was younger, it is true, we adapted the Georgian style to our own needs. But the adaptation had almost the value of creative work. Our "Colonial" architecture, while preserving the salient points of the original, was sufficiently characterized and American to have individuality of its own.

Unfortunately, many of the moneyed class prefer replicas in homes and reproductions in furniture. To nothing does this apply more than to

Twenty Years of Art in America

paintings. Many men would prefer to bask in the sunlight of a spurious Corot than in the finest example of any American artist.

This tendency, too, affects art in nearly all its branches. The American mural painter, no matter how great his talent, is rarely allowed to express himself, or to work on anything that has a national and historic appeal. Most often he is required to copy, if not an actual work, at least an idea. Truly has it been said that "imitation is the sincerest form of parody."

In this connection once more we may pay grateful tribute to Mr. McKim, who, in the Public Library in Boston, gave such artists as Abbey, Sargent and St. Gaudens the fullest opportunity to express their individual genius in their own terms.

In closing it is pleasant to be able to cite some examples of residences that are both beautiful and architecturally consistent. For example, the Breese residence at South Hampton, the E. D. Morgan house at Westbury and the John Pratt home at Glen Cove.

But is it not, finally, in the smaller, rather than in the larger, domestic architecture that the hope for a national expression lies? The environs of Philadelphia are notable for having many excellent examples of houses of the less wealthy citizens which are a satisfaction to the eye and a gratification to the American who hopes some day to see a type of architecture which will no longer be a slavish imitation, but will be more closely related to our ideals and characteristics.

TWENTY YEARS OF DECORATIVE IDEA IN AMERICA BY FRANK ALVAH PARSONS

By leaps and bounds we have, as a nation, increased our understanding of and our appreciation for art as an essential factor to modern life.

Twenty years ago a few American painters only were immortalizing their names through their fidelity to the cause of art. These were pioneers, not only in their own fields, but also in the development of art as it is manifested in other forms of life. To them we ascribe all credit for better and finer things, but the art of a nation does not begin with its painting. It begins with the essentials of life and by natural development arrives appreciation for painting. In the field of decora-

tive art little concerted work or even appreciation was manifest. Architecture was largely a matter of technical or scientific skill. The art quality was generally commended, but less generally brought into use. An occasional great mind, like that of Stanford White, saw the glories of the past from the standpoint of beauty in relationships, as well as from that of technical skill. Such men are milestones in the development of national appreciation of decorative art and their works are masterpieces bearing witness to the existence of great minds that saw the light when darkness was indeed dense.

To-day there are many men whose domestic and public architectural works are living monuments indicating not only breadth of thought, but beauty of vision. These in future generations will be admired for their art quality in much the same degree as are the fine works of the eighteenth century in France and England, or of the sixteenth century in Italy. This stimulation of the decorative sense through architecture has reacted on public opinion, and taste has improved in corresponding ratio.

Decorative art as it is revealed in architectural relationships, and particularly as it is expressed in interior architectural forms, has been one of the strongest indexes to our national growth in taste. Gradually, but decisively, the knowledge of what really is decorative has found expression. The abnormal growths called chimney pieces, mantels, grills and other trim have given place to simpler, well scaled mouldings or reproductions of good pieces of historic origin. These are so chosen and so arranged that they produce a decorative unit whenever they are found in relation to the wall spaces, the openings and the proportions of the room.

Twenty years ago Interior Decoration, as such, was scarcely thought of in America. To the great mass of people, Interior Decoration was a matter of painting, papering or "frosted cake like" decorating ceilings and walls. It has scarcely occurred to us that the hangings, rugs, furniture and other essentials of a room were elements which were to be chosen and arranged with the ideas of comfort and beauty of decoration, each clearly in mind. It is interesting to see what twenty years has accomplished in this regard.

To most of us the mid-Victorian, black walnut or museum viewpoint of the average room of twenty years ago is too familiar to need comment.

Twenty Years of Art in America



Courtesy Charles A. Platt, Architect, New York

The sacred relics of heredity, the sentimental collections of individuals, the fashionable plush suites, the hand-painted naturalistic atrocities and other supposed decorative objects were put together apparently without thought of the fundamentals upon which decoration depends.

To-day there is scarcely a town in civilized America in which the matter of Interior Decoration is not taken seriously. In fact, in rural towns as well as great civic centres, there has come an awakening to the meaning and necessity for better interiors that has no parallel for thoroughness and for unanimity in any other field of art. Schools and universities are yearly adding courses in this subject and one university, at least, has established a chair of Interior Decoration with a degree. Very closely associated with this fact is the general impetus given to the movement by the educational authorities of the land. Environment we are told is the important teacher. Heredity and even dogmatic precepts, as such, lose their efficiency when compelled to combat the silent, but potent power of our surroundings.

Man is then in a large measure what he lives in. If this is so, the house is a large enough part of one's environment to become of paramount importance in art education. Not only is this true from the standpoint of beauty of an individual article, but much more so from the standpoint of the arrangement of all objects in relation to the room and to each other. The principles of decorative composition are fundamental here.

The second form of growth in appreciation of decorative art has found its expression in a quickened national sense as to what Interior Decoration is and the power of a decorative environment to determine one's later appreciation of art.

Closely associated with ideas relating to the house are those that relate to clothes. Twelve years ago there was a somewhat stifled attempt to create styles here that should seem to have something of the art quality, already recognized in garments brought from abroad. Slowly the idea took root and, with the outbreak of the European war, the smouldering embers became a

Twenty Years of Art in America

conflagration. Firms, schools and private individuals have striven to meet this emergency of an interrupted European production by fitting themselves to create adequate substitutes. This has not only stimulated all decorative art production; but it has shown us about how much art quality we really have in us, which is after all the most vital necessity to a stable growth. To separate the art idea from that of fashion and then to recombine them sensibly, is the next step in this work.

With the evolution of the idea of Interior Decoration and clothes design has come the necessity for training in the design of such materials as are essential to artistic results in these lines.

Special schools have been established for the design of textiles. Great business houses have bent their energies to the establishment of an art quality as one of the essentials in their various branches of manufacture.

While by no means universal, this growth is clearly distinguishable. There is, however, grave danger to the cultivation of a discriminating taste in ill-timed and carelessly produced machine-made imitations of antique articles, which often pass for good. This is particularly true of furniture.

With the increase in our population our international relationships, our resources and our individual demands for comforts and luxuries, the field of advertising has assumed an importance out of all ratio to our expectations. Decorative pictorial possibilities in this field are unlimited and we have not been slow to recognize this fact.

Art schools even of strictly academic viewpoint are rapidly accommodating themselves to this situation and even "commercial art" is beginning to be seen as a legitimate manifestation of life and given the right to possess an art quality as well as the name.

Our so-called craft movement must not be forgotten. In many ways our craft workers, even in the so-called minor fields, have kept before us the all important truth, that a machine and a human mind controlling a pair of hands are two very distinctly different things. They have urged upon us the idea of the mental against the mechanical and have kept alive our desire for that personal quality which is the soul of art.

The magazine, one of the nation's greatest educators, has been one of our most effective teachers and such ones as have stoutly cham-

pioned the cause of art are among our greatest benefactors. We should look to it that these are carefully separated in our minds from those that are simply commercial exponents, of fashion, fad, or the sentimental idea masquerading as art. A few have the mistaken idea that in order to appeal to the public they must express anything *except art*.

Even approximate perfection is attained through a process of evolution. Growth is a matter of desire, realization and energy. So far as art is concerned we have shown a tremendous *desire* to know it and to possess it. We are evidencing daily a greater longing to realize *what* it is and how to *use* it. Our energy as a nation seems unbounded.

Twenty years has seen tremendous strides towards the realization of our ideals. For the next twenty we predict a very much greater growth both in appreciation and creation in every manifestation of national energy.

American Academy in Rome

THE American Academy in Rome announces its competitions for the prizes of Rome, in architecture, sculpture, painting and landscape architecture.

The annual competitions for the Academy's Prize of Rome are well entitled to be regarded as the premier event of the sort in America. This may be said with fullest appreciation of the splendid service rendered to the arts through the establishment of numerous traveling scholarships, for which competitions are regularly held, and the notable Paris Prize of the Society of Beaux Arts Architects. But there really is no need for a comparison, between the Prize of Rome and these others; such comparison, to be made at all, must be with the famous *Prix de Rome* offered by France to her most carefully chosen elect. To those who, because they have done well in the architectural departments of our universities and in office studies, in studios and schools of art, are deemed worthy to try for it, America gives the same opportunities through competitions for the Academy's Prize of Rome; and this amidst those surroundings of the Eternal City, of Italy, of the classical lands lying close about, that have made Rome for so many generations the one great, supreme goal of artistic mankind.

Chairman of the National Society of Portrait Painters



KITTY GORDON
AND DAUGHTER

BY S. MONTGOMERY
ROOSEVELT

C HAIRMAN OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINT- ERS BY L. MERRICK

A PORTRAIT painter who has attained distinction among his contemporaries, and who commands a following in fashionable as well as artistic circles, one who is identified with the art life of New York and who has found time withal to materially promote art interests throughout the country, must be qualified to accept the distinction offered him by the art public as a serious, honest portraitist and an able delineator of character.

It was as a boy at St. John's military academy at Ossining that Montgomery Roosevelt first became aware of his artistic talents. His drawings

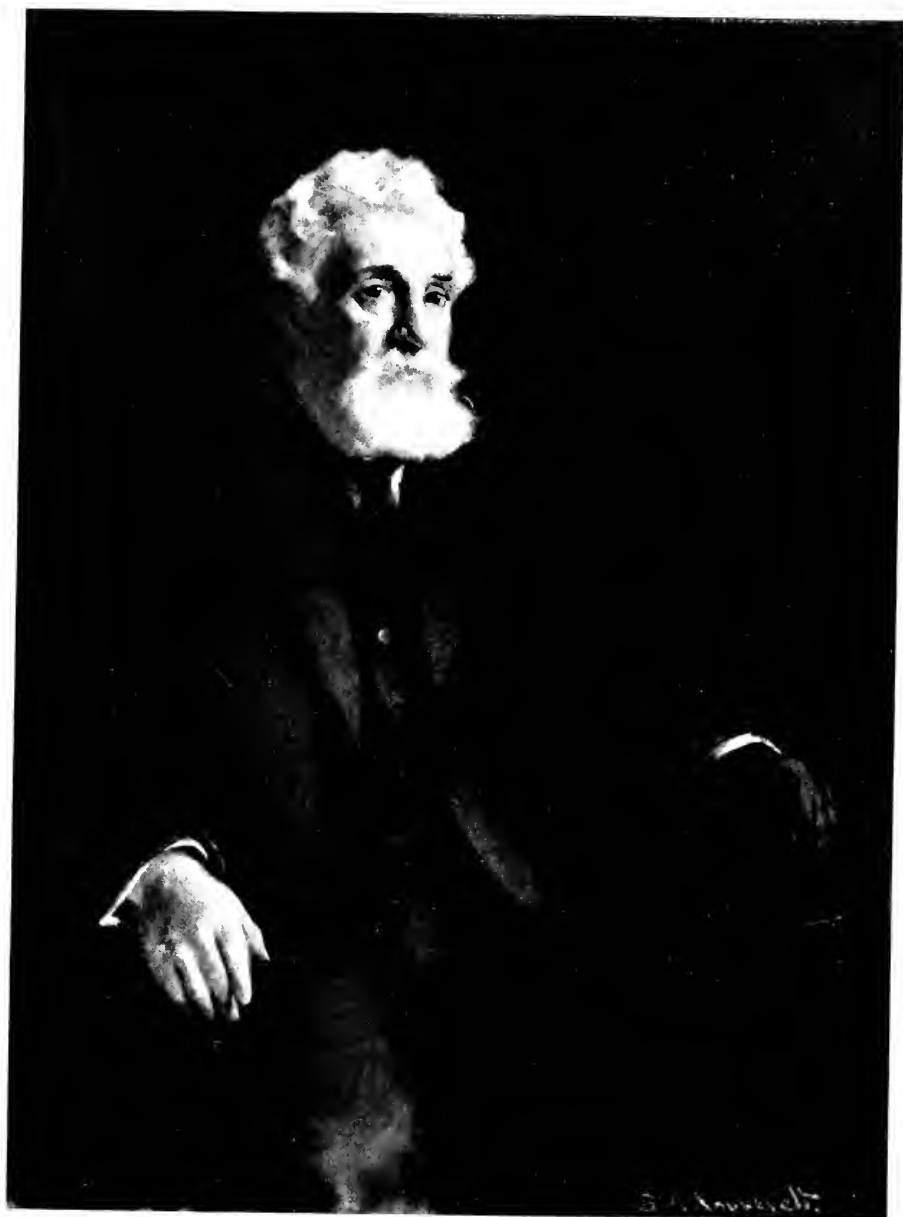
took the highest prizes awarded by the school; some of them have been preserved by the faculty and hang in the academy's armory as models for youths of artistic bent.

But while his professors had hoped for an art career for young Roosevelt, his father had planned a business vocation for his son, and at his dictation he entered commercial life. He undertook the management of his father's vast interests and in time became a man of large affairs, in which capacity he remained actively engaged for a number of years. However, he employed much of his leisure time in gratifying the dominant, artistic impulses of his nature and continued, though irregularly, his studies in drawing and painting, awaiting the day when he could give art his undivided attention. When the propitious moment arrived he was ready to abandon business life and devote his time to his heart's desire.

Serious study then began under the direction of William M. Chase and M. Siddons Mowbray, at the Art Students' League, New York. Later he went to Paris, continuing his work under Jean Paul Laurens and Benjamin Constant. His pictures were accepted and hung in the Paris Salon and before returning permanently to this country, he had won the decoration of the *Légion d'Honneur*.

In 1910, after he had gained recognition as a portraitist of ability, having painted many of the nobility of Europe and numerous persons of note in this country—when success was assured—he founded the National Society of Portrait Painters, and is still its chairman. The importance of this organization is well known to the art public of the country. Its annual exhibitions in New York and other leading American cities have done much to attract portrait commissions to American artists and has been the means of making known the talents of American painters. It now numbers some thirty-seven members, including such names as John S. Sargent, Irving R. Wiles, George Luks, DeWitt M. Lockman, Cecilia Beaux, Robert Henri, J. Alden Weir, Lydia Field Emmet, Antonio de la Gandara and Anders Zorn, John W. Alexander, William M. Chase, Thomas Eakins, Robert MacCameron and Howard Gardiner Cushing were among its founders.

When Roosevelt finally determined to apply all of his energies to his chosen career, his advance was rapid. He attacks his work with enthusiasm and fearlessness and his growth has been accord-



PORTRAIT OF HUDSON MAXIM
BY S. MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT



RUTH
BY S. MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT

Chairman of the National Society of Portrait Painters

ingly spirited and sure. In its force and conviction, true talent and sincerity are unmistakably revealed. His progress, therefore, has not been purely technical; the experiences of his business life and keen dealings with men have proved a decided aid in his portrayal of character, and have added to an inherent gift discernment and judgment.

But while ably portraying the strength of his men, he has also developed the gift of recording female beauty—while a colourist of no mean attainments. With such advantages it is not surprising that he has reached success in a shorter time than it takes the average artist, even in so difficult a phase of art as portraiture.

Early in his career he learned that many of the failures in portrait painting are as much the fault of lack of character in a sitter as in technical weakness of a painter. In his knowledge of human nature and great sympathy with mankind, he is able to rise above such difficulties. He knows how to give the best there is in himself and to get the best in a sitter. Where there is no beauty of form or colour, he has acquired the mastery of overcoming or modifying this handicap by unravelling the web which nature has woven, for he well knows that the people whom a painter is called upon to record are not always left to his own choice. He comprehends the wisdom of concentrating on the "lines" of a sitter and visualizes on whatever charm there is. The result is chic, facile and dexterous. His portrait of Ruth is convincing of his strength. It is ably handled and shows that the theme was well thought out in the artist's mind before it appeared on canvas. Like all of his work it is free from sensationalism and false conception and reveals above all things an honest determination to obtain character.

In studying Roosevelt's canvases, what most attracts the observer is the fearlessness with which he approaches his subject. In his portrait of the Honourable Mrs. Beresford (Kitty Gordon) and her daughter, he has built up, as it were, a dominant superstructure which leaves no doubt of rare ability to arrive at forceful results in the simplest possible manner. This work has verve and crispness. The colours are harmonized with ability, nor do the flesh tones suffer by the brilliancy of the gowns or other accessories of the picture. It is admirably composed, broadly painted and graceful in line. The introduction

of the Siberian wolf-hound in the composition is a happy balance to the vivid greens in the mother's dress and enhances the shimmering lights caught by the lustrous black velvet of the young girl's gown. The painting of the dog also displays the artist's knowledge of animals from the painter's standpoint.

But while impelled by the largeness of his vision, the directness of his method and his strength, we are also attracted by the charm of sentiment that permeates his canvases whenever the subject will permit. This is admirably exemplified in *Winter*, one of his earlier canvases. The entire work betrays the fact that he has approached his theme with something akin to tenderness; the warm tones of the fur texture nestle almost lovingly against the soft modelling of the youthful face and the expression of girlish character is a record of one who understands and sympathizes with his subject. The whole canvas is enveloped in a charm that is at once personal and comprehensive. The freshness of colour that this picture still holds reveals the fact that the artist must have considered what time does to paint and prepared for its future, for in colour and tone it has improved with the years.

In his portrait of Hudson Maxim he again shows courage. Not daunted by the lustrous whiteness of the sitter's beard and hair, he has manipulated the flesh tones so dexterously that not one subtle muscle that goes to make up the character of the man is lost. The deep thoughtfulness of the eyes, the intellect behind the broad brow, are felt rather than seen, which again proves how far he has gone beyond mere surface effects.

His presentment of Mrs. Ethel L. Yerkes in a soft pink gown shot with gold, in which he has so ably brought out the beautiful flesh tones of the sitter, is one of his latest triumphs, and his Lady MacKenzy, whose wondrous red hair is made to harmonize so agreeably with a gown of gold cloth, is a colour success. The brilliant blue of the girdle, sharply defined as it is, adds a note of distinction to the work. It has dignity and opise, is good in expression and withal a thoroughly interesting composition.

The Earl of Kintore, one of his most recent achievements, strong in rendition and having much painter's quality, is not only a good likeness but a thoroughly artistic work which has carried his fame as far as Australia, of which the sitter was former Governor General.



PORTRAIT OF A LADY

BY S. MONTGOMERY
ROOSEVELT



MRS. E. L. Y.

BY S. MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT



MRS. N. J. H.

BY S. MONTGOMERY ROOSEVELT



THE WIDOW

BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

C HARLES W. HAWTHORNE
BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

ONE of the most popular paintings at the Metropolitan Museum is Charles W. Hawthorne's *The Trousseau*. We all know that young wistful girl about to marry, tended by two older women, while she *thinks* and *thinks* how it will be with her in the new life into the mystery of which she is hurrying, responsive to the summons of her own wild heart. When she is with him there is no time to think. It is enough to live and trust and be happy. But here in the home where the new sadness has made such a change, and girlish things have been put away, it is wise to prepare one's thoughts. Night

and day are scarcely time enough. The present is so full of new concerns; new dresses—new dreams—new fears and then, breath-taking memories. *The Trousseau* is of course popular with the Museum visitors who don't know much about art but who know what they like. They can hardly wait to buy photographs of the picture. They want to remember the wonderful expression of the girl's eyes which has given them emotions they have known at the theatre. The appeal then of this picture is a literary one and most of the critics and artists feel called upon to disapprove of its sentiment. Yet *they* also stand before *The Trousseau* in admiration. They cannot fail to wonder at the sharp poignancy of the drawing, the extraordinary expressiveness of the

eyes and arms. And if art is intended primarily to quicken the consciousness of life, to intensify the emotions, then this picture surely has qualities which transcend its mere medium of expression and raise it above the level of art made only for art's sake.

The painter of *The Trousseau* was himself a devotee of painting for painting's sake, not so very long ago. The critics have had to revise what they once thought and wrote about him. Critical classification of an artist is a lazy, careless business at best, even when it helps to conveniently dispose of individual careers which are finished. When a critic attempts to classify or formulate a final opinion about a youthful contemporary whose future rests like clay in his hands, to mould as he will, he has only himself to blame if time and change make merry with his conception.

Because young Charles W. Hawthorne had been a favourite pupil of William M. Chase; had studied Hals with him in Holland and painted brass and fish with him at Shinnecock with a zest for the same bravura of brushwork, it seemed safe to assume, as a well-known critic actually did in 1905, that this young Hawthorne would turn out to be another objective virtuoso of the flowing brush. This critic applauded the virility of his vigorous youth and the becoming brutality thereof. Hawthorne had moved to Cape Cod and was painting fisher-folk and their catches, in their own brine-soaked atmosphere, with their dripping oars, and their knives and nets, and their great brass pans streaked with blood which spilled over to their slimy tables and their filthy floors. The critic was sure that Hawthorne was an able painter but also sure that he was incapable of analytical reflection "with scarcely a hint of sensitive compassion" for his subjects. He was simply a clever brushman with a "savage, angular style." He was only able to paint what he could see and he saw all too plainly. Well—perhaps it was for the best that he recognized his limitations. And how refreshing it was to find an American so free from foreign influence.

How strange it all sounds to-day, this estimate of Hawthorne as he seemed to a critic eleven years ago. How different from what captious reviewers have written about him since. Nowadays we grant him an original note of poetry, a sympathetic insight into character, a keen comprehension of and compassion for the humble

fisher-folk he has painted so often. But we say that he shows too much Italian mannerism. We say that his flesh tones are too waxy and that there is too much of a sameness of texture all over his panels. We say that his flat modelling often seems like an affectation of archaic simplicity, and that his heads often seem detached or at least detachable from his bodies. Finally, he is too apt to become sentimental over his subjects. At Provincetown, however, where Hawthorne teaches the principles of pictorial art and the practice of painting out-of-doors to a colony of students, he is considered both a great teacher and a great painter. His pupils know that he can still paint for painting's sake with the skill of a Vollon, a Chase, or a Henri. The truth of the matter is that he has been to Italy and that his work is haunted by its beauties. It was Italy which pacified his violent clash of jarring colours and gave his tones instead an emotional subtlety of relationship. It was Italy which modified his aggressive brush stroke and made his surfaces sensuous with a lustrous mellow paste. Most of all it was Italy which gave him the sentiment for his chosen subjects which he had lacked before. Hawthorne came to a period in his development when brutality was no longer congenial to him. He went to Italy in 1907 to get out of the habit of being a brutal and brilliant painter. A wistfulness had crept into his work so noticeably that Charles H. Caffin in his "Story of American Painting," although still bracketing him with Henri, Glaekens and Luks, had the intuition to observe "this painter has not yet found himself. That he will do so is probable for he is now in Italy where men discover that brushwork does not constitute the whole of painting." By going to Italy when he did, at the age of thirty-six, after his rugged realism had established his reputation, Hawthorne proved that he was of the adventurous breed of men who wish to keep their minds and senses open to new impressions. Can new impressions be found at this late day in such an aesthetically worked out country as Italy? Can the influence of old pictures help to produce vital and original art appropriate to the Twentieth Century? Hawthorne's work has answered these questions in the affirmative. The Italy which transformed his art, lifting it to a higher plane, was none other than the Italy of the Palaces and the Galleries, the Italy of the tourists, if you will, the Italy of the "Old Masters."



Owned by the Metropolitan Museum of Art

THE TROUSSEAU
BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

In the presence of the great paintings of Giorgione and Titian, Hawthorne discovered within himself hitherto unrecognized capacities for æsthetic enjoyment. He delighted in subtly constructed relations of technical elements and came to think of painting in terms of music. He realized that never again would he force his lights and shadows and crisply model his forms so that they would stand out. How much more beautiful was the decorative convention of comparative flatness in modelling and of varied combinations of colours arranged within the same scale of tone! Questions now occupied his thoughts. Could arbitrary æsthetic values be applied to pictures of the plain people of Provincetown without sacrificing the essential impression of their substantial, familiar reality? Could his trained dexterity in handling a flowing brush with naturalistic intent be incorporated with his new zeal for making his pictures delectable, every inch of them, in a more or less archaic manner? For now he was impatient to experiment with the creation of new textures. The surfaces of these old pictures enthralled him, and he turned over and over in his mind the problem of how the Venetian Masters had obtained their golden richness. If they underpainted in tempera was it not worth his while to experiment with that method? It is to Hawthorne's credit that in spite of the spell which Italy cast over him and the metamorphosis it made in his work, yet he maintained his individuality. His own work, although inspired by Italy, is not reminiscent of any Italian painter. His surfaces have a look of mellow glaze under granulation which curiously resemble the patina of Oriental pottery. Emphatically he denies Oriental influence. Discussing the genesis of his texture with him recently he suddenly exclaimed: "I never thought of it before but now that you mention it, I believe that it was not Italian pictures which inspired that particular surface, but Italy itself—the familiar look of it as I lived there day after day, the texture of the stone and of old fresco, and oh, I I don't know—just Italy!"

But Italy did not merely alter the surfaces of Hawthorne's pictures and the direction of his technical approach. What it really did to him was to stir into conscious life, under that swash-buckling strength of his, depths of tenderness and poetic insight, hitherto unsuspected. Thereafter his approach to his subjects was not undertaken

so much as a technical exploit nor even as an intellectual adventure, but as an emotional experience. Giorgione was the first great painter to make a record of that look in the eye which manifests that a soul, for the moment at least, is self-withdrawn. Yet it was Titian's *Young Englishman of the Pitti Palace* who particularly fascinated the American painter—that stalwart man of action observed in a mood of such absorbing reverie that his large eyes stare at us without seeing us, while his whole body seems rigid with the concentration of his thoughts. In consequence of this portrait's strong influence on Hawthorne, it must be acknowledged that his Cape Cod fishermen and their families have formed the habit of stolidly, fixedly staring at us without seeing us ever since. We have come to expect it of them and we are rather disappointed if they keep their minds on their work. Sometimes the effect has an element of unintentional humour, as when a handsome starry-eyed young woman stands dreaming, no doubt of her sailor-lover, unconscious that she is gripping in one hand a huge fish. But what is ludicrous in an occasional instance is convincing and captivating in most of Hawthorne's work. It was original with him, although inspired by Giorgionesque portrait-heads, to make us realize that even the fishermen of Provincetown have their happy day-dreams and their sharp, relentless tragedies. The *unspoken thought* interested the poet in him. He sought for various ways to express the silences which suddenly separate us from one another, at those moments when, in the midst of company, we are alone. Hawthorne's models have thus been given universal significance as symbols for us all. They symbolize our obscure play-acting, all unconscious of the stage we tread, of the little dramas of our lonely destinies. Big moments are suggested by the faces of these people, old and young. No stories are told. Imagination is stimulated through the painter's suggestions of some of the great forces eternally at work in human hearts.

All ages have been given sympathetic interpretation in the paintings of Hawthorne, but one type prevails and reappears. Being himself a big, simple man, and dominated by the sincere and unconstrained sentiment characteristic of his kind, his models are usually simple people, more or less symbolical in suggestion, roughly generalized rather than individually character-



Owned by W. S. Pardee, Esq.

FISHERMAN AND DAUGHTER
BY CHARLES W. HAWTHORNE

ized. I remember seeing in Paris during the summer of 1913 an old fisherman of Hawthorne's who gazed at all comers in that "Salon des Beaux Arts" with a vacant stare. I was not sure whether he was altogether awake. At his side was a little tiny boy, accustomed to silences and to self-sufficiency, pondering some problem of profound importance only to little boys. Behind the two of them was a smear of paint resembling somewhat a firelit fog. I remember thinking that Hawthorne must have allowed the child to daub the background while he wondered about the moods of old men and little boys who live close to the sea. If childhood and old age have their special detachments youth is the time when experiences are most vivid and realities most romantic. In Hawthorne's picture entitled *Youth*, a boy and a girl, playmates yesterday, walk hand in hand, their faces pale and serious, out of the world of play into the wonderful world of labour and danger. It is *Youth* which appeals most keenly to this artist; the freshness and wistfulness of maidenhood have won from Hawthorne many a graceful tribute. None is more charming than the lovely composition in tones of pearl and turquoise and pale gold entitled *Daffodils*, although the lovely little *Venetian Girl* at the Worcester Museum is technically a less mannered and more perfect achievement.

The Madonna motif has for many years dominated the artist's dream life. Sometimes, as in the large *Adoration* of the St. Louis Museum, the triangular arrangement of the figures is too formal and too remindful of Renaissance altarpaintings. The Provincetown fishermen in their oil-skins who worshipfully look up to the mothers of their children do not somehow bring such pictures up to date. Better adapted to our own age are the no less reverent and more natural depictions of young motherhood in such attractive and lovable pictures as the wistful, modern *Mother*, of the Boston Museum, and the idyllic *End of the Day*. In the presence of this intimate scene I scarcely know whether it is the pensive mother or her drowsy child or the breathlessly beautiful blue of the evening sky which gives me such a sense of delicious comfort and spiritual peace.

But the masterpiece of the artist is the tragedy called *The Widow*, in which the solemn twilight tones of colour sound like muffled funeral bells. A great lone star is shining steadfast, eternal.

A flag flies at half mast over the square sails of the huddled boats in the harbour. Desolate, but passionless in her grief, a young dark mother clasps her baby close. Soon she will understand her bereavement. Night is falling—but never again can her man come home.

Hawthorne has won much praise and established for himself an enviable reputation in Europe, in spite of the fact that his Anglo-Saxon sentiment is so insistent.

His story is as yet, we hope, half told. He is a young man of the adventurous breed, and new developments may be confidently expected. We hope that he will grow out of his tendency to mannerism and make his figures less static.

Whatever his ultimate rank, it is certain that in at least two of his paintings, *The Trousseau* and *The Widow*, he has achieved that greatness which is attributable only to those works of art in which form and spirit are one, and in which good painting does not seem to exist merely for its own sake but seems to be inspired for the special expression of those sentiments which make life worth living.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY, 1917 BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

Few artistic occasions evoke such enthusiastic response and generous applause as the hardy annuals at the Pennsylvania Academy, the Mecca of every Philadelphian of standing as well as of many thousands not privileged to plant their roof-tree within permissible range of Spruce and Walnut Streets. To those outsiders, however, who follow the best canvases in their circus-like wanderings amongst the art-strongholds of the country, an exhibition at Philadelphia in this year of grace can hardly be expected to provide the same thrills and surprises which fall to the lot of the many Philadelphians who visit their own entertainment and hardly any other. Dozens upon dozens of pictures obtrude either in the guise of good old friends or else as old offenders. Some of the canvases look tired of their Ulyssean wanderings and might with benefit to painter and public alike be laid gently upon the shelf with a befitting requiem; just as members of a club who do not pay their dues are placed upon the black list, so might certain pictures which pay their dues too frequently be accorded a like treatment. Some few pictures



MRS. K.
BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT



DANCER AND GAZELLES

BY PAUL MANSHIP

indeed cannot be seen too often but such are rare.

In passing an opinion upon the present exhibition it is impossible to overlook the loss accruing to it through the absence of much that would have been enjoyed had the American artists who habitually paint abroad sent their wares as usual to Philadelphia, but alas! a bloodstained curtain has been rung down upon all such activity, and we can only deplore the consequent gaps and delinquencies. A great number of pictures on view are only there on sufferance. A complacent and pacifist jury has guarded the base with the result that much that is commonplace, much that is superficial and very much that is a recipe—facile painting repeating problems that have long ceased to be obstacles—much of this nature has been exhibited and may be readily discovered in the different rooms. The hanging, moreover, is in many instances not free from reproach. What

could be more banal and infelicitous than to place Chase's *Portrait of Dean Grosvenor*, Kenyon Cox's *Tradition*, and George Bellow's *The Sawdust Trail* cheek by jowl. Such arrangement savours of artless merriment, but experience reveals how art juries are exempt and immune from any suspicion of humour in their dealings. How otherwise could the *grand prix* have fallen to the painting by Joseph T. Pearson, Jr., of *The Twins*, which is a beautifully painted canvas undoubtedly, but bare in conception. The two pink-frocked children stand in wooden solidity at opposite ends of a little table and might be lambs rampant supporting a coat-of-arms. The design, excepting the little Japanese blossoms peeping surreptitiously from different quarters of the frame, is frankly heraldic and lifeless. Why not paint real flesh and blood children that may be observed in any home or upon the moving-picture screen?



BUST OF THEODORE N. ELY

BY ALBIN POLASEK

Perhaps the swing of the pendulum was best exemplified in the large—much too large—display of purple and orange phantasies by Hugh C. Breckenridge and the colourless but splendidly constructed portraits of Thomas Eakins. Excellent portraiture too is shown in the self-portrait of Wm. Merritt Chase and *Mrs. K.* by John S. Sargent, where especially noticeable are the beautifully painted hands. Adolphe Borie is well represented with his portrait of Miss Iris Tree which is very spontaneous and pleasing in tone, greys and blues intermingling in very delicate harmony. Sidney Dickinson showed *The Beggar*, well observed and well executed but lacking in interest; nearby an excellent still life by Rittenberg was rendered negligible through unfavourable hanging. Martha Walter is often superficial and careless in her slapdash, bing bang methods, but in *A Breezy Day* she has given us something of exquisite abandon and grace. A young girl out-of-doors is one of the most emo-

tionalizing canvases in the exhibition. We should have liked to have seen Jonas Lie receive a prize for *Winter Morning* with its silver lights and frosty atmosphere. His turn will come. Somewhat too architectural, but delightful, in colour and arrangement, is Frederic Clay Bartlett's *Studio*. Theresa Bernstein has much more imagination and humour than the average painter, which probably accounts for hanging committees so often selecting her canvases to conceal top windows or portions of ceiling. The well-drawn nude by Arthur B. Carles looks as if it had been half baked, then hammered. Nancy Ferguson amuses with her clever presentation of stiff New England types. Most people imagine that A. L. Groll was born in a desert and has resided there ever since. Before very long it will be seen that Groll knows and paints many subjects bearing no kinship with Arizona deserts. Emil Fuchs shows a good portrait of Mrs. Frances L. Wellman, whilst Cartaino Scarpitta is well represented by a strong well modelled bust of Emil Carlsen, thus adding another famous painter scalp to his belt. There is a fine swing and swish to Lentelli's *Water Sprite*. Other memorable pieces of sculpture are Mahonri Young's *Alcmene*, d'B. Howard's *Afternoon of a Faun*, Tonetti's *Dr. Carrel*; subtle in character and immensely alive, Konti's excellent bust of Elliott Daingerfield and Albin Polasek's *Nymph*.

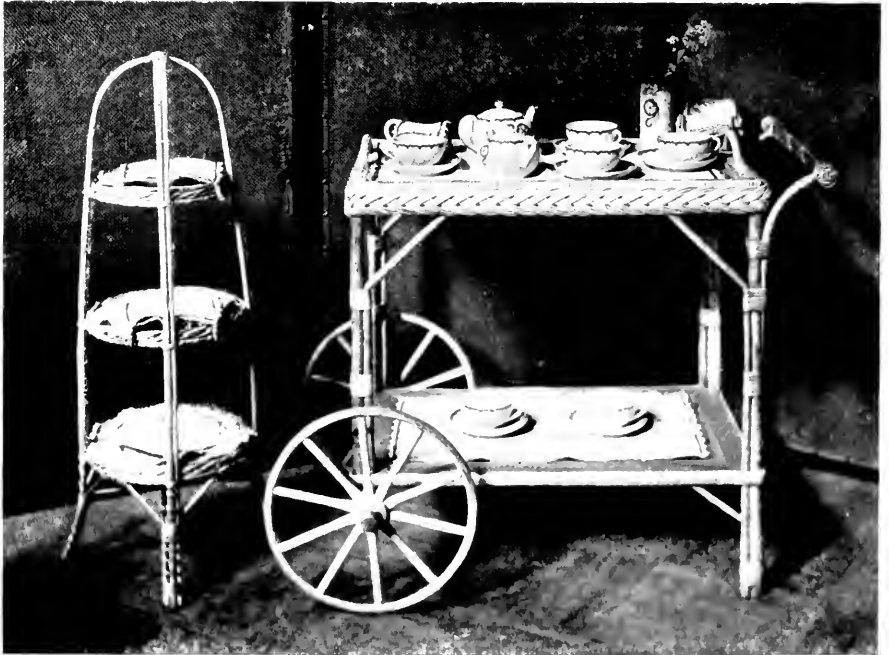


A BREEZY DAY

BY MARTHA WALTER



CHILD'S ROOM DESIGNED BY FAYETTE BARNUM AND EXECUTED BY THE COOPERATIVE WORKSHOPS



WICKER TEA WAGON AND MUFFIN STAND. COLOR SCHEME: GREY, MAUVE AND YELLOW
PLANNED BY NINA HATFIELD

National Society of Craftsmen



AN INDIAN WEDDING
EMBROIDERED BY W. AND M. ZORACH



SILVER AND JADE BROOCHES AND NECKLACE
BY LILLA WHITCOMB DAVIS

Modern Art: From Daumier to Marsden Hartley

MODERN ART: FROM DAUMIER TO MARSDEN HARTLEY BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

AN importance which it would be difficult to overestimate attaches to the exhibition of paintings at the Parish House of the Church of the Ascension—an exhibition organized by the People's Art Guild for the purpose of bringing before the public the merits of the much maligned "moderns." The spirit of the show is to be commended more highly even than the pictures, for there are no paintings which stand out particularly above their fellows, and the artists, in almost every case, have sent works which cannot be numbered among their very best. Furthermore the inadequacy of the hanging has resulted in the exhibition losing much in point of effect. When artists expose in groups they should at least have their works hung together, as there can be no real general appreciation of the new efforts when only one frame is seen.

But with these carpings adverse criticism ends. The exhibition is a needed tonic, and everyone interested in serious æsthetic enterprise should take a dose of it. The pictures represent nearly every phase of modern graphic endeavour, from the imitations of Futurism by Miss Stevens to the individual work of the Cubists, Post-Impressionists and Synchronists; and among the painters exposing are such widely dissociated names as Russell, Hartley, Dove, Weber, Derain, Walkowitz, Picasso, Macdonald-Wright, Marin, Of, Benton and Metzinger. Furthermore, a particularly clear and inspiring exposition of the new painting is presented by Dr. John Weichsel, the father of the Guild, in his preface to the catalogue.

The generating idea of this exhibition is almost identical to that of the Paris *Salon des Indépendants*; namely, to give every painter a chance to show his wares freely and without prejudice or favoritism. America should have more such exhibitions where artists could present larger canvases; for it is through such anti-clique activities that the uninitiated spectator has a chance of feeling his way into the unfamiliar territory of modern painting. But Dr. Weichsel, barring the unfortunate results of his hanging committee, has done an excellent service, and should be heartily supported. At Knoedler's is an exhibition of Robert Henri's latest work in which can be detected a great forward step in both colour and line. To Henri is due much that is tolerant and fair-minded in the attitude of American amateurs of painting; and he has been the active inspiration of many of this country's best artists. To-day he is an outstanding figure in the midst of academic mediocrity. So vital is his enthusiasm that even now he is profiting by the lesson of the younger men; and in his train has grown up a decided movement which gives added æsthetic



Courtesy Modern Gallery
THE BALL

BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

interest to his warm and colourful virtuosity. But, like all significant Americans, he has been victimized by the public's snobbery. His nationality weighs heavily against him; for I cannot help believing that, were he a foreigner (Why did he not pronounce his name Ong-ree!), he would be hailed as a great painter and given a place above the exotic and decorative Zuloaga; for Henri is something that Zuloaga is not—an artist in the deeper æsthetic meaning of the word. Time will surely place him atop the foreign element which now monopolizes the interest and enthusiasm of American collectors.

At the Photo-Secession Gallery the latest can-

Modern Art: From Daumier to Marsden Hartley

vases of Marsden Hartley are to be seen contrasted with his earlier work. These later pictures appear to be what Hartley calls "pictural" presentations of sail-boats, some with wings extended, flying before the wind, others becalmed, with sails only half full and snapping; still others tacking obliquely. In them Hartley has made an obvious stride both in the refinement and restraint of his colour, and in the grasp of his strange and arresting talent. In handling simple flat planes of neutralized tones he has avoided the somewhat chaotic and over-accentuated aspect of his German period; and in dealing almost exclusively with angular shapes and more or less regular circles he has intensified and focussed his vision.

These recent pictures are wholly enjoyable, and, in getting away from the complexities of an unrestrained and undeveloped

palette, he has had time to devote his attention to the purely æsthetic demands of his art: I speak here of the delicate balance of his masses—an element which formerly was obscure and only partially realized. In some of the later pictures this balance more than holds one; and the calm atmosphere resulting from his straight lines and whitened tints produces a peaceful solitude not unlike that of a summer's day. Needless to say, Hartley has not found his final type of expression. In time his planes will extend into depth, and his pictures will flower into a wider and fuller conception, even as these present works sum up and complete the earlier stages of his development.

Mr. Stieglitz's plan of exhibiting a painter's early pictures along with his latest ones (as in the case of Hartley), while not a new one, cannot be improved upon. It gives the public, as well as the



Courtesy Knoedler Galleries
EDNA

BY ROBERT HENRI

critics, a sure road to follow in analyzing an artist's temperament and calibre. What a treat it would be to behold in one gallery the consecutive steps taken by Rubens or Michelangelo from their student days to their full-blown maturity!

The Modern Gallery celebrates its return to its old quarters by exposing Toulouse-Lautrec, Daumier and Guys. Such an exhibition was needed here, even aside from its æsthetic interest. Lautrec is an historical, as well as an artistic, figure; for not only much of Matisse and Picasso came from him, but the entire world of illustration is indebted to his genius. He is a kind of modern incarnation of the spirit of Velazquez, Goya and Hogarth. As an illustrator he has depicted life in the stews—the natural and unmasked life where hypocrisy is non-existent and where man stands forth in all his animality. And Lautrec

In the Galleries

has done this as a sensitive artist, done it with a fine sense of colour and construction; and the future, I predict, will place him above such men as Degas, Guys and Rops.

Daumier, whose glory is now in the ascendant, is represented by several excellent paintings and drawings whose solidity and composition, though seemingly naïf and simple, show perhaps as great a structural knowledge as that possessed by Delacroix and Courbet. Daumier is the modern Goya; his black and white orders are as great as many of the Spaniard's; his form is as full and rich, and his method is equally sure. He works with the modern realistic mind, and his genuine expression has unerringly sought for compatible means in the realistic luminosity of no less a painter than Rembrandt.

Daumier is a greater artist than is commonly thought, and once he has been definitely "placed" in the forefront of the æsthetic world, he will serve to bring into prominence another much maligned and misunderstood, if uneven, artist—Díaz de la Peña, a brother in mind and work.

IN THE GALLERIES

It is impossible within such limited confines to more than suggest a few of the most recent activities in the constant flow of art through this busy season.

Formal idyllic landscape exceedingly classical by George Inness is the subject of one of our illustrations. This canvas at the Arlington Galleries is noticeable for its beautiful quality and feeling and was executed by the artist when quite a youth. The Arlington Galleries have been showing the work of the young English artist, Maxwell Armfield, who has taken up his residence here. The work, in spite of the author's disclaimer, makes its chief appeal for its decorative value. It is first, last, and all the time decorative. His vision of Brooklyn Bridge is the most poetic rendering in line of that much painted object that we have so far seen. Realism to him is anathema. He grasps the salient lines of his subject and from this skeleton evolves a beautiful and fanciful composition in flat tones that to the casual observer



Courtesy Arlington Galleries

LANDSCAPE

BY GEORGE INNESS

In the Galleries



MISS EMILY MERRIMAN
OF PROVIDENCE

PORTRAIT IMPRESSION
BY ROBERT REID



MASTER FREDERICK
VANDERBILT FIELD

PORTRAIT IMPRESSION
BY ROBERT REID

might appear "postery"; but his art far transcends the art of the poster artist, and reveals great analysis and knowledge.

The one man show by Jonas Lie at the Montross Galleries served to strengthen our opinion that in him we have one of the strongest men in the country when it comes to painting landscape, and harbour scenes or big flower compositions. His pictures are solidly constructed, rhythmic and fine in surface quality.

The unconscious humour of a guileless compositor on a well known art journal has metamorphosed "the art lord of Provincetown" into "the art load of Providencetown." A man of weight, Hawthorne certainly is, and he commands a special article in this issue in appreciation of his exposition at the Macbeth Galleries.

The February Exhibition at Ardsley Studios, 110 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, has been one of exceptional interest. The lithographs of Delacroix and the etchings of Chassériau are rarely seen in America. Those shown are from the collection of Hamilton Easter Field. Delacroix

presents in these lithographs the same romantic feeling, the same richness of tone, as in his paintings.

The etchings by Chassériau are illustrations to *Othello*. They are perhaps greater than the Delacroix—the drawing is better, as one would expect from a pupil of Ingres, and the imaginative element is quite as strong. The modern work shown consists of drawings and paintings by Bernard Karfiol and water colours by John Marin. Karfiol is one of the strongest of our draughtsmen—his line is firm, yet sensitive. It is in no way academic, but actually seems to live. His paintings lack the surety of his drawings—they are still somewhat experimental. He has however, sufficiently mastered his art to awaken the interest of the casual visitor to the gallery. John Marin is perhaps the most brilliant of our younger water-colourists. His method is simple. He blocks in his landscape with a few broad strokes and then adds just the details which interest him. His colour is always good and his choice of subject felicitous.



THE RUSKIN STATUE
BY GUTZON BORGLUM



"ORION OVER THAMES, AT RANELAGH"
MEZZOTINT BY SIR FRANK SHORT, R.A., P.R.E.

The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXI. No. 242

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APRIL, 1917

HOVSEP PUSHMAN: AN APPRECIATION BY ANTONY ANDERSON

THE glory of painting is its colour, and the glorious names among painters are those of the colourists. You may have perfection of form in sculpture, but the crowning loveliness of colour is denied you. Colour is emotionally exhilarating to the most of us, and when a man feels colour with poignancy and weaves patterns with it on canvas we are eager to see the result. A primitive appeal, you may say, far below the intellectual demand of the statue or the etching. But food, drink and sleep all alike make primitive appeals, and who dare deny their necessity?

Consider a colourless world. No gold in the sunset, no blue in the midday sky, no red in the summer rose, no green in the grass of spring—the situation is unthinkable. We would all be tempted to commit suicide within a week. Yet these are but the primaries, nature's first crude efforts in colour. How wonderfully she has learnt to mix them, grandly flinging toward us a thousand ravishing tints to steal the very souls out of our bodies! This is the state of rapture, common to poets, painters, and other mad enthusiasts. The love of colour primitive? Go to!

And so, colour, being a thousand exquisitely lovely and subtle things, can say a thousand beautiful things to the beholder. And the painter whose love for colour is a passion spells his devotion in a thousand ways, and the last word in his sentence is always "beauty." Having found beauty, he may rest assured that he has won truth, for beauty is truth.

A colourist of the thousand tints is Hovsep Pushman, born an Armenian, but for seventeen years an American. His canvases shimmer and shine like rich black opals, and their truth is the

truth of beauty. You and I may not see all these colours in nature. How, indeed, should we? We have never looked for them. When Pushman searched, we may be sure that he did not use his eyes only. If he had, he would have produced dull copies of nature, not brilliant transcriptions in art, interpretations as haunting as a poet's vision—which, of course, they are.

Pushman's splendour of colour is not derived from the art schools of the bizarre and beautiful city of Constantinople, where he began the study of art, for when I first met the young painter in Chicago, almost twenty years ago, he appeared to have been nourished on the dull traditions of Munich, his painting was so conventionally brown and correct. It was in Paris, under the magic touch of Dechenaud, that he woke to a complete realization of his Eastern heritage—the Armenian's full share, full and running over, of passion and pain, of colour and imagination, of feeling and poetry—the three movements, one may say, of the perfect symphony of life. The symphony in art, played or painted, is but a reflection of all these things.

The rich gamut of Pushman's colour is almost all of the Orient. What's bred in the bone will show itself on the canvas. A man's soul does not change with his body's change of climate. Perhaps the wise Dechenaud brought this truth home to young Hovsep Pushman and urged him to absolute self-expression. Perhaps, too, the magnificent Oriental rugs which the Pushmans handle commercially, and which Hovsep must have seen and caressed from his earliest infancy, so crammed his consciousness with the beauty of their colours and patterns that he could never get away from it.

In his pictures colour has both æsthetic and spiritual meaning, and is never applied haphazard. It is as carefully thought out as any other part



A HILLSMAN OF KURDISTAN
BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN



Owned by Alfred F. James, Esq., Milwaukee

A NUBIAN PRINCESS
BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN



WIFE OF THE ARTIST
BY HOVSEF PUSHMAN



Owned by Samuel O. Buckner, Esq., Milwaukee

A MEMENTO OF OLD MADRID
BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN



Owned by Dr. Ernest Copeland, Milwaukee

LONG-WONG
BY HOVSEP PUSHMAN

Deshong Memorial Art Gallery

of his subtle "arrangements"—perhaps even more carefully, for it must not be forgotten that he is an Oriental, to whom red and green and purple are much more significant than colours. His search for recondite meanings and suggestions in colour may seem strained to the Occidental mind, but it must be admitted that his results are his triumphant justification.

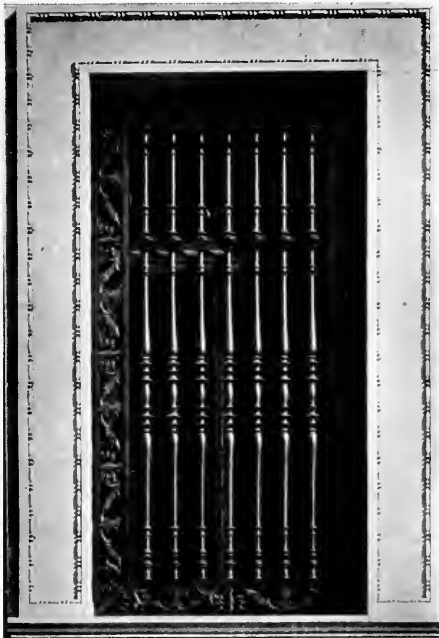
In that rich little canvas, for instance, *A Memento of Old Madrid*, the life and tragedy of Spain are hinted at in the dark-red shawl drawn upward toward the woman's face, and in the black pattern of the mantilla. In the exquisite *Page from Omar Khayyam*, the lovely lavender background suggests lost delight and present regret, the wilting rose in the girl's lap speaks of dreams that will never quite pass away, even though the reality has crumbled to dust. *Poppy in the Garden of Allah* has great distinction, the red blossom in the extended fingers of the negro girl typifying the elusive, flaming spirit of the girl herself. In *Dreams* the purple gown gives the mood. The colours of Armenia are incorporated in the charming portrait of the artist's wife—the black and red and purple of tragedy and grief—

but as the sitter is smiling, the screen that forms a background is light yellow and green, spring's own colours of hope and gladness.

Everywhere the painter seeks harmony, in the colour itself and in colour as it is related to the mood or manner of his sitter. He balances full tones with half-tones in the ratio of one and two, distributing his lights and darks with the utmost care. He concentrates expression in the eyes, and he models the lips with consummate care. In finding the soul of his subject he often attenuates the body, and, though he paints beautiful women, I believe he has never painted a voluptuous one, and I doubt whether he ever attempts the nude. In fine, Hovsep Pushman is both seer and poet, and for him no picture is complete if it does not interpret the dream when it states the reality.

D ESHONG MEMORIAL ART GALLERY BY EUGÈNE CASTELLO

A STEP forward in the progress of American cities towards a realization of the possibilities of the accumulated wealth of an industrial community, was made on September 30, when the Alfred Odenheimer Deshong Memorial Art Gallery at Chester, Pennsylvania, was formally dedicated to the use of the public by the trustees of estate of the donor, whose altruistic spirit was the incentive to this most notable contribution to the advancement of constructive civilization. The building, especially designed by the architect, Clarence W. Brazer of New York, to house the art collection, also bequeathed, is a very handsome structure of white marble from the quarries at South Dover, N. Y., and was erected at a cost of about \$100,000. The style of architecture is a modification of the Italian Renaissance, lending itself very successfully to the extreme simplicity of the design as is seen in the façade, relieved only by a single round-arched entrance and two windows. A double flight of balustraded steps leads to the portal, closed by massive bronze sliding doors decorated in low relief and supported on either side by antique Chinese bronzes of mythical animals. A frieze, sculptured in the marble under the line of the cornice, panels of simple design above the window heads and the decorative framing of the portal, relieve the severely plain wall of the front crowned with an elegant balustrade.



IRONWORK DETAIL

DESHONG GALLERY

Deshong Memorial Art Gallery

The main central gallery, 25 x 59 feet, lighted from above, is approached through an octagonal vestibule, giving access on each side to smaller galleries top lighted for paintings, side lighted for bronzes and carvings. The paintings, very well exposed on walls covered with a neutral grey fabric, known as "monks' cloth," are about 250 in number. They would not be classed as works of modern art but are such as were produced in the last two decades of the nineteenth century; good examples of their kind, replete with human interest, certain to be appreciated by the public of Chester. Among the artists whose works are here are Pasini, Clairin, Isabey, Chaplin, Brissot of the French school; Meyer von Bremen, Eppe, Worms, Defregger, Achenbach of the German; Vinea Induno, Castiglione of the Italian; Verbockhoven, Ten Kate of the Dutch; and Constantin Makofsky of the Russian school.

The Japanese bronzes are really fine examples, including a number of superb vases, some of them unsigned presentation pieces, inlaid with gold and silver, richly variegated in colour of patines known only to the Oriental artist. Wonderful carvings in ivory, one or two of extraordinary size, sculptured subjects in Carnelian amber, agate, green and the rare black jade give unique charm to the ensemble.

The executors and trustees of the bequest are Messrs. Clarence Deshong, William B. Broohall and Jas. A. G. Campbell.

The erection of the Deshong Gallery is further evidence of the increasing need and demand for museums which will soon be as plentiful throughout the country as are libraries.



INTERIOR VIEW, DESHONG GALLERY



DESHONG GALLERY

CLARENCE W. BRAZER, ARCHITECT



MODEL OF THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT
BY CHARLES H. NIEHAUS

The Francis Scott Key Monument at Baltimore

THE FRANCIS SCOTT KEY MONUMENT AT BALTIMORE BY EDWARD HALE BRUSH

ONE of the notable events of the year 1914 was the "Star Spangled Banner" Centennial at Baltimore, Md., in which honours were paid to Francis Scott Key, author of our National anthem. It was an affair which attracted wide attention and led to increased study of the stirring events connected with the writing of the poem which was set to the tune of "Anacreon in Heaven," and since that time has been wont to stir emotions of patriotism and chivalry in all true American hearts. During the Centennial the United States Daughters of 1812, who were prominent in all movements throughout the land for the celebration of the Centenary of the War of 1812, dedicated a beautiful tablet by the sculptor Hans Schuler, in honour of the poet and his song. It was unveiled at the dedication by Mrs. William Gerry Slade, then president of the National society.

An outcome of this centennial was a movement to erect a suitable monument to the patriot-poet in the park connected with old Fort McHenry. It was from the ramparts of this fort that the banner waved which Key beheld on that September morning in 1814, when he had been spending the night on a British vessel where he had gone under a flag of truce to seek the release of a friend. He had been in the greatest anxiety lest daylight would reveal that the bombardment in progress had reduced the fortification. The oft-told story of his delight on seeing that the Star Spangled Banner yet waved need not be repeated here, but the centenary of the bombardment of Fort McHenry, and the writing of the poem, has revived interest in the personality of the poet and there is National satisfaction that a fitting monument, perpetuating and commemorating the facts as to his great contribution to the patriotic verse of the nation, is to be erected. The poem which he wrote is, of course, his best monument, but that does not preclude his countrymen, especially those of Baltimore, where he received the inspiration for the song, from paying him a deserved tribute. It will stand in the park surrounding the fort and overlooking the harbour.

A commission appointed to receive designs for such a monument invited the sculptors and architects of the country to submit designs and models,

and there were over a hundred who entered the competition. There were thirty-four who submitted models, including such well-known artists as J. Massey Rhind, Augustus Lukeman, F. H. Packer, James E. Fraser, Evelyn Longman and Charles H. Niehaus. The design submitted by Mr. Niehaus as sculptor and Mr. E. V. Warren as architect won the commission to execute the memorial. A prize was awarded to F. H. Packer for his design.

The jury was composed of H. A. MacNeil and A. A. Weinman, sculptors, Glenn Brown, architect, Congressman Linthicum and Mayor Preston of Baltimore, ex-officio, together with the members of the Federal Commission of Fine Arts.

The successful design shows an ideal male figure of heroic proportions and symbolical of primitive music. The drum of the pedestal bears reliefs illustrating Song, and soldiers and sailors of the 1812 period, also a portrait of Key with inscription. The bronze figure upon the pedestal, the model for which has just been completed by Mr. Niehaus, will be twenty-three feet in height. The monument is raised three steps and the whole is in the middle of a grass plot on a circular plaza 150 feet in diameter. The figure and plaza are on the axis of Fort Avenue and of the two roads in Fort McHenry Park which lead to Fort Avenue. The two drives lead around the Fort. Frederick L. Olmstead, one of the members of the Monument Commission, drew the plans for the parking of the historic fortifications and grounds of Fort McHenry, at the entrance to the harbour of Baltimore, the property being turned over by the United States Government to the city for inclusion in its park system. The very preservation of this historic fort, after its survival of usefulness as such, in a way constitutes a monument to Key and his song.

The Government placed a bronze tablet, suitably inscribed, to mark where stood the pole from which the flag flew when Key saw it on that famous morning. The inscription reads: "The National Ensign which inspired Francis Scott Key to write 'The Star Spangled Banner' was, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, Sept. 13, 1814, flying from a pole occupying this position."

The Niehaus monument, by reason of its size and its location, will form a conspicuous feature of the landscape from the Baltimore harbour.

American Landscapes



THROUGH THE BIRCHES

BY OSSIP L. LINDE

OSSIP L. LINDE was regarded until recently as an exclusive painter of Bruges and Venice, said towns being the usual subjects of his exhibition. Bruges and Venice, painted as he knows how to paint them, proved "good sellers," and to many an artist, so-called, would have continued to be the stock-in-trade of studio and gallery for many years to come. Linde, however, is not that kind of man, preferring his artistic conscience to the better filled

coffers of commercialized art. For the last two years Venetian and Belgian sketches have been stored away along with the Gold Medal of the Paris Salon (1910), for then it was that he turned over a new leaf and busied himself with American landscape which hitherto has been pursued intermittently. Linde has been able to adjust both mind and palette to the new task, finding all around him in Westport, Connecticut, where he conducts a very successful summer class, fine types of land-

American Landscapes



Owned by Henry Blacklock, Esq.
THE BLUE BAY

BY OSSIP L. LINDE

scape. Reproduced here are three of his most recent canvases, paintings which reveal broad treatment and a true feeling for colour, atmosphere and pictorial quality. W. H. N.



Owned by Miss Anne B. Jennings
EARLY AUTUMN

BY OSSIP L. LINDE

Is there Hope for the Philistine?

IS THERE HOPE FOR THE PHILISTINE?

BY REES TURPIN

At any trade convention the officers and leaders of the vocational association loom so near and large that the whole world, as we have been accustomed to consider the relative importance of men and things, is thrown out of perspective—at least for the time. If the President of the United States should suddenly appear in a convention of laundrymen, I suppose gaping amazement would cause a brief suspension of the proceedings, but I am sure no person of less importance would seem to be of even normal stature among these heroic figures. Now the service of laundering is of prime importance—we may even say that it is of great æsthetic value—but it is one of so many things that go to make up our civilized distinction that we cannot long give it our undivided attention. Even the laundryman himself who was such a brilliant meteor in the convention is reconciled to the common level soon after his return home and devotes himself to creating a bigger field for laundering.

I sometimes think artists and critics live their whole lives as one grand "convention." The laundryman goes home, settles down to business and extends the demand for his service, while the artist and the critic remain in perpetual convention, cherish their convention importance and despise those who do not know what they have to give. No, no, no, Mr. Artist, I do not put you on a level with the laundryman; there are those who would regard him with greater favour because he is a practical man of business, but I know that the brush is directed by the soul and that the hand suffices for the mangle, and I know all that the distinction means. But I would make the need for your work as generally felt as is the need for his. I would make every man suffer as much from bad art as he does from a rough collar. I would make every man of pretensions look upon a man without respect for art as he now looks upon a man without a collar. In short, I would give to art the same general appreciation that fresh linen now has. And why not? Should a man care more for what he wears around his neck than for what he keeps in his soul? We need so many virtues to make us civilized that we cannot say that the greatest of these is æsthetics—we must have them all. Do the artists and critics

sufficiently realize that art is one of so many things that go to make up civilized distinction that it must be included in the realm of refined interest and not exclude everything else? Do they make the proper effort to co-ordinate it in the intellectual scheme of seekers after culture?

The artist and the critic know man in three classes: connoisseurs, affecters and philistines. The least of these is the philistine. They must ultimately submit to the connoisseur, for he determines desirability and, after all, the test of a work of art, as of everything else, is what people will give to possess it. The affecter may be despised but he cannot be ignored, because he will become a buyer of what others praise, but the poor philistine does not want what he knows nothing about. I hold a brief for the philistine.

There are two classes of philistines: those who do not know any better and those who cannot be any better. The latter class are what they are by the will of God; we may pity them but we cannot help them. The former class are what they are because they have not had a chance; they can be helped. It is for the last described that I make my plea.

An illustration or two may make the distinction clear.

My wife and I were viewing an exhibition of paintings in the city in which we live—a city of commercial importance but with more opportunity for the pursuit of art than for its realization. Indicating a picture on the east wall, I said:

"I believe that is the best thing here."

"I think it is," my wife assented.

A woman standing near volunteered:

"No, it is that one," indicating a picture on the south wall; "it is either that or the one next to it, I have forgotten which; but a lady just told me about it."

We knew what the Lord had done for that woman as soon as she had spoken.

Again. In a southwestern city I saw a painter whose specialty was portraits. He had evidently suffered from the darts of envy for, in the window of the store room which he was temporarily occupying, he had placed this placard:

"I will give one hundred dollars to any one who will prove that my works are not genuine hand-painted portraits."

I was tempted to claim the reward but I knew he would not accept my construction of the word

Is there Hope for the Philistine?

genuine. If I could direct that man's efforts I would not undertake to teach him what a genuine portrait is; I would set him to making hand-painted barns.

But what of him who merely has not had his chance? It is not inconceivable that the world lost many a bibliolater before the ability to read became so general. How many potential lovers of art are in this country to-day who need only to know the language in which the painter speaks to awake from a dormant to an active attitude towards art? Suppose a man who could read no further than: "See the cat," "This is a rat," "Will the cat catch the rat?" "Yes, the cat will catch the rat." What would he think of a sturdy, vigorous person who would read a whole book? There are thousands of otherwise intelligent people who can read no further in the artist's medium of expression than this and who fill their homes with meaningless and pitiful decorations. The fact that they hang primer stuff on their walls is an evidence of aspiration. It is the duty of the artist or of the critic or of somebody to lead these people from the primer stage to a full reading knowledge. It is true that not every one who can read knows literature, but it is also true that he who cannot read has no hope of such knowledge.

I am an example of a reclaimed philistine and I speak from the heart. I am not an art critic, not a connoisseur, not an affecter, but simply a zealous lover of pictures with some independence of taste and judgment. You will read story after story of the self-made man in business; why not read one of a self-made man in aesthetic appreciation? I had reached years of maturity; I had a fair lay knowledge of the literature of the world; I had confidence in my opinions at the theatre; I keenly enjoyed the opera, though I had not and have not been able to acquire any technical knowledge of music; but nobody knew less of the pictorial art than I did.

My quickening to art was unpremeditated. One day my wife said: "Do you know what our home needs more than anything else?" I did not know, so she answered: "Some good pictures." I became interested. I selected an etching for an anniversary gift for her which the dealer, by mistake, delivered long enough before the day to disconnect it from the anniversary. We counselled together in the purchase of another etching. We still prize the etchings, but

we soon came under the spell of the greatest medium, and while the timorous approach paint diffidently we had the courage of adventurers and have slowly acquired a modest little collection of oils. Our means have not permitted any important examples but we have some good American work selected with reference to our own taste and preference. And no real collector ever got more real pleasure out of his real collecting than we have gotten out of our little make-believe. Many and many a picture have we had out for approval and returned because we did not feel we just had to have it. Usually I have proposed and my wife has disposed, and whenever we have joined in a burning desire for a picture we have never regretted its purchase. We have known the keenest joy that comes to the small collector—that is to buy a picture of a comparatively unknown artist and then see him come into more general recognition. But more than all we have learned another way of resting from the brunts of life. "Whenever my way is too rough for my feet, or too steep for my strength, I get off it, to some smooth velvet path which fancy has scattered over with rosebuds of delights; and having taken a few turns in it, come back strengthen'd and refresh'd," said the great sentimentalist. The artist turns me into that velvet path which I cannot find unaided. I come back not languorous from the scent of blossoms but with a soul quickened to greater effort. But enough of the simple annals of the poor.

I undertook to educate myself in this new field of enjoyment. Being past school age, I sought knowledge in reading. There is much interesting and profitable literature for the developed art lover but I could find little which unfolded the philosophy of art to one in my stage of undevelopment. I would as soon read a book on how to open my mouth in amazement as to read one on how to look at a picture—they amount to about the same thing. Historical and descriptive books and lectures did not fill my need and the art columns of the general periodicals are of no more value than their cover pictures. Seeing pictures is the greatest education in art, but important galleries are accessible to only those in art centres, moreover, one sees more with help than without it. Well selected and good reproductions received monthly, as in *THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, inform the art-enlightened mind of the trend of art but they will

Is there Hope for the Philistine?

mean much less to an undeveloped art taste. The beginner's need is not for artist biography, description and eulogy, but for art told in terms of human experience. You will say that I am demanding art expressed in the terms of literature. I answer that until the groper can know art in its own terms he must have it explained to him in terms he can understand. He must be primed with words before he can draw deeply from the well of art. Ignorance of the willing is not unworthy of the ministry of the greatest critic. What I demand of the art critic is that he teach the philistine the alphabet of pictorial expression so that he may distinguish it from an inadequate method of expressing a literary idea, and that he lead him to the knowledge that the artist can express in paint, that which is incapable of expression in words. I demand of the artist not that he adapt himself down to the philistine, but that he lift the philistine up to comprehension. Any one who has seen Helen Keller cannot despair of an achievement so simple.

I am often asked whether I believe the "ordinary person" can learn to appreciate art. I am not sure of my acquaintance with this mythical being, but I answer: "Yes—with ordinary care." My second class of philistines have no real literary, dramatic or musical perception and doubtless they cannot learn to appreciate art. But resorting again to the argument *ad hominem*, I am an example of the "ordinary person" who has learned some appreciation of art. The artist and the critic can never know as much of the ignorance of art as I know, but I have a susceptibility to the finer things of life that takes me out of the hopeless class of philistines. My mother knew little of art, but that came from a pioneer lack of opportunity. She knew literature and I inherited from her an appreciation and understanding of the subtleties of nature which may have been the foundation of my love of pictures. If a great artist could have said to her: "Madam, I have seen something that deeply impressed me; I cannot express it in words, not even in verse; but I will take this piece of canvas and a bit of paint and tell you about it." And if he could have delivered a great message to her and, after pondering upon it, she could have gone back to his canvas, and said: "Sir, since receiving your suggestion I have seen even more than you told me," her soul would have gained an-

other treasure. I believe that whoever wants to understand art can appreciate it. Desire, which is indicative of capacity, opportunity and application are the requisites. A general realization that art is a big, vital force in society worthy of the consideration of rugged, sturdy men and not a toy for the idle and effeminate, a comprehension that ignorance of its meaning is something to be as much ashamed of as is any other ignorance, and a conviction that a bigger soul can make a braver fight in the every-day business of life would diminish my first class of philistines almost to the vanishing point. This condition can more nearly be brought about by teaching than by scolding.



FAUN AND
NYMPH

BY LAURA GARDIN
FRASER



ৱাৰিন্দ্ৰনাথ ঠাকুৰ

SIR RABINDRANATH TAGORE

THE BENGALI POET AND WINNER OF THE NOBEL PRIZE FOR LITERATURE, 1913

PORTRAIT IN COLOURED CHALKS, BY JEAN PARKE

"You must rush and run if you would fight; or if you would take the best places in the market. But there are ideas which require infinite space and infinite time in Heaven's light to mature; and the fruit they produce can survive years of neglect. The East can patiently wait until the West, in its mad hurry after the expedient, loses its breath and stops. The East knows she is immortal, and that she will appear again and again in man's history with her gift of life. Love wins beauty, and the fruits of suffering; and thus shall wait the East till her time has come."—TAGORE.

Maurice Sterne at Bali



MOTHER AND CHILD

BY MAURICE STERNE

MAURICE STERNE AT BALI BY AMELIA DOROTHY DEFRIES

A YEAR ago a magnificent headline in a full-page article on Sterne's recent exhibition at the Berlin Photographic Company, New York, described him as a painter of the "savages of Bali." It so happens that the Balinese are a Hindu people whose remarkable civilization dates back to long before the discovery of America, so that this paper must be many centuries less civilized than the people it calls savage. The two thousand and more drawings and paintings executed during the twenty months he lived at Bali, in the Indian archipelago, are all up to the level of fine art—each with a definite and, I think, a

lasting value. The point of technical skill which permits such prolific output at so high a pitch of excellence is the result of persistent work and a natural gift of no small importance. Without belittling his art it may be said that it would be possible for a man to have brought back one solitary picture and have been a greater artist.

Nevertheless Sterne is a very important painter, one of the most important of the present generation in America, and ranking with the few great draughtsmen of our day. His art owes much to the influence of Il Greco, Picasso and Gauguin, but his Balinese work is his own. It is beautiful, but the first feeling it throws out is of POWER, tremendous Power. Even Augustus John has not a greater force behind his technique; and Sterne has some qualities that John lacks. At the

Maurice Sterne at Bali

same time not equalling John in brilliancy of paint.

Sterne's colour has finality and restraint (it is oil paint put thinly onto rice paper)—the artist making a virtue of necessity in using the only paper he could buy out there—and it has a distinct value of its own, with at times some fine passages and often a particularly happy note in the most telling place; yet I feel that painting is a secondary thing with him and there is not any special variety about his colour harmonies: a

reason, and if he wants to make a figure a certain size he follows his instinct about it. Instinct is the force. He believes in organization and his bigger pictures are really attempts at organizing into groups the portraits of his collection. *The Temple* scene makes a most interesting pattern and has character and balance; but it conveys to me no emotion suggestive of a temple and it might be cut into several smaller pictures, each of which would be complete in itself—this may often be said of the pictures of many old masters,



MOTION OF THE DANCE

BY MAURICE STERNE



A NATIVE

BY MAURICE STERNE

limited range of low tones satisfies him and his insistence is on form and line.

To judge an artist's work it is necessary to understand what he set out to do, and to ask if he has achieved his object. Sterne's strength lies in the fact that he has achieved his end, has done what he set out to do, viz., immortalized certain postures. Two things interest him above all others: Form and Posture.

He believes in form as it is found in poetry—in the sonnet, the lyric, etc. He thinks of rhythm as do poets and believes that it has been nearly killed out of art by perspective, which to a large extent he throws over, finding it limiting to rhythmic composition. Instinct is always behind

but they usually have more unity than is in this painting of Sterne's. His other groups are less beautiful, though all have restraint and dignity. On the other hand many of his single figures are quite perfect in their way. There must, of course, be much more variety in the life of a race than he has recorded, but he has been only interested in certain things. A man finds in a place what he takes there. Sterne has noticed that the Balinese perform the every-day actions as though each was a part of some ritual; but this is true not only of all the East, but also of our own daily life. Do we not eat, dress, wash, work and amuse ourselves according to very definite ritual? Our rhythm, our tempo, are different, that is all. We

Maurice Sterne at Bali



DANCING MAIDS

BY MAURICE STERNE

have not the grace, the balance, the quiet or the reverence of the Eastern peoples.

Sterne's work is saturated with their qualities, which we have not. He also convinces us of their health and peace of mind, in which they are very like the beasts of the field. It is a valuable contribution to our Occidental art and sends some of the Eastern imperturbability, like a cool wind, over our restless minds. In the large painting

already referred to the artist has, to use his own words, "tried to show one of the religious dances which play so large a part in the lives of these people"; he has, I think, failed to show the dance, but has immortalized the *postures* of the dance—quite another matter.

Every picture is always something of an experiment, every painter of real value is an adventurer and a discoverer: quite as much so as those men

Maurice Sterne at Bali

who go to the North and South poles—and even if the artist adventure only into his own street the discovery he makes there may be valuable, may reveal hidden wonders to the eye of man. An artist, indeed, may have endless adventures without going far; the value is not in where he goes but in what he brings back.

Sterne has brought back reverence and repose from Bali. He has not shown us the whole spirit of the race, but he has made us look with reverence on the people whom the ignorant call savage. In a sense this is creative art. The Balinese and their island have drawn out of Sterne what was in his own soul, and—with the aid of his previous careful study of the masters of the past, by incessant work, he has found a medium which he has made quite his own and has recorded in an individual manner those acts which seemed vital to him. His single figures are full of real beauty; he has done his work infinitely well, even though his outlook has been a limited one. He was moved to repose but never to ecstasy by the shaven nuns, yet the forms made by their postures are recorded by him with a simplicity as strong as their prayer; observation of a set of acts and facts, rather than inspiration, seems to have developed him.

Everywhere Maurice Sterne is called an American painter, and so in truth he is. But it is only a part of the truth, for his art has nothing American in it. It is the art of a Russian Jew who has trained his mind, his eye and his hand in Paris, Rome and Greece.

The great art produced by America—the art of the Ucatan, so wonderful that it rivals the early Egyptian art—has not touched him, and the life of America, the thought of America, is foreign to him, too. It is the mystic tradition of the Russian Jew which filters out into his art; indeed he seems to have been very little influenced by the Balinese, who have a most remarkable art of their own. Those of his race have a breath of the East in their soul and in going among the Balinese he has completed himself, found his own rhythm; for it is his rhythm as much as theirs that pervades his portraits of them.

Incidentally, like that of other explorers, his work was done almost at the risk of his life. He stayed longer than it is good to stay in that climate and only left when the doctor came from Java and asked him if he wished to have a palm

tree planted over him. He seems to have cared little for recording or even for translating into line or form the landscape and the vegetation of the place; occasionally he has used a symbol of his own suggestive of palm trees, but only as background for a figure, nor has he wanted to convey air, heat, sun, damp or any other climatic condition which so largely creates the character of both place and race. A few daily acts, the form, and a certain attitude of the mind of the people sufficed him. His work is satisfying as far as he has taken it, and I look forward to his future development along the lines he has at last marked out for himself.

This exhibition with much new work has been on view at the Bourgeois Galleries, 668 Fifth Avenue, New York.



Courtesy Kraushaar Galleries

THE WHITE GIRL

BY WHISTLER

A Song to Nature



THE VICTOR BRENNER FOUNTAIN, PITTSBURGH

A SONG TO NATURE BY GRACE HUMPHREY

THE Schenley memorial in Pittsburgh, first announced nearly four years ago, is now an accomplished fact. For public-spirited citizens to raise funds for a statue is a more or less common occurrence. For a great municipality to contribute a generous percentage of the sum needed, and for the people to give the remainder, to erect a memorial to a woman, this is an unusual thing in American art history, worthy of note and emulation.

The conditions of the competition also were unusual; open to any sculptor, the only stipulation was that the work should be "a fitting memorial to Mary Schenley," with no limitation as to its character. More than twenty designs were submitted: an obelisk, a chariot, arches, a group of labourers on a pyramid, several fountains. And it is interesting to know that the prize sketch was unanimously chosen by the jury of award, a sculptor and an architect; unanimously ratified by the fifteen citizens serving on the memorial commission; and unanimously approved by the fine arts commission of Pittsburgh.

The design of Mr. Victor Brenner, instead of emphasizing Mary Schenley, does just what she herself would have done—emphasizes the park bearing her name. Through her generosity, the great park belongs now to the people of the city, for their enjoyment. The people come to nature with appreciation and sympathy, and

nature responds. Something of this sense of the park and the city underlies the conception of *A Song to Nature*; Pan, the earth god, listening to the music, responds by beating time.

Old, but ever young, Pan is the actual workman of the earth, according to ancient mythology,



DETAIL OF THE FOUNTAIN

Equestrian Memorial to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt

and represents the miracle of regeneration, the birth of all plant life. But he is not wholly sensual, he has many more potentialities. Here he is not playing the pipes himself, but is listening—listening most intently, with one ear up and head turned slightly to one side.

Attached to the rock, the singer is a child of Pan's, but risen above him. She is Pan's pipe, the compensation which nature gives to those in sympathy with her. The very spiritual quality in her face is in delightful contrast to Pan's pleased smile and relaxation.

The rhythm and balance of the group, the poetry and music of the whole conception, are remarkable. To this, his first big piece in the round, Mr. Brenner brings the qualities that have made his medallic work famed, a happy combination of poetry and passion. Going back to the classics for a subject, despite all the modern tendencies in sculpture, he has given it a treatment academic if you will, but tempered by his own passionate love for sheer beauty.

The group measures fifteen feet to the singer's elbow, and another fifteen feet is added by the hub and the two basins, into which the water flows from openings just below the rocks where Pan reclines. The basin, designed from the sculptor's plan by Mr. Van Buren Magonigle, is of sea-green granite. But from bronze to granite there is no abrupt transition, for the inscription immediately below the group is continued around the hub in the bronze wreath. A further note of bronze is given in the four turtles at the edge of the upper basin.

Near the Forbes Street entrance to Schenley park, flanked by the Carnegie Institute and the stadium, the fountain is set some two hundred feet from this main boulevard of the city, yet visible from the highroad. And now the commission has announced a competition for landscape gardeners, that the setting may be beautified, to form a fitting background for *A Song to Nature*, Pittsburgh's memorial to the generous giver of its park, Mary Schenley.

EQUESTRIAN MEMORIAL TO ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT BY FRANK OWEN PAYNE

YOUTH, beauty, true sportsmanship and the love of beautiful, spirited horses—these are what Eugene Morahan tried to typify when

he undertook to create a fitting memorial to the late Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt whose tragic death on the ill-fated *Lusitania* is not likely to be soon forgotten.

How well he has succeeded may be inferred by studying the beautiful work which has just been completed in the artist's studio.

Mr. Vanderbilt was known in two hemispheres for his love of fine horses. His stables were thronged with splendid animals of unrivalled pedigree. His genuine sportsmanlike spirit was an inspiration to all champions of clean sport. Moreover he was beloved by his friends for his many excellent qualities. What more natural then than that, after his lamentable fate, a party of fifty of his particular friends should decide to erect a suitable memorial in his honour in the city of Newport where he made his home? Eugene Morahan was accordingly commissioned to design a fitting monument.

Two thoughts were suggested as dominant ideas for the work; namely, the horse beautiful and the youthful sportsman. Morahan is himself a great lover of horses. Among his works may be seen more than one finely sculptured horse, his *Trouper* being one of the best known. Indeed, he has also done some of the best wild animals to be seen among the works of recent years. His *Elk*, *Moose* and *Panther* have attracted considerable attention.

The accompanying picture will give a good idea of the sculptures for the Vanderbilt memorial. Two superb horses of finest thoroughbred stock are being driven by a splendid athletic youth who stands upon their bare backs as he attempts to rein them in. The fiery steeds are all unused to being thus driven and they rear and charge as only such spirited creatures would do.

The youth betrays no signs of fear. On the contrary he seems to relish the dangerous sport. He is muscular and finely proportioned. He is master of the situation.

The horses are done with a realism which cannot be described. One of the leading veterinarians was asked in to judge them as he would judge a horse. He declared them to be perfect in every detail.

One cannot help comparing these horses with those of the famous *Horse Tamer* group by Mac-Monnies at the Ocean Parkway entrance to Prospect Park, Brooklyn. Both are superb. But they are not in the least alike in thought or conception. One cannot help feeling glad that

Equestrian Memorial to Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt



MEMORIAL STATUE TO ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT

BY EUGENE MORAHAN

Morahan has been able to balance his group in such a way as to avoid the use of any props or braces to sustain the weight of the fore part of these figures. This is secured in part by having the two beasts lean slightly toward each other as horses always are apt to do when they are close together and in rapid motion.

An accurate judgment cannot be formed by seeing this beautiful group from one side only. From every point of view it is equally agreeable, a characteristic not to be found in many otherwise excellent works of sculpture.

The group will be cast in bronze and placed

upon a cylindrical pedestal. This pedestal rises from the centre of a huge shallow bowl of pleasing form which in turn stands upon a larger and richly ornamented base. The bowl will serve as a drinking fountain for horses. Placed in the centre of Newport's beautiful park, it will be seen and admired by all who pass it by.

The pedestal bears the following inscription:

TO THE MEMORY OF

ALFRED GWYNNE VANDERBILT

WHO PERISHED ON THE LUSITANIA IN THE THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR OF HIS AGE. MAY 7, 1915.

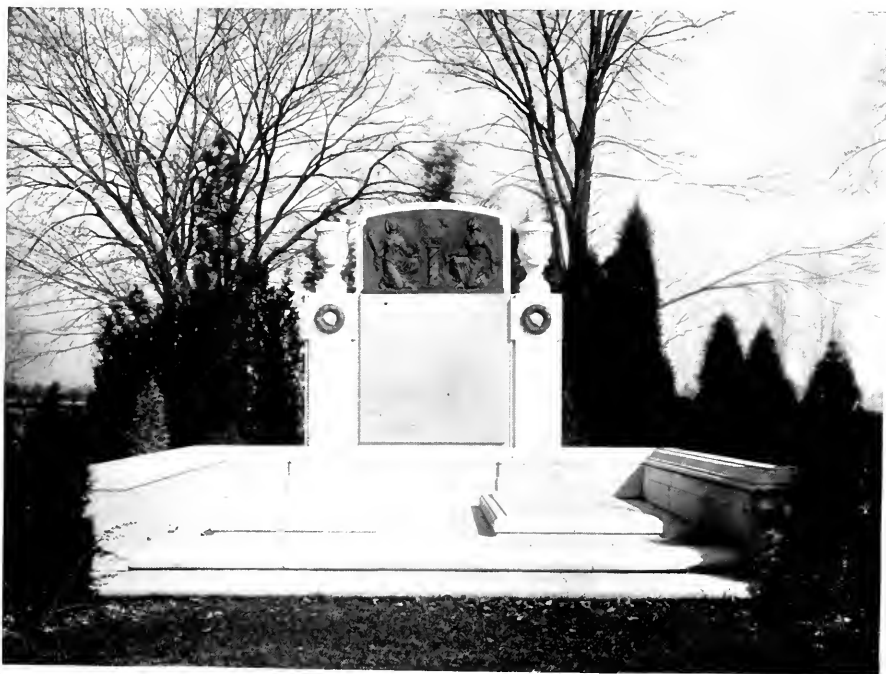
ERECTED BY FIFTY OF HIS FRIENDS.



Exhibited at Winter Academy, New York, 1916-1917

BELOW FLOWS THE RIVER
BY GARDNER SYMONS

The Roebling Memorial



THE ROEBLING MEMORIAL

SPENCER ROBERTS, ARCHITECT

THE work shown is a memorial to the wife of Mr. Ferdinand W. Roebling and may be seen in a village cemetery at Ewing, near Trenton, New Jersey. The bronze panels and wreaths were designed by John Taylor Roberts, a former student of Charles Grafly, whilst the balance of the work is to the credit of his brother, the architect, Spencer Roberts.

The material is selected Westerly Pink Granite, a stone of fine texture and very beautiful colour. The dark panel upon which the name "Roebling" is cut is the same granite polished.

The bronze panel is symbolic of spiritual adoration. The beauty of the thought is in its tenderness of feeling; the rose—a symbol of love; the dial—time; the birds signify a song of peace or the flight of the soul; the kneeling figures—spiritual exultation, rather than intense grief.

In view of so much painful memorial work that is in evidence on all sides—we refer to the commercial output of certain granite firms that make inartistic copies of good or bad originals—it is always a pleasant task to call attention to work that is artistically pleasing.



THE ROEBLING MEMORIAL

Modern Art: A Full Harvest of the New Painting



Courtesy Alfred Stieglitz, "291"
STILL LIFE

BY MACDONALD-WRIGHT

MODERN ART: A FULL HARVEST OF THE NEW PAINTING BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT

THE present month has furnished a striking refutation of the pronouncement, voiced in many reactionary quarters, that the war has drawn down the curtain on "modern" painting. Never before in New York's art history has such wide public interest been displayed in the work of the younger man. Nadelmann appears at Scott & Fowles. The Bourgeois Galleries show many modernists, both American and European. At Montross's is to be seen another group of the "new" painters. The rooms of the Daniel Gallery are hung with the work of revolvers. The Photo-Secession Gallery has just taken down the Marins and hung the paintings of S. Macdonald-Wright. At the Chelsea Neighbourhood Galleries can be seen the latest pictures of Thomas H.

Benton, one of the most significant of the modern Americans. The exhibition of the latest style canvases at the Church of the Ascension has just been brought to a successful close. And some of Cézanne's best work can be viewed at the Arden Galleries.

A pleasant surprise greeted me in the Max Weber canvases at the Montross Gallery. I have had occasion to criticise Weber severely for his disciplinism and for his not always happy appropriation of the surfaces of Europeans; and indeed there are several works in the present exhibition against which a similar charge can be justly made. But in others there is an intelligent sounding of these masters' motivating impulses and a bending of them to a personal expression. Aside from pictures obviously inspired by El Greco, Picasso and Cézanne, there are excellent examples of compositional preoccupation and some very sensitive linear paintings. Weber's colour is not original, a certain modern etiquette seemingly having dic-

Modern Art: A Full Harvest of the New Painting

tated his tonal schemes; but withal he is the most interesting exhibitor of the group. When we compare him with such incompetent painters as Davies, whose jejune academism shows through his thin and poorly imitated surfaces, we can readily appreciate Weber's talent. Davies' work is indicative of an ineffectual desire to appear modern. His form, composition and functioning colour (or even harmonious colour) are conspicuously inept and affected. His pictures are a chaos of dead, grey tones, meaningless angles and insensitive curves; and some of his drawings on black cardboard barely escape the category of the comic. Pascin is much better, for while he is frankly an illustrator who superficially recalls the cartoonist, Daumier, he is without affectation or pretense. Walt Kuhn strives for large effects, but since the mask of his pictures cover nothing solid, they are only transiently interesting. Sheeler is sensitively decorative and displays considerable æsthetic intelligence in his arrangements. His work is too frequently thin, and here especially, next to the Weber's, it loses much of its attractiveness. There is something at once simple and large in Sheeler's pictures; they at times recall Marquet, and, at others, they seem more temperamentally akin to the modern Spaniards.

To one who has followed Marin's water-colours the present exhibits at the Photo-Secession Gallery will, I fear, be disappointing. His colour schemes, almost without exception, are more complete than they were a year ago; but his new pictures lack vitality; there is less *élan* in his inspiration, and I am conscious of a monotony of execution. His new influence has not been wholly assimilated and has served only to obscure his former incisiveness of expression.

The exhibition at the Bourgeois Galleries is a hodge-podge in which the good struggles with the humorous, indifferent and frankly bad. Pach's work is as thin and metallic in colour, and as monotonous in conception, as usual. Glackens, who imitates Renoir without achieving any of Renoir's form, possesses nevertheless an indisputable charm of decorative colour and arrangement. Bracque is of importance as a leading exponent of good Cubism. But for a little more mental plasticity in his artistic approach he would equal Picasso; and though his present work is not his best, it is well worth seeing. Derain is always interesting, for when he works seriously he is a genuine, if slight, artist. The American,

Adolf Wolff, is a man of large talents and more than ordinary intelligence. One of his three-dimensional studies in the present exhibition surpasses, in sensitivity and ability, many of Archipenko's pieces and all of Gaudier-Brzeska's. Sheeler, Marin, and Gleizes are the only other exhibitors whose work is of such a quality as to warrant mention here.

The most important exhibition of the month is that of S. Macdonald-Wright at No. 291 Fifth Avenue. This is the first time the American public has had an opportunity to see adequately the art of this man who sums up, and adds a new vitality to, the whole modern movement. In the present exhibition one can see not only his latest phase of development, but practically every step of his progress since his student days. *Adolescence* (1909), the earliest canvas on view, foreshadows his intense interest in colour and form, as well as his start toward significant composition. The *still-lives* (1912) attest to his right and ability to strike out into new fields. I know of no modern still-lives, excepting those of Cézanne and Renoir, which give one so definite a sense of visual and emotional solidity. Their colour possesses a dynamic form, is rich and brilliant and, at the same time, sonorous. The water-colours ("reinforced drawings"), though less sonorous, have the same qualities of solidity; and his drawings likewise are formally satisfying. There is also a cast of a female head which should meet with the approval even of those to whom the new art is anathema. Its modelling is simple, and the very hair is an intimate part of its massive poise. It is reminiscent of the head on a Michelangelo slave, both in its symmetry and in the handling of the back. Here, as in Macdonald-Wright's other work, is exhibited a profound knowledge of composition and a grasp of the philosophic elements of æsthetic expression.

The latest phase of this artist's work is disappointing in its mental attitude, for in it there is a preoccupation with objectivity, which, though it may be considered as a revitalization of abstraction, is to me indicative of retrogression. I believe that abstraction (the elimination of representation), with all its shortcomings, should inform the art of the future, and that, instead of reverting to objective nature for inspiration, this painter should have put his entire energy into perfecting his methods. However, the canvas called *Variation of Rubens's "Four*



GOSSIP

BY JONAS LIE

Corners of the Earth in Violet is an excellent work. It marks the apex of Macdonald-Wright's colour achievement, and I see in it a long forward step in tonal values—the lack of which at times render his other canvases harsh. This new tonalizing of colours is evident in all his more recent pictures.

On the whole this exhibition reveals a sincere artist struggling with, and in no small degree conquering, the profound and difficult problems of rhythmic organization and composition. Moreover, he is mastering the newer problems relating to the functioning of colour. The fact that there are pictures here showing the successive steps of the painter's evolution facilitates both the study and the understanding of his art.

IN THE GALLERIES

THERE are so many exhibitions jostling each other at all the galleries and elsewhere that it is quite impossible to keep pace with them. One can but lightly indicate what has

been most recently done. In the Milch Galleries, 108 West 57th Street, the work of George Bellows has very properly created enormous attention for its virile character and immense individuality. If only Bellows were left of the artists, there would still be a chapter on American art for the future historian to chronicle. *Shipyard Society*, *The Teamster*, *Easter Snow*, are pictures that will live. F. J. Waugh the marine painter is also in evidence with some colourful and highly dramatic painting. *Heavy Surf* and *East Coast of Bailey Island, Maine*, are specially noticeable.

It is a novel idea in New York to make use of our great railway terminal buildings to display any phase of art but a commencement has been made by the Grand Central where the Grinager & Beardsley decorations may be seen by all who "run like the dickens for the 5.15" down the incline to the Lower Level. By request of Mr. R. A. C. Smith the plans for the embellishment of Riverside Park from 72d to 96th and from 116th to 122d appear upon one wall, whilst facing them



Owned by Thomas A. Buckner, Esq., Vice-President, New York Life Insurance Company
A SURF SCENE

BY F. SPICUZZA



Owned by Henry M. Ogden, Esq., Milwaukee
CHILDREN WADING

BY F. SPICUZZA

In the Galleries



Exhibited at the Kulston Galleries
THROUGH THE DOOR

BY S. J. WOOLF

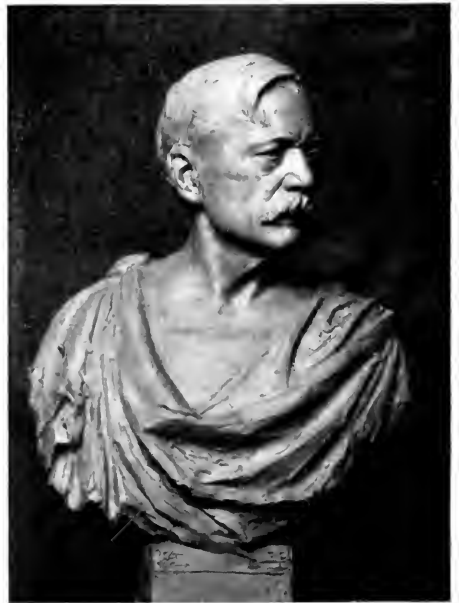
Palace, no-prize-no-jury exhibition, commencing April 8, will have no trouble in finding under the D's, for it is an alphabetical hanging, *Tulip Hysteria Coordinating*. Should this picture not meet with approval, there are 2,000 others to observe. We are curious to see what "The Art World" will print on this show which bids fair to out-Armour the Armory exhibition, which made such a stir some four or five years back.

The well-known firm of R. C. & N. M. Vose of Boston have recently sold to the Art Institute of Chicago an important example of the late George Fuller entitled *The Trial of the Salem Witches*. It represents the Colonial courtroom with the presiding judge and attendants on the left of the picture, this group being one of the most interesting and refined in treatment of all Fuller's works. The accused stands near the centre of the picture, while in the background and in galleries are the witnesses and spectators. The size of the canvas is 36 x 54.

are plans of the same frontage as it actually is. The paintings done in the Lee Lash studios make excellent murals being good in colour and design.

At Ardsley Studios, 110 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, throughout March, was exhibited a painting and fifty lithographs by Daumier from the collection of Hamilton Easter Field. The lithographs included most of the early caricatures of Louis Philippe. They are very caustic and played an important role in the overturn of the monarchy in 1848. Daumier's reputation was at first founded entirely on these lithographs and they show him at his best—the bitter opponent of political abuses—fighting for reform through his art. Marsden Hartley's paintings and those of Morton Schamberg are interesting but they have little of the intensity of Daumier. It is as if Daumier's art was his life—his very being—and as if Hartley and Schamberg were but playing with form and colour.

It seems that Duchamp who earned notoriety, if not fame, for his *Nude Descending the Staircase*, has been under the spell of a yellow tulip recently. Visitors to the monster Grand Central



BUST OF
JOHN HEMMING FRY, ESQ.

BY CARTAINO
SCARPITTA



LANDSCAPE
BY H. BOLTON JONES

In the Galleries

It was bought from the Fuller family and it has never before been offered for sale. *Old Age* in the St. Louis Museum and *Girl with Turkeys* in another museum are further proof of the great standing in American art possessed by this artist. Besides these three important canvases, recently sold by this firm, it is memorable that they have added to their Blakelock's the moonlight picture entitled *Spirit of Night*, a picture of fine balance and colour and unconventional play of line. The exhibition of twenty-six guaranteed examples fittingly framed by Hermann Dudley Murphy was a very creditable affair and brought crowds of enthusiasts to the Vose Galleries.

The success of Francisco Spicuzza, though he has not yet attained to the mayoralty of Milwaukee, has much in common with Dick Whittington. This young artist a few years back, until discovered by Mr. Samuel O. Buckner, was peddling fruit. Thanks to the patronage of that gentleman, who has done so much for art and artists in Milwaukee, the talent of Spicuzza has been nursed along until now he is an independent artist with an assured future. His pastels and water-colours are poetic and joyous bits of nature with a genuine out-door feeling. We reproduce two oil paintings by him representing beach scenes from Lake Michigan.

It is comforting to know that whole-hearted support is being given to an excellent appeal that went forth to a selected list of painters with a view to giving and supporting an AMERICAN ARTIST'S AMBULANCE. It is to be hoped that those who have not yet responded may realize that it is not too late to send their cheque to the Treasurer, Augustus V. Tack, at the Century Club, New York. The generosity of artists is well known and it would be hard to think out a better way of doing real good than by subscribing to this fund.

Robert Reid at the Rose Galleries has shown a great number of portrait impressions in agreeable colour and with faultless draughtsmanship. There is no attempt at backgrounds and other "props"—the canvas is untouched outside of the actual

silhouette. These simply handled portraits—though they only make claim to be impressions—are full of life and character, and a reproach to a number of court painters who imagine that a portrait must be surrounded by pet animals, bric-a-brac and furniture in order to convince. Two of his impressions were reproduced in the last issue of the magazine.

Augustus Vincent Tack's work has been the subject of much special mention in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. His recent exhibition at the Kraushaar Galleries gave further evidence of an advancing talent. His imagination keeps pace with his palette, both being high keyed and of unusual force. There is a spiritual meaning in all his work, the great mystery of life impressing his simplest landscapes.

New York is to have what will be the largest and most radical art exhibition ever held in America. The Society of Independent Artists is to stage the colossal exposition in the Grand Central Palace, April 9 to May 6.



AT THE CASEMENT

BY SUSAN RICKER KNOX





W. Lee Hankey is the artist.



The INTERNATIONAL • STUDIO •

VOL. LXI. No. 243

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MAY, 1917

FRENCH FURNITURE, MÆDÆVAL AND RENAISSANCE BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*The collection of Gothic and Renaissance furniture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art being of first-class importance, there will be a series of scholarly articles on the subject by the above-named writer.*

ALTHOUGH the European museums contain most of the examples of French furniture of the Mediæval and Renaissance periods, nevertheless New York is relatively rich in these art productions. The famous Hoentschel Collection has been brought to this country and through the generosity of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan enriches the Metropolitan Museum. The furniture of the eighteenth century is particularly well represented, but the Gothic period, with which we begin our study, though not represented by so many typical pieces, includes however examples which are of

great value. If we add to this some representative pieces of the George and Florence Blumenthal Collection, so rich in productions of French art, we will be able to follow in several articles the evolution of furniture in France and at the same time realize more fully her glorious past.

When we study the furniture of the Gothic period in France we are impressed by the relatively small quantity of objects which came down to us. The reasons given for it are very plausible. First of all, the life at this period was essentially nomadic and warlike, and there was really very little furniture. Also the changing taste of succeeding generations caused the old little by little to disappear. We have to go to the religious edifices to find authentic examples, but there also we find lack of continuity. Even in the churches during wars and revolutions much was destroyed and there, too, the same changing taste has discarded the old.

Various methods have been used by scholars to study the history of furniture. Viollet-le-Duc tries to reconstruct the lost objects by studying the miniatures and reliefs in stone and ivory where furniture of the time is represented. Mr. Champeaux goes to the archives and studies the inventories and accounts in reconstructing the history of furniture. Molinier, another French scholar, is opposed to both of these methods and uses only the objects themselves, incomplete as they are. In our study we shall try to profit from the experience of all three, supplementing, with the works of Mr. Bonnaffé, the museum collections and exhibitions.

One of the oldest examples of French wood-carving is an end piece from a choir-stall in the Hoentschel Collection. It is one of the most beautiful fragments extant from the fourteenth century. Tradition credits it as being a unique example of the primitive choir-stalls of the Notre



FIG. 8

Dame of Paris.* It passed from the Charles Stein Collection to the Hoentschel Collection. The construction is still in the style of the thirteenth century,† but the carving is of the fourteenth century and shows the magnitude and charm of the monumental sculpture in France. It reproduces also the spirit of ivory carvings, which Molinier was the first to notice.

These remnants are composed of three separate pieces. The first detail shows in the lower part St. Michael standing on the dragon's head and holding in one hand a spear and in the other a shield (reproduced, fig. 1). Above, standing under the trefoiled arcades, are two female saints. The one dressed in a nun's habit is probably St. Claire. The other seems difficult to identify. Above in a volute St. Francis is kneeling with upraised hands to receive the stigmata from the crucified Christ represented in the upper volute. Numerous grotesque figures are introduced in the decoration of the panel and we can admire in them the rich imagination of their creator, who carved them next to figures as noble as those of St. Michael, St. Francis, and the two female saints. The same association of two such different styles and conceptions is seen in the decoration of Gothic cathedrals.

The second detail of the choir-stall shows in the volute a seated pope holding in one hand a book and in the other a key. He wears a conical mitre and over his tunic a large cope, fastened by a morse. He is resting with his elbows in the mouths of two dragons which form the sides of his throne. Above him is a crouching monster.

The third detail shows on the side a grotesque dragon supporting a volute, in the centre of which is seen on the one side the winged ox, symbol of St. Luke, and on the other a winged lion, symbol of St. Mark. Above on a low square plinth a female saint is standing. The same qualities which characterize the first panel are seen in the other two. They show the charming and noble qualities of the French workmanship, and we can only regret that the choir-stalls in their entirety, which, judging from the fragments must have been



FIG. 1

* Collections Georges Hoentschel. 1908. V. I, p. v. Molinier. *Les meubles du Moyen Âge et de la Renaissance* (1897), p. 17-18.

† See models of stalls of the thirteenth century reproduced in Villard de Honnecourt. Facsimile of his sketch-book, 1859. Pl. 53 x 56, and Viollet-le-Duc: *Dictionnaire raisonné de l'architecture française*, 1875, v. 8, p. 464-465.

masterpieces, are missing.‡ Their French origin

‡ It was during the reign of Louis XIV that the choir-stalls, the fragments of which are described above, were replaced by the stalls now in existence.



FIG. 3

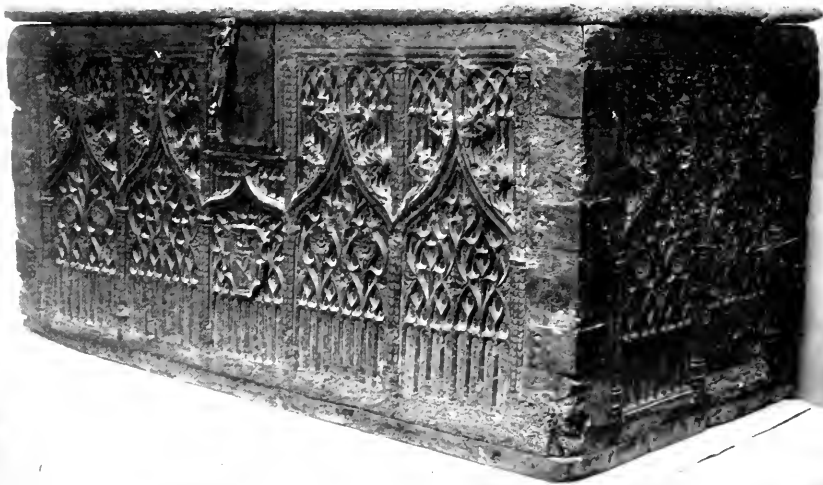


FIG. 4

is so evident that it is very regrettable to see them mistakenly labelled in the museum.

The other examples of French Gothic furniture in the Metropolitan Museum and in the Blumenthal Collection all belong to the fifteenth century, and to the beginning of the sixteenth century, except one chest which is of the fourteenth. We have in these collections pieces coming from ecclesiastical establishments, but most of them belong to the furniture of civil life.

A characteristic example is a chest of which the whole conception is that of the thirteenth century, except for the decoration below, which seems to belong to the fourteenth century (reproduced, fig. 2). The structure is of extreme simplicity. The only ornaments are long strips of iron ending in fleurs-de-lis which not only decorate but also strengthen the chest. This was characteristic of the construction and decoration of chests and cupboards of the thirteenth century.§ This chest

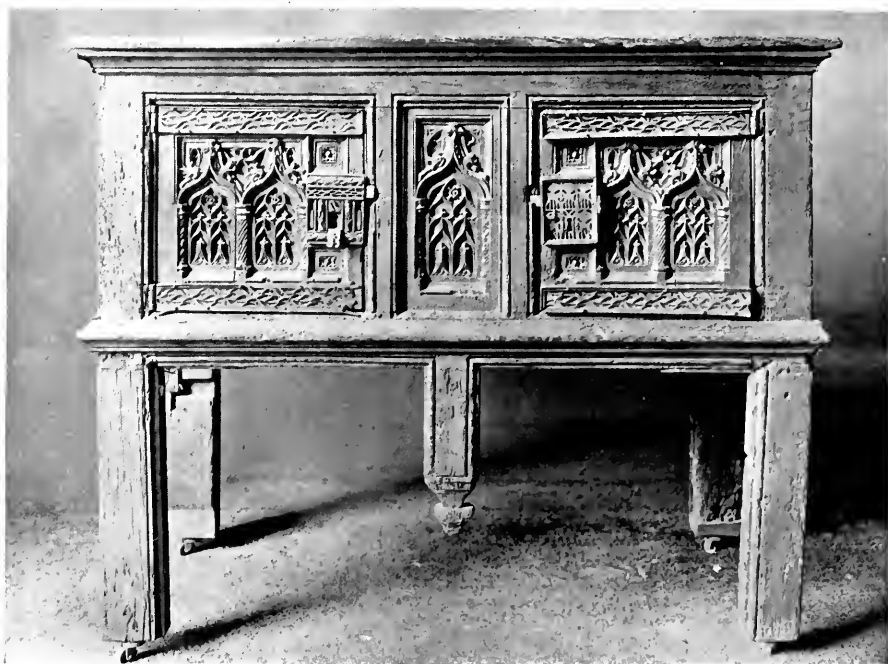


FIG. 7

The chest or "*huche*" is the most characteristic piece of furniture of the Middle Ages, owing to its functions which were so various. It served as a bench, as a table for eating or writing, and sometimes as a bed in the poorer houses.¶ Its most general use was as a container for the precious belongings of a family such as their jewels, money and dresses. Its vogue was so great as to give its name to the craftsmen who made furniture in general and who were called "*huchiers*."

¶ See article by Bonnaffé in *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1885, v. 32, and Bonnaffé: *Le meuble en France au XVI^e siècle*, 1887.

was bought by the Metropolitan Museum as an English production; its label afterward credited it with German origin, but it seems unmistakably French.

A marked difference of conception is shown in a chest from the Hoentschel Collection of about the middle of the fifteenth century, which is a masterpiece in its genre (reproduced, fig. 3). If we compare it to the chest described above we see a great change in the construction itself. The

§ Several of these examples are reproduced in Ilavard: *La menuiserie*, p. 110, 113, 114, 115.

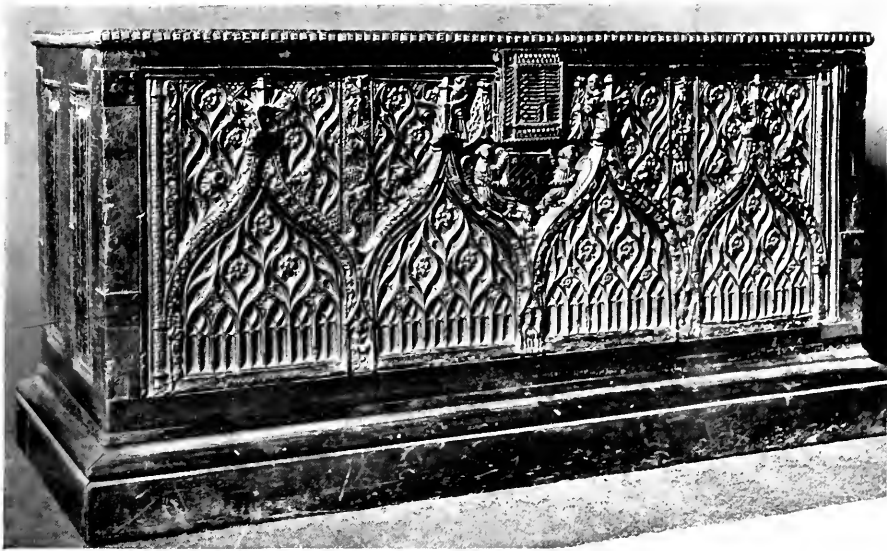


FIG. 5

chest is no longer composed of long pieces of wood put together and strengthened by pieces of iron. The front and sides are divided into compartments, and this method of construction brought in a new mode of decoration, both of which were inspired by the architecture and sculpture of the time. The role of the sculptor as seen in this chest was eminent. The front, divided into five compartments, shows in the central panel a vase with flowers; to the left and to the right are the Virgin and the Angel of the Annunciation. In the two end compartments are a bishop and St. Mark with the dragon. In the angles are angels with scrolls, and the side panels show a decoration of Gothic tracery. The style of the sculptures is very fine; the whole decoration shows great ability, and the costumes reproduce those of the time.

Another chest of a somewhat later date, the second half of the fifteenth century (reproduced, fig. 4), shows compartments in the form of Gothic windows, decorated with leafwork, encircled rosettes, and in the centre a coat-of-arms, probably of the family for whom the chest was made. Similar to it, but belonging to the late fifteenth century (reproduced, fig. 5), is a chest in the Blumenthal Collection in perfect condition, that shows the same decoration of Gothic tracery and

also in the centre two angels holding a shield, and other figures and animals distributed over the surface. Both chests show analogies with a chest in the Gaillard Collection,^{||} to another in the Chateau de Pau,* and with two chest fronts in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs in Paris.† To the same period belongs another chest in the Blumenthal Collection, coming from the Singher Collection, composed entirely in the Gothic spirit and decorated with fleurs-de-lis and tracery (reproduced, fig. 6). It is a perfect example of the simple and beautiful way in which the mediæval artist-craftsmen understood and profited from the architecture of the time. Analogies can be found in comparing it to a chest coming from the Barry Collection in Toulouse,‡ and to another in the Chantilly Museum. Of the same workmanship and of the same period are several chest fronts, two of them in the Hoentschel Collection and three purchased in 1905 from the Rogers Fund, of which one comes from the Boy Collection, one from the Heilbronner sale, and one from

^{||} Gaillard, *Catalogue des objets d'art* (1904), pl. No. 22.

* Havard. *La menuiserie*, p. 59, fig. 50.

† Metman et Brière. *Musée des arts décoratifs. Le bois*, 1905, v. I, pl. 10, No. 38, and pl. 14, No. 59.

‡ Barry. *Catalogue des sculptures, meubles*, 1880, p. 50.

French Furniture, Mediæval and Renaissance

the Duseigneur sale. Another chest in the Blumenthal Collection and two chest fronts in the Metropolitan Museum, though still of the late Gothic period, belong to the transition style and they will find their place in one of the later articles.

When we pass from the chests to the dressers, we come to a piece of furniture the use of which was far from being as general and indispensable as that of the chest. Nevertheless, it played an important role in the house furnishing of the fifteenth century. At that time residence in one place began to have greater permanence and more luxury was displayed in furnishing a home. In some cases, such as in royal palaces and in the houses of great lords, the luxury even exceeded their means. In general there was more and greater variety of furniture than in the previous century.

The form of the dresser was generally that of a cupboard standing on four high legs. There are others that, instead of the four legs, had a base near the floor which formed an open compartment where it was customary to display the finest dishes and silver. Both models are here shown. There is a dresser in the Blumenthal Collection showing the older of the two types, belonging to about the middle of the fifteenth century (reproduced, fig. 8). The front of the dresser is divided into three parts. In the centre is a panel decorated with Gothic tracery, leafwork and rosettes. On either side is a door

similarly decorated and showing above and below friezes with Gothic tracery and on the sides locks elaborately ornamented. Many analogies can be found in comparing it with a dresser in the Cluny Museum[¶] and with another in the Troyes Museum.

A dresser in the Metropolitan Museum of the late fifteenth century shows a similar construction but the decoration differs entirely. The upper part is divided into three compartments. It shows in the central panel a decoration of vine leaves, grapes, and branches, so often used in the Romanesque period and seldom in the Gothic period, especially in France. A frieze below shows this same decoration while the two doors are decorated with linen folds.

The third dresser, coming from the Chappey sale (reproduced, fig. 8), is also in the Metropolitan Museum and it, too, is of the late fifteenth century. It shows the second type of construction mentioned above. In spite of its being more elaborate, it still preserves the admirable simplicity of the Gothic productions. The front of the upper part or cupboard is divided into five parts. In the centre is a panel decorated with Gothic tracery, a fleur-de-lis, two strips of iron and a lock. The other four panels show pierced Gothic designs. The decoration is completed by a kind of frieze below the cupboard.

[¶] Musée des Thermes et de l'Hôtel de Cluny. "Le Bois," pl. 14.

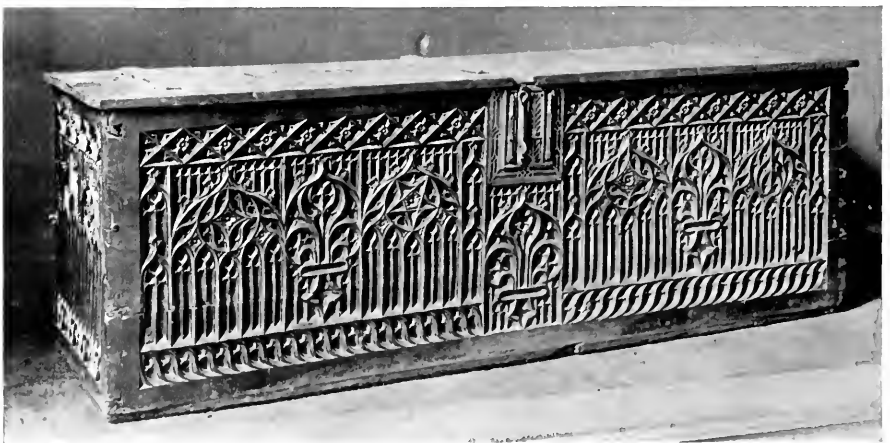


FIG. 6



FIG. 2

As a whole this dresser is of beautiful workmanship and simple in line and decoration.

There is a similar dresser in the Musée des Arts Décoratifs, Paris.§ There are also analogies with another dresser reproduced in Bajot|| and with two dressers from the Gavet Collection, one of which shows a similar construction and the other a resemblance in decoration.*

There are very few tables of this period still existing. Several reasons for this can be advanced. In the first place there were probably no tables in the poorer houses. We have seen that the chests which served so many purposes were often used instead. Then again we know how the changing fashions would interfere with their preservation. Molinier, in his work on furniture, says, in speaking of tables of the Gothic period, that they are everywhere extremely scarce but that in France their scarcity exceeds that of other countries. He adds that he can mention only one table of French workmanship in the fifteenth century.† This is a beautiful little table which comes from the Bardac Collection and is now in the Blumenthal Collection in New York. It is a masterpiece in its genre. According to the custom of the Middle Ages this table was composed of simple planks mounted on trestles. At that time furniture was so constructed as to be easily taken apart, so that it

§ Metman et Brière, Musée des arts décoratifs. *Le Bois*, v. I, 1905, pl. 5, No. 19.

|| *Encyclopédie du meuble* (1901-1909), v. 4, pl. 20, No. 1, under the word "crédence."

* Gavet, *Catalogue des objets d'art*, 1897, pl. 3 and

II
† *Les meubles du Moyen Age et de la Renaissance* (1897), p. 30, and plate II, No. 2.

could conveniently be taken from place to place. The carvings and the ensemble of this table are of extreme fineness and beauty. It constitutes one of the rare documents which show us exactly the form of tables of fifteenth century workmanship in France. This is generally known only through miniatures.

Another table in the same collection,

though entirely composed in the Gothic spirit, is of a later period, as seen by the date carved upon it in front, 1508 (fig. 9). On either side of the date are letters A B and P K, which very probably indicate the owner. The whole decoration consists of Gothic carving and linen folds. The construction differs from the table mentioned previously. This is a type of folding table. It may have been used for card playing.

(To be continued)

THE June issue of the magazine will contain amongst other items an article by Miss Stella Rubinstein upon a French tapestry of about 1500. There will also be an article by Dr. Christian Brinton upon the current show at the Grand Central Palace given by the Society of Independent Artists.



FIG. 9

Recent Caricatures by William Dowling ("Vim")



Especially drawn for The International Studio

THE EDITOR OF "VANITY FAIR"
BY WILLIAM DOWLING ("VIM")

Recent Caricatures by William Dowling ("Vim")



THE EDITOR OF
"THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO"
BY WILLIAM DOWLING ("VIM")



THE EDITOR OF
"TOWN AND COUNTRY"
BY WILLIAM DOWLING ("VIM")

Recent Caricatures by William Dowling ("Vim")



Courtesy Town and Country

CHARLES DANA GIBSON
BY WILLIAM DOWLING ("VIM")

Domesticated Art



CHILDREN OF THE SANDS

BY MAX BOHM

D OMESTICATED ART BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

IN that much read book by H. G. Wells, "Mr. Britling Sees it Through," occurs a memorable passage, "In England we domesticate everything, we have even domesticated God." At the academy of design we have most certainly domesticated Art, and many practitioners have reduced it to such a model and marvel of tameness that one feels in looking at some of the canvases displayed that they might at any moment leap playfully from the wall and eat out of one's hand. Such pictures purr with the placid contentment of a cream-fed cat, others

seem to yap with playful ferocity in the manner of a Blenheim spaniel or an apoplectic pug. These are the pictures without a challenge, real pacifists in oil.

Fortunately, however, there are very many good canvases scattered about the four rooms. Fancy New York Academy being content with four galleries where there should be forty! but that is a digression. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

The main room of premier attraction, namely the Vanderbilt Gallery, is beautifully hung, a care being bestowed there which is not so obvious on descending the steps. On entering this gallery the eye at once seeks the far wall and notes the splendidly selected portraits; that by Louis Betts

Domesticated Art

in the place of honour, flanked on the left by Douglas Volk's presentment of *Master William Sloane*, and Irving Wiles's *Miss Melville Silkey*. These are all notable portraits. *Miss Mary* by Louis Betts gives the same breezy summer-frAGRANT sensations that Martha Walter inspired at the Pennsylvania Academy with her portrait of



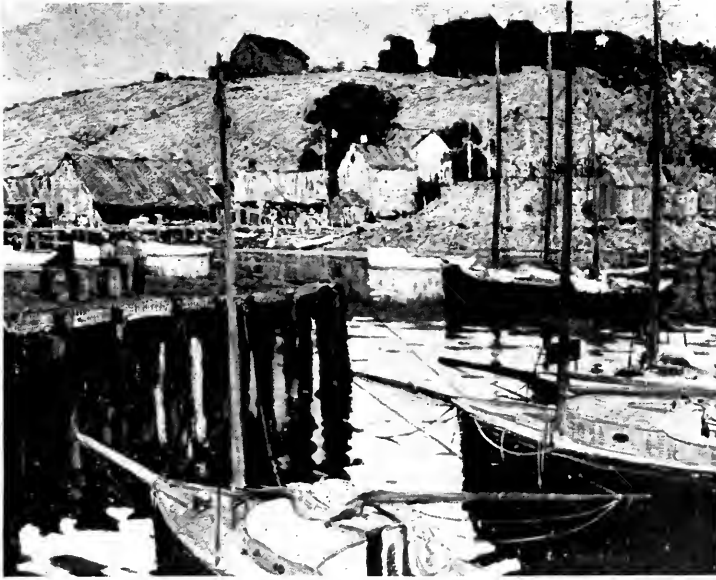
JEANNE CARTIER

BY F. LUIS MORA

Mrs. Charles Barnett Goodspeed. Betts has given us a full-length pose of a girl in a fluffy pink, perhaps superpink, dress, advancing nonchalantly towards the spectator, and he has executed his difficult task ably. Wiles has given a perfect symphony in browns and has imbued his conception with his usual admixture of refinement and grace. The boy by Volk is impeccably drawn and

is a dignified composition. In the corners is a clever nude, lying against a mirror, by Seyffert, well constructed and observed; a very impressionistic three-quarter length by Lockman, entitled *Blue and Gold*, catches the eye and holds it agreeably. Lockman paints rapidly and with great *chic*; his pictures, of late, possessing charm of arrangement and brilliant colouring. Mora in another corner is represented by a graceful little full-length dancer whose orange skirt and purple hose have forfeited nothing in the rendering. It is a great improvement upon much that this versatile artist has treated us to of late. Lydia Field Emmett has narrowly escaped painting a masterpiece in *Beatrice*, but the head and hands being alone visible in the large canvas is not a commendable trait. Dickinson's *Unrest* should have been catalogued as *Undressed*. Restlessness is the last impression given by the little model seated upon a bench and partly draped by gorgeous damask curtains that drop in pleasant curves, cutting the left side of the seated figure, whose smooth and creamy flesh stands out in magnificent contrast against the rich colouring of the hangings. It is a *tour de force* of marked ability.

There is a certain sameness, not tameness, about Redfield's winter scenes around Center Bridge, Pennsylvania, so that his *Woodland Solitude* comes in the nature of a surprise. It is a huge bit of outdoor still life, a welter of snow-laden bush and bramble by a pool or river bank. The canvas is very direct and convincing, the tonal quality excellent. Hayley Lever's *Late Autumn, Gloucester*, is clever but crowded. The eye finds no resting spot. It is like a checkerboard with every square occupied. John F. Carlson is more than usually successful with his *Sombre Uplands*, where the drama of nature has been well rendered. Guy Wiggins has a snow picture of great subtlety and distinction, very different from his usual contributions. One of the most interesting exhibits in this gallery is a harbour scene by Louise Upton Brumbach, full of good colour and interesting spotting, the sky, perhaps, a little weak but otherwise an excellent offering. Childe Hassam's *Dawn* is a very handsome contribution, full of noble trees, hazy atmosphere with a pink and orange sky pervading the composition and reflecting upon a nude figure indulging in an early morning dip. Henry B. Snell sends a handsome harbour scene full of sunlit shanties and boats in exquisite colour.



BACKWATER

BY HENRY B. SNELL



THE WATERFALL

BY HOBART NICHOLS

Roy Brown's pictures are always pleasing for their bigness, simplicity, excellent design and pure colour. A newcomer, at least to the academy, is Kendall Saunders, who paints the figure in sunshine with great understanding. His pictures are rapid sketches, intensely strong in colour and drawing and are bound to attract a good deal of merited attention. Leon Kroll is at his best with a bustling scene of *Lower Manhattan*, but in spite of the dramatic rendering one cannot help feeling that the river could have received more width. Wayman Adams, the young Indianapolis painter, has a strong portrait of Otto Stark. A very beautiful and impressive canvas is the waterfall by Hobart Nichols which occupies a place of honour above the stairway in the Vanderbilt Gallery. Antonio Barone shows a full-length portrait of his wife, painted with great distinction and an excellent study in that very difficult colour, black. Jonas Lie is well represented with his picture *Mackerel Fishing*, full of atmosphere and movement. So long as such pictures are relegated to the Academy room, no exhibitor need object to being seen there. Theresa Bernstein's big picture representing a group of Poles going to church on Easter Sunday, is a difficult subject, well characterized but lacking construction and sound drawing in places. A very striking little picture, not much noticed, perhaps, is by Elizabeth C. Spencer, entitled *Shoppers*. Out of the green-striped awnings the artist has made a handsome design. None but Childe Hassam would have

dared and succeeded in a street scene depending mainly upon the American flag for colour and design. Hassam has depicted a typical fourth of July scene, where flags wave from every window, and has woven them into a handsome pattern, subduing his colour more than is his wont.

AN IMPORTANT CONFERENCE

THE Department of the Art Jury of the City of Philadelphia is inviting the members of the Federal Commission of Fine Arts and of the State and Municipal Departments of Art of the United States, to a Conference to be held in Philadelphia on May 15. This will be the second conference of such bodies, the first having been held three or four years ago on the invitation of the New York Art Commission.

The morning session will be held in Mayor Smith's Reception Room, City Hall. Those attending the Conference will then be taken in motors to Lynnewood Hall, the residence of Mr. Joseph E. Widener, president of the Art Jury, who will entertain them at luncheon. The afternoon session will also be held in Lynnewood Hall. Those attending the conference will be guests at dinner at the Ritz-Carlton. The first municipal departments of this kind were appointed in New York and Boston in 1898. In addition to the National Commission of Fine Arts there are now about five State Art Commissions and about twenty-five municipal ones.



Exhibited at the Gorham Galleries

THE KISS

BY EDOARDO CAMILLI



Exhibited at the Sculptors' Gallery

THE WAVE
BY CHARLES CARY RUMSEY



ON THE HILLTOP
BY FRANK TOWNSEND HUTCHENS



IDA NOYES HALL, CHICAGO: WINDOW SEAT, DESK
AND TEA NOOK IN STUDY ROOM

COOLIDGE AND HODGDON
ARCHITECTS

AN UNINSTITUTIONAL INSTITUTION BY HENRY BLACKMAN SELL

THERE is nothing "institutional" about Ida Noyes Hall, the new club house, gymnasium and restaurant that serves the 3,000 women students at the University of Chicago.

As all things beautiful and worthy are the direct result of the thought applied to their creation, so the "homey" perfection of this building may be quickly traced to the unusual decorative ideas of Miss Langley—of the University decoration department—and Professor (Miss) Reynolds, of the English department.

"We studied the building and its possibilities of environmental influence on the girls who were to make this new recreation home theirs," said Miss Langley, in a discussion of the decoration of the rooms.

"Our aim was to make the rooms as beautiful as those of an English manor house, English because of all homes the English are the most home-

like. We have broken many precedents set down in the unwritten laws of interior decoration. The most noticeable is that of a lack of line and curve similarity. No two rooms are alike; no 'period' has been adhered to. And yet there is well-established precedent for this.

"Consider an Elizabethan room; why should one adhere strictly to 'period' Elizabethan furniture in such a room? In the days of Queen Elizabeth, the fine old rooms held many pieces 'out of period.' They had Dutch clocks and Teuton organs and pictures from Italy. People travelled afar and brought home treasures for their homes as they do to-day. No, it is not natural to cling unreasonably to one period—one period unvaried and without individuality does not, cannot, express home."

We were passing through the spacious, quiet library, and I looked about for an illustration of the plausible theory of her statement. Over yonder stood a beautiful lounge, a reproduction of one of Thomas Chippendale's most delicate pieces; against the wall was a Gothic chest, a small carved

An Uninstitutional Institution

Spanish table graced a nearby nook, while here at hand was a Jacobean seat. In the corner by the window a hooded Queen Anne secretary sought pleasant contrast with an inlaid desk of period "William and Mary." Gateleg tables and a massive table, a Mandarin lamp, oriental rugs of varying patterns and weaves—and so it went—with no foolish slavery to period but much thought of the spirit that pervaded the room. Yes, she was right. I wondered at the even quality of it all, for there was no in-harmony despite the momentarily apparent clash of varying design. Why? The unifying element was colour. The fine soft tones of oak well finished. The rubbed floor and walls of even tone. Lamps and cushions, rugs, hangings and upholsterings, they brought to the room the softly brilliant reds and blues and yellows and apostle greens. Here, then was the secret: selection of fitments in harmonious spirit, arrangement by experienced and loving hands, and a proper use of colour.

The rugs throughout the building are of oriental weave and have been pronounced the finest single large collection in the city.

The windows are delicately designed leaded glass with but few hangings to hide them, except upon the south side, where persistent sunshine has made some shading a practical necessity.

In the lounging rooms and library the curtains are gray green velours; in the old English sun-room they are a yellow figured cretonne; in the offices they are of various cretonnes to suit the individuality of the particular room; and in the

refectory they are monk's cloth with a border of blue stencilled from a design, the motif of which Miss Hollister, sculptor and instructor in clay modelling at the University, took from the carved lozenges in the oak wall panels.

The furniture in the refectory is very attractive. It is dark oak like the wall panels. The tables are square and oblong, carrying out the idea of

variety, which is in all rooms. The chairs are lovely in line, upholstered with blue hair-cloth, because it is washable, another bit of the practicableness of things along with their beauty. The refectory will seat 300 persons at once. It is used for serving luncheon and supper to the girls and for the banquets and dinners.

One cannot refrain from shuddering at the possibilities if this wonderful building had fallen into careless hands; how garish it might have been, how sumptuous, uncomfortable, unwelcoming and cold. Instead it is warm and inviting and comfortable, with all the charm that culture and refinement and hominess can bring to it, as one critic has put it, "the art of domestic achievement," and another, "a place which possesses the most perfect harmony on a large scale—

either here or abroad"—and as the girls themselves put it, "a place we love to go to and stay and stay and stay."

The building is the gift of Mr. La Verne W. Noyes, as a memorial to his wife, herself a college graduate and one who worked for the finer things for women. It comprises the functions performed for the men by the Frank Dickinson Bartlett



FURNITURE IN USE



FIREPLACE AND NOOK IN THE STUDY LOUNGE



A CORNER OF THE ADMINISTRATOR'S ROOM

The Introspectives

Gymnasium, the Reynolds Club, and Hutchinson Commons.

The gymnasium is one of the finest in the world. There is a swimming tank under sky-light windows and opening into a most delightful cloister garden.

On the first floor are the gymnasium, swimming tank, refectory, library and common room with telephone booths and kitchenette. At the left of the entrance are the main stairway, the office and a checking room. In the basement are the lockers and showers and dressing rooms, manicuring and shampooing parlors, a large game room and two bowling alleys. On the second floor are the offices of the gymnasium heads, a corrective gymnasium, rooms with social conveniences for serving refreshments, a trophy room and a spectators' gallery to the "gym." The third floor is given over to the sun parlor, two rest rooms, a kitchenette, offices for different women's organizations, and an assembly room with a stage and dressing rooms.



Exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries

CHARITY

BY JAMES WYNNE PARRY



SECTION OF REFECTORY
SHOWING BUFFET

THE INTROSPECTIVES BY EDITH W. POWELL

IT was through the organization known as Friends of the Young Artists, in which she is greatly interested, that Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney came to hear of the Introspective Painters. They had not chosen a name at the time, however, but were introduced as a group of talented young artists holding certain theories about art, several of whom were more or less known, whereas others had never exhibited. Mrs. Whitney generously offered them her studio for two weeks or more with the privilege of arranging their show as they might deem best. Some time after this, the name Introspective was adopted by Benjamin D. Kopman, Abraham Harriton and Claude Buck, who together with Jennings Tofel are the Introspective Painters proper; and the guests to whom they ultimately extended the hospitality that was theirs to offer from March 20 to April 10, were three other painters, Van Deering Perrine, Jacques R. Chesno and Felix Russmann, also the carver of wood, Robert Laurent.

It is Friends of the Young Artists, also, that arranged the exhibition of imaginative paintings



Exhibited at Mrs. H. P. Whitney's Studio

TWILIGHT—PASTEL

BY FELIX RUSSMANN



Exhibited at Mrs. H. P. Whitney's Studio

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN

BY CLAUDE BUCK

The Introspectives

held in the Knoedler Galleries from April 2 to April 16, where the spirit was identical with that of the Introspective show: a protest, as both were, against superficial surface art, however excellent the craftsmanship, and a plea for art which expresses insight, feeling, imagination.

In the foreword to the catalogue for the Friends of Young Artists exhibition, Miss Winifred Ward, the organizer of the show and a sculptor besides, explains that the contributions had been selected with little regard for their technical qualities, but rather for "their romantic and idealistic character—because, in the face of present world calamities we have felt that the note of idealism which the exhibition strikes is the most important contribution the American artist can make to the public."

In the same catalogue the majority of the contributors have complied with the society's request for opinions on a number of themes, and we read: "Though aiming at obvious visible beauty, the art of painting should convey through its language of colour—the without seen from the within."—Agnes Pelton. "Art is an interpretation of life." "In our modern realism the painter too often is dominated, not by his idea, but by his brush."—Thomas Carilear Cole. "Painting is a means of expression."—Henry Dixon. "Art should be employed to depict eternal truths."—James Wynne Parry. "It will be questioned," says Richard B. Coolidge, "when the sun rises, do you not see a round disk of fire somewhat like a guinea? Oh, no, no! I see an innumerable company of the heavenly host crying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!'"

Concerning her portrait of a little girl, Olive Rush explains: "I desired to convey something of the emotion I have when I see at evening a white flower lifting from the earth. The quiet look from a child's face often arrests me in the same way."

"In the rapid vortex of our modern life," declares Theresa Bernstein, "the finer and more poetical tendencies are often stifled," and "we go through many of the exhibitions looking for that spark of expression which shall reveal the heartfelt dreams of its creator—something of the magic of an emotion."

What the Introspective Painters, represented also in the Knoedler show, have to say about art takes the form of a printed manifesto written by Jennings Tofel. Modernism has already served

its purpose in pouring new blood into the ancient veins of accepted standards, he asserts; it is a passing show, it is sensational and not profound; and art to-day for the most part has fallen into "the hands of intellectual blacksmiths," who "delight in the commonplace concept of their subject" and "whose art is the art of illustration—the journalism of art, the occurrences of the day, the things of a day." "We have no dearth of prose painters," he goes on, "painting prose stories, histories and newspapers. We now want poet painters, painters of lyrics and epics."

The Introspective Painters "would follow the great principles underlying the works of those masters. Man is a something that can be surpassed, and the possibilities of art being infinite, there is as much before us as behind us. There are new beauties to discover, and old and forgotten truths to rediscover, each of us in his own particular sphere and under the sublime guidance of the men named."

"There are no rules laid down for the constituents of this group to obey. They agree, however, on the principles of beauty, order and the faculties of imagination and fancy. A work of art shall be abstracted from nature. Life shall enter it—indeed it must, but through the crucible of the artist's mind. It shall suggest more than relate, for suggestion is the depth beyond the depth—the gauntlet to the imagination of the observer, that disturbs and quickens his susceptibilities."

Without their declaration of principles, there might not have been detected at once the underlying bigness of purpose that in reality unites this body of young painters; so varied were the merits and the manner of their work that no more fundamental bonds might have been apparent than a scorn of realism and a common inclination to romantic landscapes and interpretative self-portraiture, and perhaps a friendship that knew the sound core of a comrade's spirit with the promise it gave for the future and that elected to condone technical shortcomings in one or sentimental or literary stress in another. It is not our purpose, however, to decide whether or not painters who enunciate lofty standards and who courageously proclaim the beam in the art world's eye, should or should not be allowed a few notes in their own. We only know it is the way of human nature to observe the shortcomings of preachers and often to let lie the sins of wise and silent wrongdoers. Preaching is a microscope to be turned at once

The Introspectives

upon the preacher. We shall not refrain from admitting, therefore—with the hope that we shall not display too much human nature, however, that the work of Jennings Tofel shows at times an incomprehensible disregard for perspective, as if distance were non-existent and the world is not a becoming, but an arbitrary and suspended state of soul, stratified, blocked and perpendicular. This effect may be intended. But more than this, we perceive his work may not attract; it is lia-

his *Adam and Eve* and his *Death and the Girl*—that he has a surpassing gift for line and composition and that he has already given us utterly exquisite productions.

On the other hand, in Benjamin D. Kopman, we never fail to find the thrill of colour that charms like magic, and surprises as when a bird sings suddenly in the fields. He is the inevitable painter—one of the few—"a born painter" in the old phrase, whose medium, beyond a question, is



Exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries

SPRING AWAKING EARTH

BY TORA BORJESON WILBERFORCE

ble to seem immature, obstinate, eccentric or morbid. Yet nothing could be further from superficial, for, if we examine it open-mindedly, we find rare poetic quality, beautiful singing passages and colour minutely delighted in. We may not deny that we do not respond to Claude Buck's Pre-Raphaelitism—his prettiness even sometimes—and that we are not moved by certain of his recent experiments. Yet it is not long before we discern that he is extraordinarily uneven, and that at his best—and this is in his small pictures, like

colour, and not marble or black-and-white. In him we always expect also an aloof and inviolable independence, and a message never commonplace or a dream that has been brooded over until it is drained of significance and uttered to the faintest sigh. Abraham Harriton is characterized by a similar intensity, and of the four, has perhaps attained the greatest constancy in organizing his powers. There is a certain desperate efficiency in him, and his ability is undeniable.

In regard to the guests of the Introspective

The Introspectives

Painters, Jacques R. Chesno's beautiful little studies showed the unmistakable influence of Kopman; and as fine as anything in the exhibition were the fans of Felix Russmann, whose sense for delicate meticulous design suggested affinity with Buck at his best. Van Deering Perrine contributed several of his unique "colour-orchestrations," *Poems of Childhood* he calls them, in which he is successfully realizing himself and which have been attracting attention for several years. And Robert Laurent is a young sculptor in wood, who exhibited earlier in the winter at the Daniel Galleries, who knows the art of Europe, of the Orient and of primitive peoples, and who evidences a keen sensibility to design and to the grotesque behind phenomena in nature.

Among the thirty young painters in the Knoedler show, a group of two Welshmen and one

Irishman, none long in America, stood out for the flavour of Augustus John they brought with them; his concern for decoration in itself, his peculiar love for line and rhythm and a certain smacking of the "auld sod" and the elements. Their names are: James Wynne Parry, Evan J. Walters and Henry Dixon. Markedly decorative and interesting, as well as imaginative was the work of Robert C. Doran, a prize winner in the last competition given by Friends of the Young Artists. Although his palette may have been somewhat monotonous, Richard B. Coolidge gave evidence of uncommon poetic quality, power to organize and sense of rhythm. Agnes Pelton, Olive Rush and Tora Wilberforce come to mind for extreme delicacy of feeling. And William Zorach succeeds in conveying on canvas what he expresses in his statement.



Exhibited at the Knoedler Galleries.

DECORATION

BY AGNES PELTON

Modern Art: An American Painter of Promise



THE BATHER

BY THOMAS H. BENTON

MODERN ART: AN AMERICAN
PAINTER OF PROMISE
BY WILLARD HUNTINGTON
WRIGHT

THE most important modern exhibition of the month is that of Thomas H. Benton in the gallery of the Chelsea Neighbourhood Association at Ninth Avenue and Twenty-eighth Street. As in the case of many significant exhibitions of men who are not members of cliques and who do not expose at well-known or fashionable galleries, the critics have let pass the pictures of Benton with scarcely a word. Those reviewers who pretend to look with favour upon the new art no doubt missed the strange surface aspects in his works, and concluded that he was not "modern"; while the avowedly conservative reviewers were prob-

ably shocked by the rugged vitality of his drawing and by his unusually bright colouring. Or, perhaps, the critics did not take the trouble to visit the exhibition at all. In any event, a significant young American artist has been treated with the injustice of silence.

In Benton's work there is nothing startlingly new. His expression is always objective, and his forms and shapes are always realistic, as is his colour. That which gives him a greater importance than is to be found in the canvases of many more popular decorators and painters of *genre* is his classical *élan* toward the complexities of profound composition. The mere striving of an artist for unity and order is highly commendable; but when an artist at times actually achieves rhythmical line sequences, then a vital æsthetic force has been set in motion. In parts of Benton's

Modern Art: An American Painter of Promise

pictures I find an occasional attainment of this high quality; and if he does not falter in his evolution, there will be a time when his canvases as a whole will become significantly fluent. Although he has not yet mastered his ambition, as have a number of other Americans, let it be remembered that he is striving for far more profound qualities than are his successful compatriots.

Besides attempting to solve the problems of formal composition Benton is seriously experimenting with colour in its almost pure state. It is here, however, that one finds greater opportunity for adverse criticism. Benton's colour schemes are distinctive and harmonious, and are based on conscious knowledge; but his distribution of colours is not always sensitive and at times shows signs of crudity. It is as if this painter has overlooked the importance of colour as a structural element—that is, as a rhythmical impetus; and, in tightening his linear orders, he has used colour in its decorative capacity for the purpose of making a primary appeal to the spectator.

A closer and more scientific study of chromatic relationships and balances would do more toward perfecting his organizations than would any amount of drawing. There must be a poise of all the factors in a work of art; and, since colour is one of these factors, its balance is quite as important as that of any other element.

In the introduction to his catalogue, Benton has attempted to refute this somewhat obvious truth; and the lesson that he, like every other artist, must learn is that, in the sum total of causes from which æsthetic emotion results, no one cause is less important than another. The moment that emphasis is laid on one element, the picture becomes overbalanced and loses its unity. The ultimate appeal of any great art work is emotionally independent of colour, sound, words, line, tempo, cadence, or, above all, technique. If an artist insists on a single integer of his art he subtracts from the effect of the whole.

Benton, I feel, will some day arrive at a more unified vision. While his mental attitude toward composition will remain the same, the content of his work will become more closely harmonized with his conceptions. In his present stage of development, many of his figures seem fitted

together merely to produce a linear direction, and many of his details are widely separated from the generating directions of the whole. In some of his drawings and smaller landscapes, however, there is a visional unity such as one rarely finds in American art.

If it seems that I have been too detailed in my criticism of Benton's work it is because I find in him a much needed object-lesson for American artists. And if I have been overcritical in speaking of his weaknesses it is because I feel that he possesses the power to correct them and to develop them to the point of his other undeniable aptitudes.

At the Bourgeois Gallery is the encouraging spectacle of a well-known painter laying aside the youthful influences of second-rate Europeans and striving for a personal expression. This painter is Maurice Sterne who, for years, has been intent upon impressing the public with a certain spurious strength as expressed by heavy lines, haphazard angles, and the hard and logical greys and blacks of the semi-Cubists who expose in the *Salon d'Automne*. To-day he is beginning to see the futility of continued discipleship. Such pictures as Nos. 49, 60, 68, 70 and 84 show to what a degree of insensitivity a rigid system of artistic conduct can lead. But, on the other hand, Nos. 33, 34 and 39 are personal and distinctive works of competent craftsmanship.

These latter pictures seem to express Sterne more intimately than any of the others on view, for they have not been conceived in terms of any specific "school." Again, Nos. 7 and 10 might almost be charcoal studies of Marin's charming water-colours. The last room in the present exhibition is more representative of Sterne's individual character. In the other two rooms are encountered illy assimilated influences of Picasso, Puy, Gauguin, Manguin, Friesz and others.

Every young artist of to-day is confronted by the choice of doing what he feels most intensely or of doing what appears most advanced as to surface; and the indications are that Sterne will choose that for which he is best fitted, perfecting his methods within the prescribed area of his temperamental limitations. Obviously he is as artistically capable as many of the Europeans whose methods he has adopted. Therefore there is no reason why he should imitate their rapidly disappearing idiosyncrasies.

Art Club Exhibition, Philadelphia



Twenty-third Annual Exhibition, Art Club, Philadelphia
MR. E. C. LINDSAY'S SONS BY HENRY R. RITTENBERG

ART CLUB EXHIBITION, PHILADELPHIA BY EUGÈNE CASTELLO

RECOGNITION of the fact that works of art of any people claiming progress in civilization should reflect the spirit of the times and should not be limited to any one form of expression of the artistic temperament, can be clearly observed in the Twenty-third Annual Exhibition of Oil Paintings, on view at the Art Club of Philadelphia during April. In the collection of one hundred and thirty-eight works, side by side with examples of the conservative class, one notes thoroughly modern canvases equally sincere in intention and equally valuable as registering the new thought in its effect upon the art of painting. It is to be regretted, at the same time, that the limited space at the disposal of the hanging committee would not allow of a better grouping of the different kinds of facture, but there is evidence that it was rather handicapped in the amount of work to be hung. The modern movement was not reflected very much in the work of the portrait painters; in fact one is inclined to doubt

whether Americans have made any great improvement on the British and French schools of the eighteenth century. The personal equation seems to have been noted then in very much the same way as it is now in a group in this collection by Henry R. Rittenberg, for instance, entitled *Mr. E. C. Lindsay's Sons*, a very creditable performance quite in the traditional view. There is another by Miss A. C. Williamson, *Mrs. Madeira*, that is modern in treatment, vibrating in colour, interesting from the painter's point of view and as a study of character. Joseph Sacks exhibits a clever *Self Portrait* that represents yet another kind of analysis applied to the artist's own personality. Frank B. A. Linton sent a solidly-painted portrait of the late *Charles F. Ziegler* and Benedict A. Osnis two good portrait studies. The Gold Medal of the Club was awarded, most deservedly, to Antonio Barone's *Boy Asleep*, richly glowing with the delightful colour of the masters of the old Venetian school; Honourable Mention to Charles S. Corson for his modern landscape *In September*. Richard Miller sent *Spring*, a canvas of fine quality, not large, but masterly in rendering the play of sunlight, and in delicate blues and greens. Frederick C. Frieske had a graceful,



Twenty-third Annual Exhibition, Art Club, Philadelphia
OLD FISHERMAN AND HIS GRANDSON BY MAY AUDUBON POST

The Enchanted Rubens

luminous *Nude in the Sunlight* and Charles W. Hawthorne in his *Japanese Curtain* had a fine study of a figure in shadow. Albert Rosenthal sent a well-painted head, *Anita*; May Audubon Post a group of Dutchmen, *Old Fisherman and His Grandson*; maternal joys were depicted in Alice K. Stoddard's *The Little Fish*. Picturesque architecture seen in the dim greys of twilight was the subject of Felice Waldo Howell's *Vespers*. Guy C. Wiggins exhibited a realistic *Broadway Blizzard*. A well-drawn nude *Figure Resting* was by Gertrude Lambert, and Maude Drein Bryant exhibited capital, free brushing of impressionistic flowers.

THE ENCHANTED RUBENS BY LE MARQUIS HENEGAN

THERE has come to light in New York a painting by Rubens, with quite an unusual history, but not for sale.

The Rubens in question, which is only eighteen by sixteen and a half inches, may, in comparison

with the other works by this master, be called a miniature. The picture is done on a heavy sheet of hammered copper, which was an exceptional medium for the Flemish master to choose. As far as I am aware there is no other painting on metal by this artist. The greater number of his productions were done on wood, some on canvas, and we find in the Church of Santa Maria in Valivalla, Rome, three on slate.

The picture is a finished product, expressing all the grace of composition, precision of line and fidelity to colour that are the characteristics of Rubens. Likewise the subject is of the order beloved by him, *A Bacchanalian Feast*. The same composition was reproduced by the painter, but on a larger scale, *The Drunken Silenus*, and hangs in the Petrograd Gallery.

The story of this Rubens is replete with romance. The painting was executed about 1618, a special commission for an eccentric lover of art who desired to possess an unusual "chef d'oeuvre," a miniature Rubens. Almost one hundred and



A BACCHANALIAN FEAST—PAINTING UPON COPPER

BY RUBENS

In the Galleries

fifty years later, Jacques Necker, Minister of Finance under Louis XIV, received the picture as a gift from a rich banker of Antwerp. Later the statesman in turn presented it to an old friend, a nobleman, a great admirer of works of art. Le Marquis Jean Baptiste Vivien de Chateaubrun, of Angoulême, was a noted dilettante, who passed much of his time writing plays in verse, but owing to the prejudice of that day, which considered such work unworthy of a man of title, his plays were neither acted nor printed. He died in Paris, in 1775, almost a centenarian. His grandson, Agenor Joseph Vivien de Chateaubrun, the heir to the painting, was already a man of middle age and soon found himself surrounded by the horrors of the French Revolution. Like many hundreds of the nobility, he preferred fleeing from France rather than becoming a possible victim of the guillotine. Among the few objects of value which he and his wife were able to carry with them, was the famous picture, which next makes its appearance in Russia. The family of Vivien de Chateaubrun, while losing their title in France, became Russian gentry and established themselves in Moscow.

In 1796, desiring to improve their impoverished condition, they proposed selling the painting to Catherine the Great, but while the matter was pending the empress died. Despite all their efforts they still remained the owners of the picture. By a vagary of fate, from that moment their material condition so greatly improved that they were not compelled to part with the family treasure.

Another event in the singular history of the painting was its seemingly miraculous escape from destruction in 1812, when the villa de Chateaubrun, by command of Napoleon, was completely destroyed by fire.

On account of its safe migrations and the fact that it had escaped unusual disaster, it became known as *The Enchanted Rubens*, and a legend twined itself about the picture, which says that no harm can come to its possessor. Oddly enough, during the three hundred years that this object of art passed through various hands and made curious voyages, it was never sold.

The present members of the Vivien de Chateaubrun family are: Joseph, a general in the Russian army; his son, a young officer (both now at the front); and his sister, Madame K., widow of a Russian officer, whose son is the present

owner of the famous painting. Some years ago, for political reasons, this Russian nobleman left his native land and came to the United States to reside definitely. Like his ancestor, he carried with him, among other heirlooms *The Enchanted Rubens*.

IN THE GALLERIES

THE much-heralded Independents Show is on view at the Grand Central Palace and may briefly be described as two miles of paint and a sea of speculation as to where the good things may be seen without employing a guide or a bath chair. The idea of the show is excellent and its results should be far reaching in weaning the public from the pap bottle of standardized and domesticated art. Our next number will contain an article upon the exhibition by Dr. Christian Brinton who will unravel the skein and demonstrate to what extent the Independents have profited by European example. The article will be well illustrated.

Elliott Daingerfield may not always satisfy us in every respect in his canvases at the Reinhardt Galleries, but at least he stirs the imagination and excites the beholder with his glowing colours, and of how few artists can that be said today. Mystery, magical beauty, nature's rhythm, envelope his conceptions and invest them with a rare quality which reflect his poetical imagination and ideal outlook, and put him beyond and above ordinary public appreciation. In other words, he escapes the terrible scourge of being labelled a popular painter. As a lyrical painter Daingerfield stands upon his own pinnacle. As a painter of the Grand Canyon, he has felt and recorded impressions that have escaped all the others, the realistic aspects have interested him less than the hidden truths and forces of nature.

The Ralston Galleries have been showing portraits and sporting pictures of horse and hound by Richard Newton, Jr. The fidelity of draughtsmanship is pronounced, but his colour is hard and dry and his figures and animals do not assimilate themselves to the landscape.

Amongst many memorable pieces of statuary at the annual exhibition of decorative sculpture at the Gorham Galleries we have selected one for reproduction (*see p. lxxxiv*), it being very unusual work for a young artist at present unknown here; in fact *The Kiss* is his first exhibited piece

in New York. Edoardo Cammili was accorded a place of honour befitting this life-sized group, so appropriately expressing the season. Harmonious line and beauty of conception are amply expressed in a difficult composition.

During the month past R. C. & N. M. Vose of Boston have been showing the work of George Fuller, who will ever rank as one of the greatest subjective painters America has produced. A rich but subdued palette and a feeling of mystery in his canvases are noticeable traits of this great poet painter.

So many new galleries spring into being that interest only arises when the justification for their inception is proven. In the case of The Sculptors Gallery, 152 E. 40th Street, it is hardly necessary to extend this axiom, for there is most assuredly need for such an institution, and the opening exhibition by the proprietor, Charles Cary Rumsey, is guarantee of expressive exhibitions. With the exception of the Gorham Galleries, which have led with exclusive and well-arranged statuary exhibitions, New York has had to be content to see bronzes and marbles dotted more or less happily, generally less, about rooms devoted to the display of pictures. The sculptor, outside of his own studio or workshop, has had poor opportunities of display.

The work of Rumsey (see contents page and page lxxxv) is an excellent initiation of the new premises. Both figure work and animals, decorative friezes and fountain designs, are spread tastefully about and give opportunity to judge and enjoy, undisturbed by alien objects of art, the work of a consummate artist. Most interesting are his studies of horses, which he understands as only a thoroughgoing sportsman can hope to.

The work of a pupil of the late Mr. Chase has been on view at the Knoedler Galleries, namely A. Traquair Lang. Her pictures are very direct and forceful, painted in a virile manner, with excellent brush work. A very significant sketch by her, of the master at work, was much admired at the National Arts Club recently.

The most consistent gallery in New York in only exhibiting first-class work of American artists is Macbeth's. They have, as usual, an excellent show comprising such artists as Frieske, Miller and Hawthorne, continuing to solve the difficulties of reflected light with figures in sunlight, each doing it in his own individual way. At the Montross Gallery, where tastes alternate between

staid American art and the wildest expressions of the more-than-moderns may be seen, just now, striking examples of Horatio Walker, especially his large but not very alluring representation of a man felling a tree. Much more interesting is the little water-colour of a milkmaid. A good Jonas Lie, *The House by the Stream*; a couple of striking pictures by Eugene Higgins, whose art is striking deeper roots, and the weird *Racetrack* by A. P. Ryder, whose recent death removes a great artist, are canvases to remember.

Eighteenth-century engravings of surpassing quality, English and French schools, may be enjoyed at the Warwick House, 45 East 57th Street. Amongst the many unusual examples, some are exceedingly rare, one or two absolutely unique, *Le Menuet de la Mariée*, in the state before the Maypole was added, is an example of a perfect engraving of finest quality. We reproduce two.

The present loan exhibition at Ardsley Studios, 110 Columbia Heights, Brooklyn, is the first comprehensive show of Hokusai's work held in America. Hokusai was in no way precocious and the earliest print shown dates from 1784, when he was twenty-four years old. His technical advancement was slow and it was not until he was sixty that he began the series of landscape prints on which his fame chiefly rests. Not only is the work shown exceedingly broad in range but the prints themselves are of the choicest quality. The exhibition is to remain open until the middle of May.

At Columbia University in the Avery Architectural Library is now to be seen a most interesting collection of drawings, the work of Carrère and Hastings, architects, designers of the New York Public Library, The New Theater, the Hall of the House of Representatives, Washington, D. C., as well as a number of other excellent structures elsewhere.

The exhibition will continue indefinitely and is open to the public. The Avery Library is open daily except Sundays.

BUREAU OF ADVICE ON PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give prompt attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.



Courtesy Warwick House, New York City

L'AMANT SURPRIS

ENGRAVING BY DESCOURTIS AFTER SCHALLE



Courtesy Warwick House, New York City

THE ROMPS

ENGRAVED BY W. WARD AFTER BIGG



From the Volpi Sale at the American Art Galleries

BRONZE INKSTAND—SCHOOL OF GIAN DI BOLOGNA
A CONTEMPORARY OF CELLINI



"ON THE NILE." WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL.

The INTERNATIONAL · STUDIO ·

VOL. LXI. No. 244

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JUNE, 1917

EMIL CARLSEN
BY DUNCAN PHILLIPS

THE inspiration of the craftsmen of mediæval Europe whose devotion to good workmanship proclaimed the spirit of art before art itself was free, lives on to-day in the work of those artists who, taking full advantage of modern knowledge, work painstakingly, lingeringly, lovingly over the subjects which make to them a special appeal, striving to attain perfection of their modern mediums. Emil Carlsen is an artist of this type. His range is a modest one; indeed his capacity is distinctly limited. Yet his devotion to his ideal of art is beautiful to see, and to approach its realization he labours faithfully and learns from nature many a lesson. He would not know how to cultivate his ego nor how to advertise his soul. It never occurs to him that out of idleness an artist can create a new heaven and a new earth. The old familiar world is good enough for Carlsen, and especially the world where congenial work is its own reward. He loves the past and its relics. Yet, if he copies Gothicsaints in stone and terra cotta, and dabbles in tempera like the Florentines, it is not for the joy of antiquarian research but just to make out of old effects some new sensations. He has found that the world is full of sights good to look upon. He has discovered that certain inanimate objects and certain aspects of nature give him particular pleasure. By means of experiments and constant studies he has come to realize the peculiar characteristics of his own observations and has devised and gradually perfected methods for re-creating the pleasures of his original impressions.

Sensible self-appraisalment to ascertain where and why one is strong and where and why one is weak is as necessary to artists as it is to other men. Carlsen knows that he has the patience,

the exact science, the subtle skill of the born technician, and so in skillful craftsmanship he exults. Yet he does not believe that he is an artist because of his skill as a draftsman or because he has a distinguished method of laying on the paint. Art is his goal. Craftsmanship is only the road he must travel. He is a craftsman because he believes that before a man can paint a good picture he must be able to do a good job. Believing that practice makes perfect he neither rests on his laurels nor attempts to try the work of other men. Like Chardin, the master who has most inspired him, he keeps on rendering his own selected themes, hoping each year to add new knowledge and a surer competency to his handling. Because he relies upon his labour alone, because he has no new theory to demonstrate but only his own personal taste to express, because he seems to care very little whether people notice him or not, the art of Emil Carlsen seems to me to offer to this age of forced originalities and of false pretensions, genuine novelty and a wholesome example.

In spite of the fact that Carlsen is a constant student of nature and a laborious and devout technician, and that his pictures are outwardly faithful representations of things as they are without any insane befuddlement of abstractization, yet I shall endeavour to point out a certain quality of classic abstraction in his work which gives to his art an unintentional symbolism more significant than the obvious algebra of the theoretical abstractionist. In the work of Carlsen we are privileged to share the intimacies of a rather unique sensibility which is all the more self-revealing for being genuinely unselfconscious. The cry of modernism in the studio is that art should not make representations of nature but abstractions to symbolize its meanings. Pursuant of this idea the solemn radicals are claiming that

their wilfully wild hieroglyphics contain profound symbolism. They have only themselves to blame if people refuse to take their creations any more seriously than any other patented picture-puzzles. Their philosophy is right enough. Their mistake is in refusing to acknowledge that pictorial representations of concrete beauty may contain symbols of abstract meaning more comprehensible and just as much bound up in the colours and forms as their hieroglyphics. The radicals call Carlsen an imitative painter because he carefully draws the anatomy of a tree and tries to catch the exact look of a surface under a diffused light. Just as soon as a Cubist invents a better pictorial expression of the *abstract idea of trance in nature* than Emil Carlsen gives me in his literalism, then and only then shall I be willing to concede that abstraction and representation cannot be combined.

I know that Carlsen's only philosophic intention is to paint beautiful, pleasurable pictures. And yet it always seems to me that he is trying to find a formal symbolical expression for the thought that nature exerts at times an influence curiously hypnotic. It seems to me that the prevailing quality of Emil Carlsen's view of nature is a sort of passive Chinese ecstasy, the spirit of the ancient Sung landscapes. In his dream-world there is no conception of passion, no revolt, no vain questioning. With calm acquiescence in nature monotony is recognized and cherished. For us of the Western world such moods are not altogether foreign. We all know those blue mornings at sea when, gazing across opaque shimmering waters, lazily dormant, like our dreams, under a spread of sun, the monotony seems somehow a solace. We watch with deep content the curve and crest of the waves as they fall. There are times, however, when we are repelled by the static somnolence of Carlsen's sea and strand, responsive only to the epic inspiration of Winslow Homer and Paul Dougherty. What Carlsen reveals to us is the lyric aspect of a certain type of sea to a certain type of mind when it is in a certain trance-like mood.

It is only perhaps as a painter of "still life" that Carlsen achieves extraordinary distinction. In many pictures, both of the sea and of the land, both by sunlight and moonlight, he has shown a power to stir our emotions as only great art can do. However, it is all too often the same

emotion and produced by the same technique. We never receive from him the pleasure of surprise, the bracing reaction of shock. We always know exactly what to expect—the utmost delicacy and definition of drawing, broad, flat masses of closely related analogous tones, an undeniably beautiful quality of surface resembling at times the most finely woven tapestry. Always his canvases seem to have been conceived and composed as still life. One may be excused for wondering whether Carlsen does not care more for texture than for any other quality in painting. Could he have been thinking about texture even while creating those poetic interpretations of midsummer woods under crystal moonlight and of mid-ocean calm under incandescent skies. The open sea is indeed opaque and Carlsen gives us a true version of its lustrous surface, translucent rather than transparent. Again in rendering the oily look of canal water the artist's observation is true. It is significant that he never paints a clear pool or shallow rapid stream, for such objects would require less of a care for texture and more of a knowledge of colour currents and of active rather than passive rhythms. Incidentally we cannot fail to note that his water has weight, but all too seldom wetness.

In his landscapes we find the same tendency to select themes which lend themselves to depictions of surface beauty. Summer sunlight dwells in deserted harvest fields. Little towns doze on the banks of pale canals. Deep in a thicket of slender birch trees a golden stillness broods. Of course, Emil Carlsen is not really a Chinese poet-painter consciously giving us anticipations of Nirvana. He is a modern artist, possessing the most simple philosophy, together with the most subtle sensibilities. Habitually a close student of all natural appearances, he loves best the hours when there is tranquillity of light unbroken by sharp transitions and sudden contrasts. Incidentally, he has found that, outside of his beloved "still life," such aspects of nature give him his best opportunity for displaying charm of surface—that charm which is the one distinguishing quality of Carlsen, as of Cazin.

It was the glamour of Chardin's painting and his gentle influence which made young Carlsen turn to "still life" instead of practising architecture. At Copenhagen he was trained to be an architect, and this training, no doubt, accounts for the exact draftsmanship which has made him



A STILL LIFE
BY EMIL CARLSEN



A MARINE
BY EMIL CARLSEN



A LANDSCAPE
BY EMIL CARLSEN

The Revival of Batik

such an admirable teacher of drawing. Upon arrival in this country, at the age of nineteen, without any schooling in the new art, he set out to paint pictures, resolved to learn as he went along, and to go to school to nature all his days. There is not much to tell about the uneventful life of this modern painter of a great tradition. Enthusiastic travel, passionately keen observation through those peering, appraising, kindly eyes of his, endless experiments with new mediums, and discoveries of new effects have made for an ever-increasing perfection of method. His early pictures were rather thin and tight, but of a fine tonality and sensitively observed. In those days no one cared for "still life" and he could not sell his canvases. The world might never have known his landscapes and "marines" if the struggle had not become precarious, so that his friends advised him to abandon "still life" for more popular subjects. Only within the last ten years has he come into his own and painted to an audience of attentive and enthusiastic connoisseurs, critics and fellow-painters who recognize the best work of its kind since Chardin.

When I stand before one of Emil Carlsen's arrangements (let us say, of copper kettles, dust-covered Dutch bottles and young onions disposed against a background of Spanish leather), I realize that language cannot convey the sensation of so purely visual a pleasure. Such men as Vollon and our own Chase partially sacrificed bloom and beauty of surface, and the particular characterization of beloved objects in diffused light to that other æsthetic aspiration of the still-life painter, the desire to catch the sparkle on reflecting surfaces and to compose the masses into an effect of light and shadow rich enough to harmonize contrasts of colour and to mellow the deft and brilliant brushwork whereby objects are sketched rather than studied. Velasquez, and at his best, Manet, have proved that it is possible to steer a middle course between the vigour and virtuosity of Vollon and Chase and the marvellous tactile and tonal values of Chardin and Carlsen. There are ever so many interesting ways of painting still life. A few radicals have made its objectivity expressive of their peculiar forms of egotism. Cezanne laid his emphasis on the abstract decorative pattern so that his seemingly casual arrangements of apples and pears and crumpled napkins are as formal in effect as architecture. Another hobby with him was the

colour-construction of objects by the mere modulation of tint. Van Gogh was so intense a personality that his stark and crude flower studies seem nevertheless emotionally suggestive and vaguely symbolical. We may select from artists of many temperaments and talents the types of "still life" which give us the most permanent pleasure. It is a logical inference that those of us who reverence the art of Chardin are also eager to express our admiration for the distinguished art of Emil Carlsen.

THE REVIVAL OF BATIK BY THEODORE LYNCH FITZSIMONS

THE art of Batik work has been but lately introduced to the American public, and artistic people are very rapidly waking up to its decorative quality and charm; already there are numerous artists who are doing Batik designs for window curtains and other hangings, parterres, etc. The rendezvous of these artists is Greenwich Village, old in song and story, and Batik is actually commencing to be the chief artistic creation which the village produces.

Besides the Zorachs and Bertram Hartman, who are too well known to need special mention, the work of Martha Ryther has attracted a great deal of attention in artistic circles here—owing to its individual conception, graceful and careful draughtsmanship, charm of resonant colour, and the subtle and facile line of her composition. Miss Ryther's colour sense deserves particular notice as it is rich and varied, and not a few of her Batik designs remind one of that charming, undefinable quality that is always a characteristic of Persian miniatures. It is chiefly in her delicate drawing of strange antelopes and fabulous creatures in her designs that the Persian influence is to be felt rather than seen. For Miss Ryther's designs are distinctly original and modern, and it is this curious combination of Persian tradition and modern tendencies that make them so fascinating. This characteristic of her paintings is due to her love of the Persian miniatures, which she used to pore over in the Boston Museum, even when a child, with never-ending delight. This Oriental influence in her work is to be noticed in that completely satisfying design of the winged Deva and the praying maid. This design is especially beautiful in color, and even in black and

The Revival of Batik



THE ANNUNCIATION

BY MARTHA RYTHUR

white reproduction is very strong in decorative massing and contrast. Note the pleasing spacing of the conventionalized flowers and the figures—quite a balanced design.

Batik is a Javanese word meaning painting in wax. The Batik art was first introduced from India into Java in the days of Guatama Budha. The art died out in India and has since been re-introduced from Java into India. In the former place it is still a flourishing craft and industry among the skilful natives. Batik was first brought over to Europe by the Dutch discoverers of the Island of Java as far back as 1648. Since then it has flourished in France and only lately has been imported into New York from Paris. Many homes in this city are artistically enriched in their

window hangings and other decorative tapestries done in Batik, for it is undoubtedly an art that will demand increased appreciation. A proof of its durability throughout the ages in India and Java is in the following quotation from an authority on the subject. "In the interior of Java there are some famous old ruins in which are found stone statues of Budha, supposed to be at least one thousand two hundred, or one thousand three hundred, years old, clothed in garments the same as those used at the present day, and showing by their decorations that they were ornamented by Batik in the same general style of patterns that are still popular there."

From this it may be seen that Batik is not merely a passing fad of the dilettante. Mr.

The Revival of Batik

Pellw continues: "According to the authorities, the Javanese and, indeed, most of the natives of Malasia, wear garments simple enough in style and cut, but elaborately decorated with great variety of both colour and design. The principal garment, common to both men and women, is the *sarong*. In shape it is not unlike a large elongated bath towel which, according to the desire and sex of the owner, may be made to serve as trousers and skirt, etc., and is the universal bathing costume. * * * The colours must be fast enough to stand constant exposure to the water as well as to the fierce tropical sun." It is a curious fact that the civilized world is gradually learning this craft from the artistic savage. It is but another instance of how much advanced are primitive people over their sophisticated brothers in matters of the beautiful.

In the Batik process the waxed part of the design resists the dye. In making a Batik in three colors (white, red and blue), for instance, the procedure is very simple. First, wax out the white part of the design, which is already drawn on the silk. Then dye the red portion of the design, wax out the red, and finally dye the blue portion of the design, drying between the dyes, and use benzine to remove the wax. The Batik design is now complete. This is the modern process. For a fuller technical description of the various Javanese methods used and the various sorts of instruments used in the process, we refer the reader to chapter 27 of "Dyes and Dyeing," by Chas. E. Pellw, which gives a detailed and excellent treatise on the subject. Most American artists use Diamond Dyes or some other chemically prepared dye, but some maintain the importance of using the old vegetable colours of the Javanese along with their *tjantings* which are instruments used to pour hot wax on the designs.

There is indeed no artistic or scientific reason for this method. Why, after carefully batik-ing a good design on a piece of silk or calico, must the craftsman spend hour after hour of valuable time in some tedious and complicated dyeing process, simply because it is the way they do things in Java, especially when by using modern dye-stuffs, he can get results quite as beautiful, and far more permanent, in a few minutes time, and with less danger of spoiling his work. The Javanese themselves use only white, tan, indigo and black dyes, made from the barks of trees, but

Western artists need not limit themselves to these colours.

The Batik movement goes hand in hand with the desire for decorative, modern hand-painted furniture, and when one realizes that Batik can be applied to cotton, linen, wool, silk and other woven goods and that it can also be used in basketry and bookbinding materials, as well as upon wood, bone or, indeed, anything that possesses a smooth surface—one realizes what an important part Batik will play in the interior decoration of smart houses in the future.

Before closing we wish to say a few more words about the New York artists who are now doing Batik *en masse*. We feel that with the exception of Martha Ryther's work, which we have already alluded to, that the work of the other artists are more or less glorified poster designs on silk or cotton.

While we do not feel that our artists need in any way imitate the Orient, yet if their design showed more suggestion of the Oriental influence, as in Miss Ryther's work, we consider that this influence would be more in sympathy with the artistic tendency of the material. We would also like to add a few remarks from a geographic and historic standpoint. The only other people besides the Javanese and the Hindus who are skilled in making Batik, are the Peruvians of South America. Their woven textiles and Batik designs bear a striking resemblance in colour and detail to the Batik *sarongs* worn by the Javanese. How they acquired their skill in this art is a profound mystery, being separated by so many leagues of ocean, unless indeed there be truth in the everlasting legend of the lost Atlantis which, now a submerged continent, once connected the old and the new world. Many people have advanced the theory since Plato and, to come to more modern times, Blavitsky.

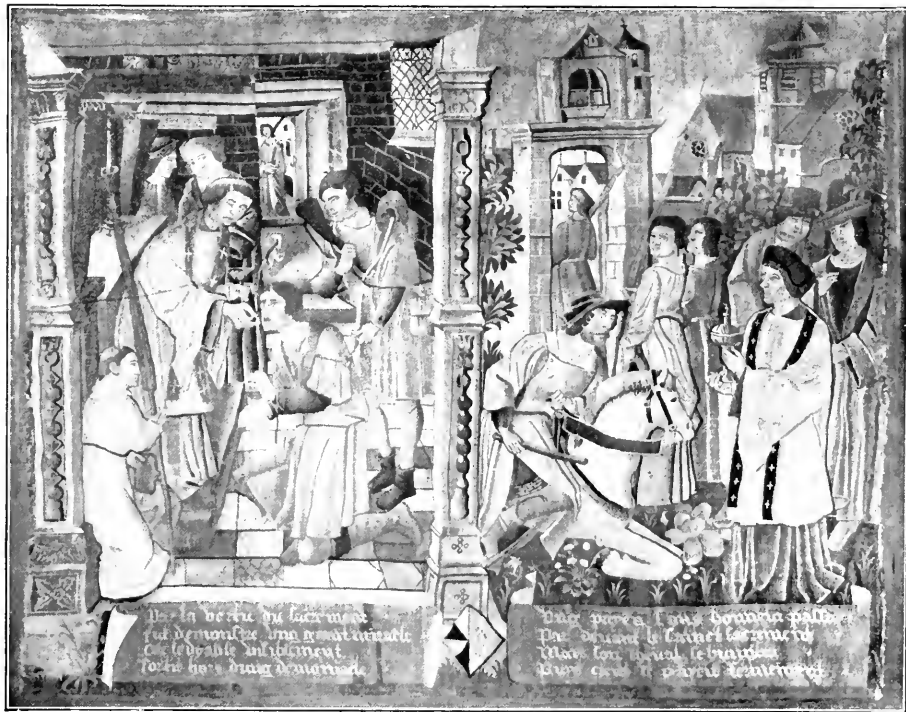
BUREAU OF ADVICE

ON

PAINTINGS

THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO gives authoritative opinions upon old and modern paintings. Mr. Raymond Wyer, who is a recognized authority, is in charge of this department and will give special attention to letters addressed to this magazine under the above heading.

A French Tapestry of About 1500



Courtesy Frederick A. Stokes Co., from "The Tapestry Book," by Helen Churchill Candee

FIFTEENTH-CENTURY FRENCH TAPESTRY, BOSTON MUSEUM

A FRENCH TAPESTRY OF ABOUT 1500 BY STELLA RUBINSTEIN

TAPESTRIES representing religious subjects were woven most commonly in the Gothic period, at which time religious feeling attained its highest expression, particularly in art. This feeling was revealed in many ways. One of its manifestations were relics. They were sacred, and to own one, even the merest trifle, connected in any way with a saint or martyr, led people to make great sacrifices. The cult of the saints so universal in the Middle Ages became quite exceptional in the fifteenth century. Not only were images and stories relating to their lives represented in churches but saints could be seen everywhere. They were sculptured in stone or wood at the gates of villages where they were supposed to defend the city against the enemy.*

* Emile Mâle: *L'art religieux à la fin du moyen âge*, p. 157.

They were in private chapels and houses and their miracles were often gloriously illustrated in stone, wood, frescoes and illuminated manuscripts.

Tapestries, this wonderful form of art in which story-telling attained such a high development, was one of the branches in art in which the life of saints and their miracles were displayed in the most charming fashion. In each region of France there were large quantities of hangings representing religious subjects executed for churches. A great number of them disappeared and of those which remain only a small part is known through reproductions and descriptions. Jules Guiffrey, the great French authority on the subject, has demonstrated † that in a city like Paris, for example, the Notre Dame Cathedral possessed over seventy hangings and St. Paul had nearly as many. Most of them disappeared or were destroyed during the Great French Revolution, but this is not the only cause of their disappearance.

† *Revue de l'art Chrétien*, 1889-1890—*Les tapisseries des églises de Paris*.

A French Tapestry of About 1500

It was the custom in France to rent tapestries to private people who hung them before their houses when a religious procession passed through the city.[†] This was one of the main causes of their disappearance.

Churches, however, were not the only places where tapestries with religious subjects could be seen. In private castles and chapels they were found as well. Most families had a special saint whom they venerated and whose life they honoured in artistic representations.

The tapestry here reproduced from the Arthur Curtiss James' collection of New York is an example of this custom (reproduced plate, fig. 1). The presentation relates to St. Julian, probably the one who, according to the "Golden Legend" was Bishop of Le Mans and who, among the virtues attributed to him, possessed the one of resuscitating the dead.

The tapestry is divided into two parts. The scene in the upper part takes place in a room of the castle of Preuilly, according to the inscription running above.[‡] The wall is of yellow tiles and against this background is a table with a green cover on which are displayed silver dishes. To the left is seen St. Julian in a long, maroon cassock, over which is a white muslin Rochet. On his tanned head is a dark hood. He stands in the attitude of benediction, resuscitating a child who is in a coffin and wears a long white robe. To the right very probably stands the Seigneur of Preuilly with hands upraised in adoration. He wears a short gown of black velvet with a gilded passementerie border and over it is a richly brocaded rose mantle with a fur collar. His hair and beard are long, and on his head is a soft hat of the same colour as the mantle. Behind him is a lady, probably the Lady of the castle, seen only in part. Her right arm is raised in astonishment and joy. On her blond hair is a dark headdress, her waist is of rose velvet trimmed around the neck with darker velvet. Her sleeves are opened and show white muslin under sleeves in the fashion of the Italian costumes. Behind them is a young nobleman in a short gown of blue velvet with a golden border. On his long hair is a soft rose hat. A young lady,

of whom only the head is visible, stands next to him and both are assisting at the scene. Behind the saint are two clerical attendants in long rose gowns and soft maroon hats.

The second scene is taking place in the courtyard. This saint, similarly dressed and accompanied by the same clerical attendants, is healing a lame man, who is half kneeling before him and who wears over a maroon gown a rose mantle. Behind him advances a woman in a rose overdress showing a blue gown underneath. On her head is a blue bonnet. Her left arm is bandaged in a sling. In her right hand she holds a stick. Several personages in tight garments and soft rose hats are seen behind.

At the left a portion of the castle with a tower is seen and on it a coat of arms.[¶] At the right is another portion of the castle with an arched door of the late Gothic period, showing, however, certain details of the early Renaissance style.

The ground is covered with lilies, marguerites, tulips, other flowers and leaf work, so characteristic of the tapestries of French weaving. At the left and at the right are bushes and shrubs.

This tapestry comes from the very fine collection of tapestries formerly owned by Mr. Lowengard and which was sold in Paris in June, 1910. It probably originally formed a part of a set of tapestries depicting the life of St. Julian, who, being Bishop of Le Mans in the Sarthe, would very easily be chosen as a patron saint in the neighborhood. It would therefore be quite natural that a Seigneur of Preuilly, the richest lord of Touraine, would choose just this saint and glorify his life in pictorial representations.

These tapestries may have been ordered by Pregent Frotier, Baron of Preuilly, who was one of the forceful princes at the French court and who died in 1497.^{||} They may, however, have been ordered by his son.

The costumes and types represented in the

[†] It was impossible to identify completely the coat of arms. A portion of it, the "frotté" belongs to the Humières family of which a member, Louis de Crevant d'Humières, was in the seventeenth century baron of Preuilly (see P. Anselme: *L'histoire généalogique de France* V., VIII, p. 193). Another family whose arms show still greater analogies, is the Lellich family of Luxembourg (see Rietstap: *Armorial général* V., II, p. 47). But it is also quite possible that the coat of arms belongs to some church which I was unable to find. At any rate they do not belong to the Preuilly family itself, whose arms are: "D'azur à trois aigles d'argent 2, 1." (See *Revue historique de la Noblesse*, vol. IV, p. 76.)

[‡] Guiffrey, Jules: *Tapisseries du 12 au 16 s.* p. 96 and *Revue de l'art Chrétien*, 1889, p. 288.

[§] The inscription reads: LA SEIGNEURIE DE PRULLI, which is meant for Preuilly, as there were several ways of spelling the family name Preuilly. It is also the name of one of the richest castles and villages once belonging to this family and situated in Touraine, France.

^{||} P. Anselme: *Hist. généalogique de la maison de France*, V., VIII, p. 481.

A French Tapestry of About 1500

tapestry are of the late fifteenth century. They are still Gothic in spirit and show only very little the influence of the Italian Renaissance. This Gothic spirit is also predominant in the architecture. The costumes are still in the French style except a little detail here and there showing Italian influence.

itself shows great perfection and it is probably due to the ateliers of the Loire.

The tapestry through its character and conception belongs to a large group of tapestries of French weaving, the most famous of which is the set depicting the story of St. Remi in the Church of St. Remi, Reims (one of the set is reproduced, fig. 3),



FIG. 3.—STORY OF ST. REMI (CHURCH OF ST. REMI, REIMS)

The composition also shows the French mediæval spirit where the stories represented were like book illustrations. The scenes are divided and traced in a simple, comprehensible way, contrary to most of the Flemish compositions, where a great number of personages are grouped together on the surface. The colouring shows the same Mediæval qualities. The tones are frank and only a few colours are employed. The weaving

but which is of a somewhat later period. A similar architectural background is seen in both. The scenes are divided in the same way, the costumes and personages show analogies.* This latter set, however, ordered by the Archbishop Robert de Lenoncourt, for the Church of St. Remi, was woven in the first quarter of the sixteenth

*The whole set is reproduced in M. Sartor: *Les tapisseries de Reims*.



From the Collection of Mrs. Arthur Curtiss James, New York

FIG. 1—A FRENCH TAPESTRY OF THE LATE FIFTEENTH CENTURY

century, while the tapestry we are describing still belongs to the late fifteenth century.

Many analogies can also be found with a great number of tapestries of about the same period and representing religious subjects. Among others there are analogies with a tapestry in the Louvre from a set of eleven panels now dispersed and which represent the miracles of Eucharist,[†] coming from the Abbey of Ronceray and with a tapestry in the Boston Museum, "The Power of the Christ to Drive out Demons and to Confound the Heathen" (reproduced, fig. 2).

BELA L. PRATT

It is with very deep regret that we record the passing of Bela Lyon Pratt, who held for many

[†] Guiffrey: *Tapisseries du 12 au 16 siècle*, p. 87.

years a very prominent position in the ranks of American sculptors, and since 1893 was modelling instructor in the Boston Museum. In the recent Academy exhibition in New York, hung an excellent portrait of the deceased artist by Howard E. Smith, who deservedly carried off the first Hallgarten prize for the best eligible portrait exhibited.

Much of Pratt's work may be seen in public places, such as his symbolic figures of Science and Art flanking the main entrance to the Boston Public Library, his statue of Edward Everett Hale in the Boston Public Garden, his statue of Nathan Hale on the Yale Campus, his huge spandril figures for the Congressional Library at Washington, besides his figure of Philosophy and the medallions representing the Seasons.

Annie Traquair Lang



MAIN SALON OF MR. CHASE'S VILLA IN FLORENCE

BY ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG



WM. M. CHASE

BY ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG

ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG
BY GUY MEREDITH

AMONG leading exponents of the brush who have won their way to a distinctive position in the field of American art, is Annie Traquair Lang, a number of whose pictures we reproduce for the first time in THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO. These subjects were among those in her exhibition in April at the Knoedler Gallery, and, apart from their intrinsic merit, they have an especial, if not a national interest, as they are valuable records of the late William M. Chase, whose "very gifted pupil" Mr. Chase himself recorded Miss Lang as being.

From her earliest childhood this artist showed characteristic gifts; she took her first lessons in charcoal drawing at the age of eight, and, while still in elementary school, attended the Public Industrial Art School, then located at Fifteenth and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, under the direction of J. Liberty Tadd, where she studied draw-

Annie Traquair Lang

ing, designing, wood-carving and modelling. At the age of thirteen, she produced a small, but striking bust of the late Admiral Dewey, which was considered of sufficient merit to be cast by Albert Laessle. After annexing all the prizes at this school, she won a scholarship from there to the Philadelphia School of Design for Women, where she began the serious study of art under William Sartain, Elliott Daingerfield and Henry B. Snell, and about this time commenced exhibiting in water-colour at the various art institutions

she had earned her first professional award from the Architectural League of New York with two cartoons for mural decoration, which were the direct results of the influence of Elliott Daingerfield, to whom Mr. Chase insisted she owed so much in the understanding of composition. In 1909, she won a return scholarship to the Academy which resulted in a second scholarship to Europe in 1910, as well as the Charles Toppan prize.

While on her second scholarship to Europe, accompanied by her mother, Miss Lang painted



MR. CHASE AT WORK IN HIS STUDIO, BRUGES

BY ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG

in Philadelphia and New York. The first picture she sold was purchased by Mr. John Wanamaker for his private collection. After winning numerous prizes here, she took a scholarship, in November, 1906, to the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, and there began her studies under William M. Chase, with whom she was later to become so closely identified. At the Academy she also studied under Cecilia Beaux and Thomas Anschutz.

In the spring of 1908, Miss Lang was awarded her first European scholarship, but prior to that

in Florence her well-known portrait of William M. Chase, which has been exhibited throughout the country. This compliment was returned by Mr. Chase the following year, when he painted the portrait of Miss Lang, which, being acquired by the city, is now in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Chase also painted two other studies of Miss Lang, one in a white hat, included in his exhibit at the Panama-Pacific Exposition, and a head with black velvet band on hair, both of which she owns. Returning to New York, Miss Lang took



Permanent Collection, New Minneapolis Museum

RAYMOND, A BELGIAN GIRL
BY ANNIE TRAQUAIR LANG

Annie Traquair Lang

a studio here, and has since made this city her permanent home.

From 1910 Miss Lang travelled and painted each summer in Europe, sometimes joining Mr. Chase's summer classes there, and sometimes having her own pupils in the same place, as in Bruges in 1912, and Carmel, California, in 1914. She counts among her privileges that of visiting the great galleries in London, Paris, Rome, Venice, Florence, Brussels, The Hague, Amsterdam and Haarlem, and of meeting many of the most famous artists of Europe:—in England, John Sargent at his home in Tite Street and in his studio (when he was working on his decorations for the Boston Library), Frank Brangwyn, Edwin Abbey, John Lavery, J. J. Shannon, Maurice Griffenhagen, George Sauter, etc., in France, La Touche at St. Cloud, Boldini and Rodin in Paris. One of Miss Lang's cherished experiences is going with Mr. Chase and other friends to lunch at Henry Labouchere's villa in Florence.

Miss Lang has exhibited abroad at the International Exposition in Rome in 1911 and at the Anglo-American Exposition in London in 1914, for which latter the late Hugo Reisinger selected the still-life *Old Dishes and Glass*, which was again on view in her last exhibition at the Knoedler Gallery. In America, she has exhibited among other places, at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1914, where she was represented by a group of four pictures chosen by a jury, and was awarded a silver medal. She is represented in the Minneapolis and Indianapolis Museums.

What may fitly be called the artistic mantle of William M. Chase has descended in liberal measure to his "gifted pupil." The leading technical characteristics of Miss Lang's work are richness of colour, breadth and vigour of handling, strong and piquant grasp of character. She attacks with equal facility portraits, still-life and genre subjects, as instanced in her sketch portrait of Mr. Chase in his studio. The fact that Miss Lang studied so long with Mr. Chase has in no degree hampered her individuality of vision and handling.

The exhibition of Miss Lang's own work at the Knoedler Gallery was followed by that of some of the canvases by Mr. Chase of which she is the fortunate owner. These form, in all probability the finest private collection of his works in this country. It included one of his best self-portraits, which he gracefully signed to her, as well as two pictures by



FROM MR. CHASE'S STUDIO
WINDOW, BRUGES

BY ANNIE TRAQUIR
LANG

THE WILLIAM M. CHASE SALE

THAT an artist should never die professionally intestate or without an artistic executor was amply illustrated in the Chase sale. While a few good pictures by him were included, those sold consisted mainly of studio studies and family sketches which should never have been parted with. It was pathetic to see the fine portraits of his father and mother knocked down, but we are glad to know that they were bought by a generous friend, to be given to his mother, who is still living. The large number of withdrawals and additional items not found in the catalogue indicated much confusion and absence of proper arrangement. The sale netted close upon \$60,000, the studio effects alone realizing over \$10,000. His own pictures, though mainly of the character mentioned, brought over \$21,000. The best work by Chase is still, we understand, out in San Francisco, not having been yet returned from the Panama-Pacific Exposition. Although it was stated at the auction that there would be no further sale, one wonders what has become of his best unsold work, which was certainly not included.

Aesthetic Hysteria



DUCKLINGS AND CATS

BY LIEF NEANDROSS



BAIGNEUSE

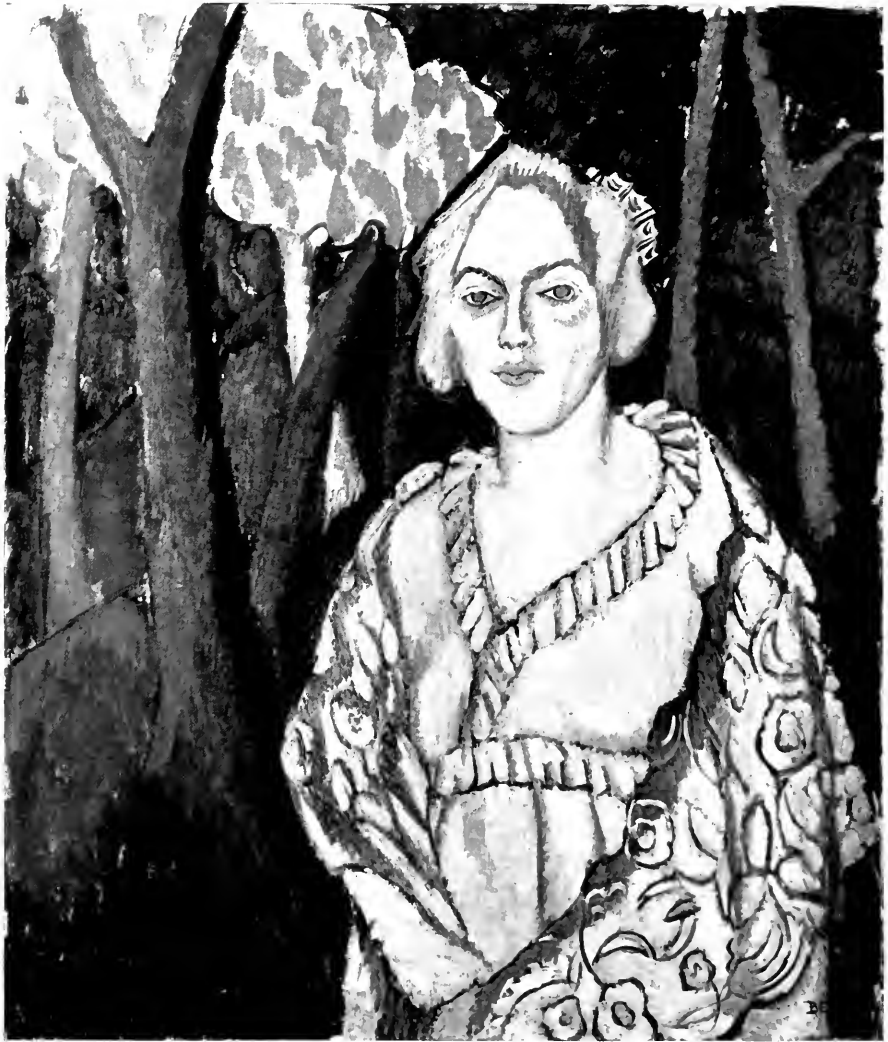
BY GARDNER HALE

AESTHETIC HYSTERIA BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

BECAUSE some crossgrained muleteers hurled stones at Don Quixote affords no justification for casting abuse at the recent exposure of the Independents, especially since their intentions are excellent and their viewpoint in many respects praiseworthy.

Certain factors, of which more anon, conspired to convert their show into a fiasco, for a fiasco it most assuredly was. Some failures, however, are but the forerunners and heralds of success and we venture to hope that in 1918 a very different judgment will attend their enterprise. It would be erroneous to stigmatize the recently concluded mammoth concentration of æsthetic hysteria as an experiment broken on the wheel of public opinion, and therefore not to be repeated. We need such aids as the Independents to bolster up the *joie de vivre* which has been so sadly discounted nowadays by the hysteria of nations in conflict.

The good ship Independent was wrecked upon the Scylla of No Jury and the Charybdis of Alphabetical Hanging. These were the main factors which brought distress. "Open Shop" for art is a failure and must give way to selection by jury. Some people think marriage a mistake



FIGURE

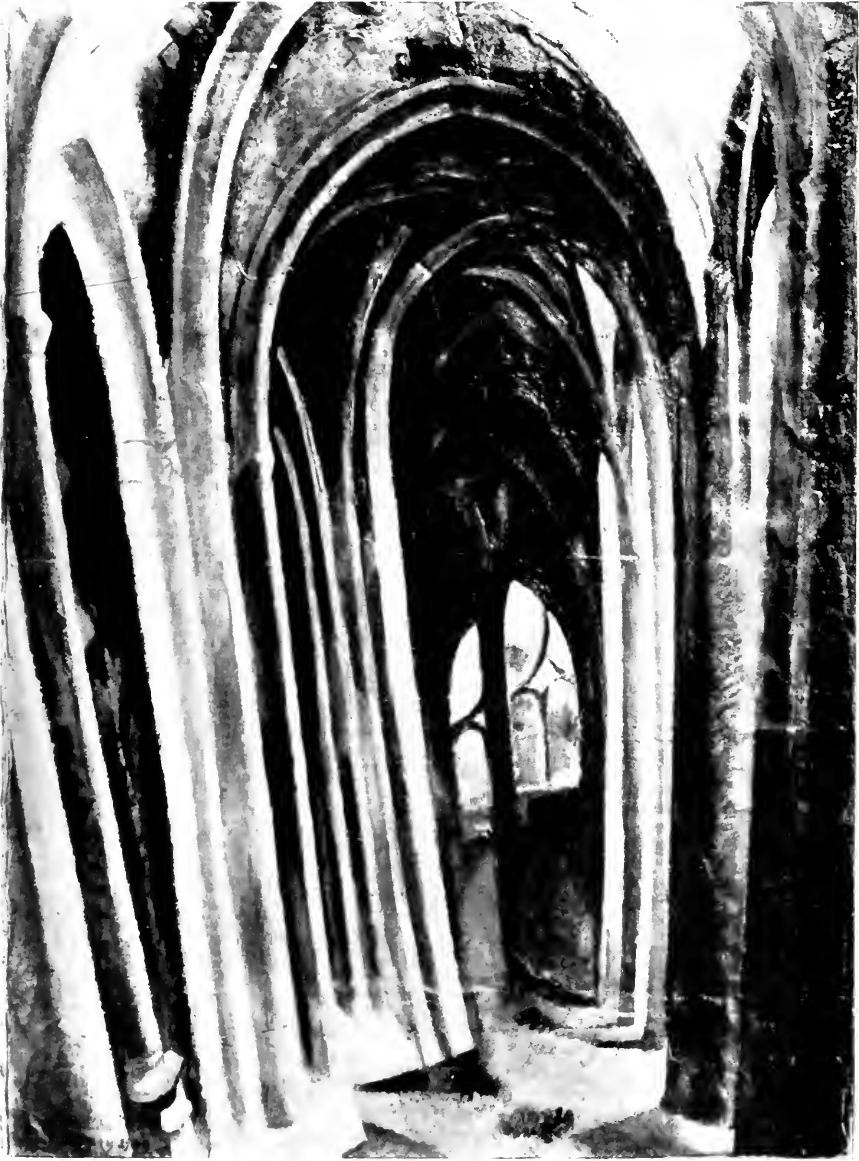
BY BEN BENN

but have never been able to supply an adequate substitute. Similarly, there is nothing to replace a jury. Such bodies are, for the most part, honest and intelligent people, giving ungrudgingly of their valuable time, and, for reward, reaping the disdain of those artists whose work they reject. Doubtless juries are apt to create, unconsciously, certain standards of their own by which a few good artists must needs suffer, hence the desirability of sufficient independent shows to give

all real artists an opportunity to exhibit. Do away, however, with juries and such a show as the one under notice is rendered null and void, by displaying hundreds of worthless specimens of work which not alone attracted adverse criticism on their own account, but hindered the enjoyment of many good canvases which, in such company were bound to forfeit much of their significance and appeal.

A suggestion *r * juries might be in place and

Aesthetic Hysteria

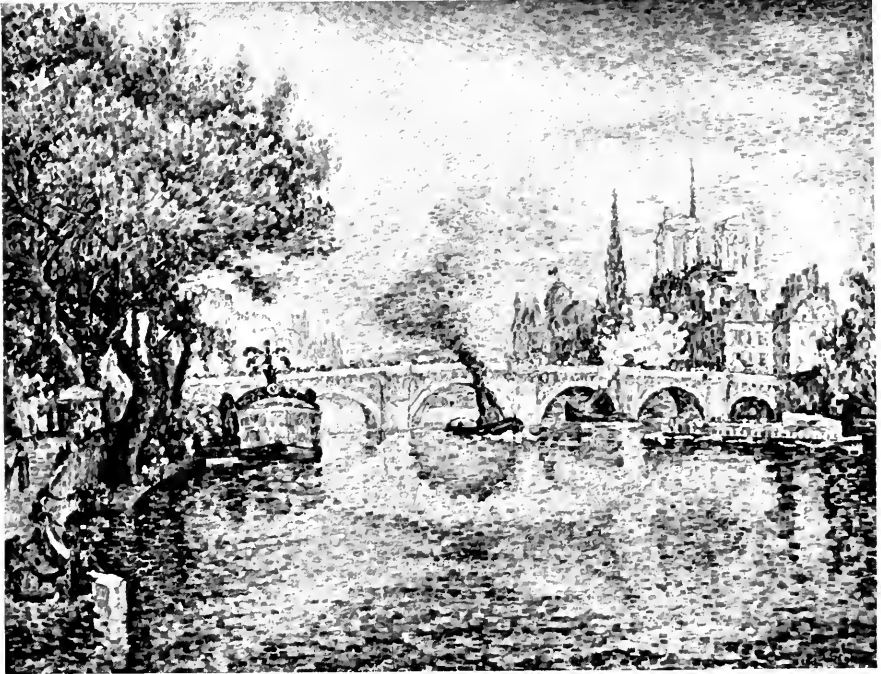


ST. SÉVERIN

BY ROBERT DELAUNAY

might even appeal to the Independents when planning their next campaign. Instead of renouncing the jury system, why not have *several* juries, say three or four, each group representing a different tendency or viewpoint, and then per-

mit every artist to select his particular jury where he might expect the best chance of acceptance. The artist, for instance, who would like to submit his work to Mr. Kenyon Cox, might be less inclined to be judged by Mr. Robert



PONT NEUF

BY PAUL SIGNAC

Henri, and vice versa. In this way an exhibition would be thoroughly catholic and would only exclude misguided efforts which are not representative of any school or creed. The public that pays to see art wants wheat not chaff.

Alphabetical hanging brought obloquy and dispraise, for it resulted in a riotous pall-mall and hodge-podge of paint that afforded no sense of repose and comfort; in fact, it was the very negation of art. In consequence, the exhibition, like Pope's alexandrine measure, "like a wounded snake dragged its slow length along" intolerably.

A straight display of even pictures could

never attract the public in sufficient quantities to ensure financial success. That is a foregone conclusion, needing no argument. Recourse must

be had to other features; in fact, the freak element must be introduced. Thus do we worship mammon and popularise art. A good sprinkling of semi-lewd, rude and nude canvases all help the brew, along with fantastic, circus-like pictures sufficiently startling to challenge comment. All these ruses were tried and all these ruses failed. The traps were baited, but the public found solace outside.

Even the Brancusi bronze passed unnoticed, which was fortu-



THE TEMPTATION OF
ST. ANTHONY

BY JOHN R. COVERT

Aesthetic Hysteria



TENNIS PLAYER

BY A. ROOSEVELT

nate. We are not of the class that favours drapery for the legs of the piano stool, but phallic symbolism under the guise of portraiture should not be permitted in any public exhibition hall, jury or no jury. It might be urged that similar exhibits may be seen at any time at the Cluny Museum and elsewhere in Europe. Be that so, America likes and demands clean art. It is a long way from New York to Pompeii.

Another freak picture was chiefly remarkable for a large cake of Vinolia Soap carefully nailed to the centre of attraction. The public took little interest in the composition but felt an immense sympathy with the soap, which to their minds, seemed woefully out of place. And it was out of place, repeatedly. Rumour obtains that the artist was kept quite busy substituting new cakes for those examples removed. Another picture, first cousin to this, represented just a bathroom

towel and nothing more, but for some reason was not shown. Possibly it was too soiled.

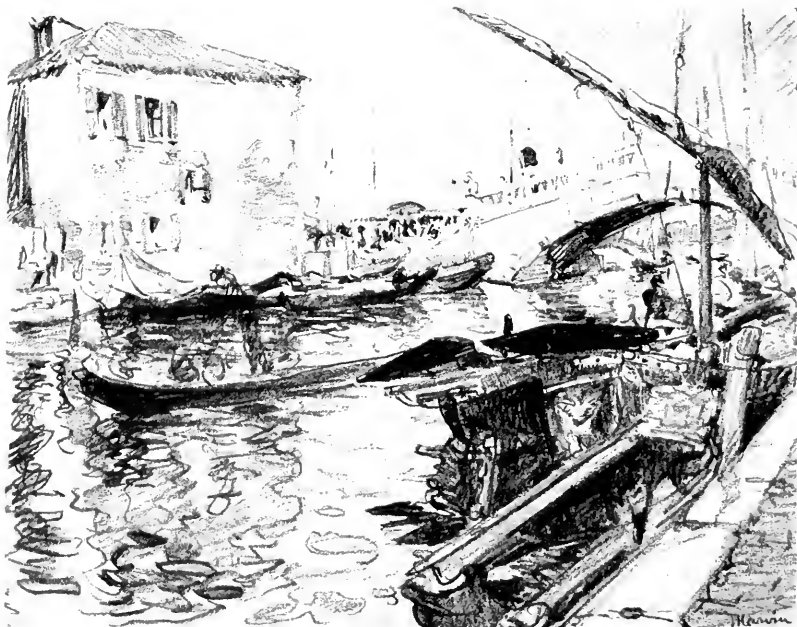
A noticeable feature of the exhibition was the fact that all the best pictures—and there were many good ones—were by men and women whose work is known in the different galleries and periodically shown. No hidden talent was discovered. Not a name has been revealed amongst all the outsiders who demanded admittance, which goes to prove that no great injustice has been meted out to deserving artists unable to get a hearing. Let us by all means have independent shows, but let them be artistic. A large notice to exhibitors in display type, framed and hanging near the entrance contained the following remark: "If you have a kick read this," etc. A small matter perhaps, but very significant to the thoughtful observer; an art exhibition, to be impressive, must be artistic in its minutest surroundings.

It was announced that Dr. Christian Brinton would write this article but unfortunately that eminent art writer found himself unable to devote any time to it owing to unforeseen circumstances. The editor of THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, rather than ignore the affair, has therefore filled the gap to the best of his ability at somewhat short notice.



AN ENGLISH BOY

BY A. ZEITLIN



CHIOGGIO—PENCIL DRAWING

BY F. H. MARVIN



RIVA DEGLI SCHIAVONI—PENCIL DRAWING

BY F. H. MARVIN



NAVY POSTER DESIGN
BY ROBERT REID

C. 1111



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

A TEA-TABLE ARRANGED BY NINA HATFIELD

THE KERAMIC SOCIETY OF GREATER NEW YORK BY MIRA BURR EDSON

THE annual exhibition of the Ceramic Society of New York was held this year at the Museum of Natural History, between March 25 and April 6, and was especially notable in presenting colour harmonies as applied to the setting of tables. Each of the tables shown was characterized by some definite colour-scheme to which all the decorative accessories deferred.

This display is in direct line with the newer ideas in interior decoration in which colour, as such, plays so important a part. The forms modernly employed have artistic value, it is true, and the relation of one to another must be carefully observed, but the colour interest is paramount and the colour-contrast must be strong and cheerful and lend itself to the forming of an atmosphere in the room it decorates. Beside this colour atmosphere the new decoration aims to

simplify arrangements, and in this the cottage and bungalow have exerted a marked influence. All of this is significant, symbolizing as it does the thoughts current now—but of this another time. Colour, at all events, symbolizes life, vitality and vigour and a seeking of and aptitude for that happiness that consists in the wholesome enjoyment of natural things. In one of his essays John Ruskin notes the general characteristics of those nations which have loved colour, pure strong colour, and makes some psychological deductions as to emotional richness and purity.

Another influence and one which is very evident in the present exhibition is that of primitive and peasant art. In one instance, this is carried so far that a table and chairs have been designed for the exhibition and decorated in the bold, peasant style of painted furniture; the same general motif running through all of the decoration upon the table. Another exhibit has a cloth of white with a broad checkered band in blue and white, with napkins of the same, and upon this the blue

The Ceramic Society of Greater New York

dishes and silver candlesticks rested, relieved by bits of contrasting colour in decorations upon the china and by the centre bowl of fruit.

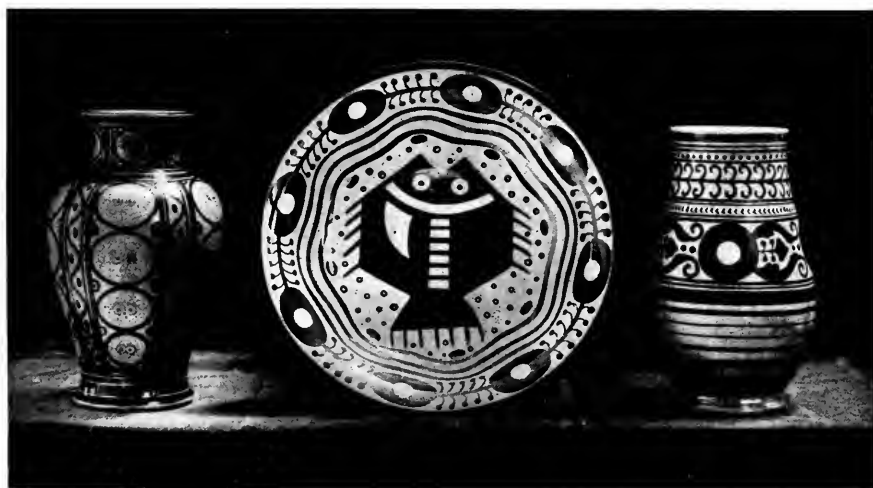
Far from the peasant or even the cottage type is the totally different exhibit at another place. Here the colours range from a warm blue to a magenta, the linens being in violet edged with a silk border, embroidered in a contrasting shade. Upon pewter dishes the reflections of colour are varied and most pleasing, the whole giving an impression both rich and refined.

It will be easily seen that there is great variety of effect, although each table presents a unity, a colour-harmony, in which dishes, linens and all

colour, might have in the breakfast room of a cottage or as a tea-table upon an enclosed porch, amid vines with sunlight flitting through.

Beside the tables there were shown many sets for tea or breakfast upon a tray suited to their design. These also had appropriate linens, and perhaps accompanying details of vase or candle, as carefully thought out as the larger displays. One library table was shown with Chinese decoration upon the cloth but with a fine colour-relation of lilacs, blues and greys.

Much of the work was done under the direction of Mr. Marshall Fry or from suggestions in his class. Three of the tables are, however, the work



Courtesy American Museum of Natural History, New York

CENTRE BOWL AND VASES DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY DOROTHEA WARREN O'HARA

details have been carefully considered. The linens used are sometimes in the form of table-cloths, it may be in sections embroidered together, but quite as often they are used as runners or as a centre-piece and plate doyleys. Much ingenuity has been shown in the embroidered edges or bands, the space being broken frequently by a tiny square or a dot of some contrasting color, and the introduction thus, of a stitch of orange or of emerald green, can be most engaging, as discovered in a second look. The motives used upon the china itself are mostly bands of colour or flowers or birds, very conventionally and decoratively treated. One can easily imagine the charm which one of these tables, glowing with

of the president of the society, Mrs. Dorothea Warren O'Hara, who has had work purchased by the Museum of Natural History and by the Museum at Tokio, Japan. Other names are: Mrs. Arthur Weaver, Lilian B. Smith, Elizabeth M. Roth, Nina Hatfield, Alice Dalimore, Venicy M. Barlow, Mrs. Unger, Mrs. Barker, Alma Krafft and Clara Wakeman. The tables were separated from each other and from the wall behind them by means of lattice screens of a creamy tone, sometimes having a trailing vine upon them. By this means every table became a separate exhibit and at the same time the uniformity of the screens served to bring all the groups together and give unity to the exhibition as a whole.

The Allied Artists



LAS MANOLAS

BY LUIS MORA

THE ALLIED ARTISTS BY W. H. DE B. NELSON

THE allied artists are no longer upon the warpath fighting for existence, they are a *fait accompli*. Their internal and external relations are most amicable, in proof of which we find a large body of artists waiving their individual rights to positions upon the wall drawn by lot, and achieving in consequence an excellent hanging for the common good. In the matter of external relations, we find the association continuing to foster good feeling by welcoming academicians to its banner and by using their galleries.

In the commencement, four years ago, the struggle to gain a footing was as keen as any around Verdun. To carry the metaphor from blood-stained battlefields to the serenity of the nursery, the allied artists might have been likened to a

delicate babe refusing to thrive. Change of bottle in the second year brought slight improvement, and now, behold a sturdy and precocious four-year-old with all the promise of lusty manhood.

In the present exhibition, thanks to the skill and labour of Messrs. Lockman, Mora, Powell and Newell, one is at once struck by the felicitous hanging which pervades each of the three galleries in use and offers an object-lesson to the Independents, who staked upon alphabetical hanging and lost. The Vanderbilt Gallery, the *point d'appui* of every exhibition, presents a charming appearance; the south wall, in particular, being a very much brighter line than we ever remember to have seen at any academy display. To say that every picture is a masterpiece would be a fine statement if one could justify it; truth compels one, however, to record that the exhibition, though deficient in masterpieces, is at least as

The Allied Artists

vital as the ordinary twice yearly exhibitions on Fifty-seventh Street. A generous measure of mediocrity reigns in both associations. This is no dispraise, for similar conditions obtain under other flags and merely reassert the fact that great art is uncommonly rare, if not almost extinct. Without any illusions about great art, there are plenty of canvases that fully reward a visit and only a few that, in the free and easy language of

part of Bernhard Gutmann whose canvases are always new problems thoroughly studied and entertainingly handled. We recall portraits and compositions of his winsome little daughter Elizabeth which are as vital and interesting as any children studies exhibited in New York. Good portraits by Lockman, Helen Turner, Hubbell, Laurence Nelson, Oscar Fehrer, Hildebrandt, Renwick and Rouland add to the general attractiveness of the



GOING TO SUN MOUNTAIN, GLACIER PARK

BY ARTHUR J. E. POWELL

the profession, rank as "lemons." The place of honour fell to Powell with a portrayal of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which may well be styled monumental. Good composition and good colour values mark it out as a fine rendering of a very difficult subject. A big canvas by Leigh of the same region, entitled *The Sacred Mountain of the Zuni*, is idyllically conceived, the natural grandeur rather yielding to the poetic conception.

A portrait of an old lady seated by a table, also a small waterfall, show earnest striving on the

galleries. Glenn Newell is represented by a large canvas of a bull which had to be tamed as well as painted. It is a noble rendering of a noble animal. The small cattle studies of Volkert are excellently spotted and streaming with sunlight. As in the case of Potthast's strand scenes, the small canvases are usually more interesting than the larger and less spontaneous subjects. Christina Morton has a nude that invites attention for its naive rendering and effective pose, but it lacks firmness and construction besides a bigger conception of colour. James Weiland is a *déterminé* follower



MONARCH OF THE HILLS

BY G. GLENN NEWELL

of Sorolla in his pursuit of sunlight on the figure. The standing figure in his *On the Beach* is very well observed. A very unusual offering is *Cloud Glory* by Eliot Clark. The mountain top is solidly built up with greens and purples in splendid contrast to the brilliant sunburst above framed in a most picturesque setting.

The Valley Road by Robert Nisbet is a lofty canvas of large dimensions, almost too large for the subject, and certainly too green. The eye seeks in vain some refuge from the all-pervading colour. Green landscapes, however cleverly performed, should be avoided. Luis Mora has been successful in a high degree with his two Spanish coquettes and has once more demonstrated that he can paint well when he wishes to. The contrasting attitudes and draperies of the girls are admirably brushed in. Edmund Greacen sent a

portrait of a little girl which does him great credit. The good draughtsmanship and handling of that very difficult pigment, white, are remarkable. Ipsen has a big contribution in the Vanderbilt Gallery representing three men in a boat making for port. The sunlit sail and the surrounding haze are brought into good relation with the seated figures. The picture would have gained in significance if the artist had paid less notice to the features of the men, thus giving a somewhat illustrative character to his performance and getting away from fundamentals. A capital chalk drawing of a dancer by Crisp is reproduced in the gallery notes on pp. cxxxv. The contribution is well named *Ecstasy*. Some ten or twelve pieces of statuary, including some excellent fountain designs, were shown by L. M. Sterling, S. F. Bilotti and W. D. Paddock.



THE MACDOWELL MEDAL



BY ERNEST BRUCE HASWELL



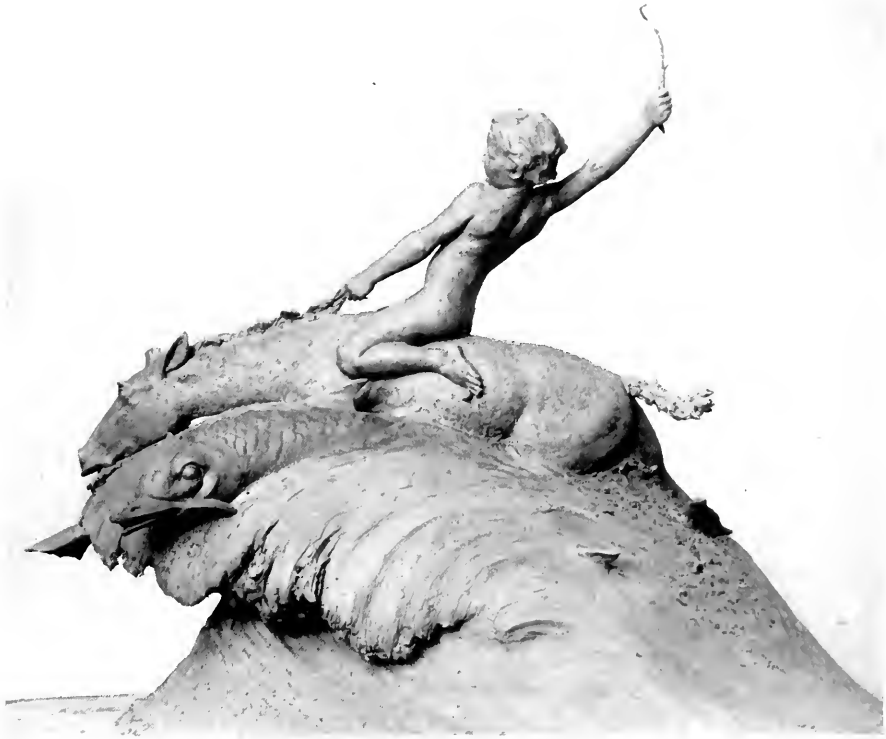
THE RACE

BY EDWARD BERGE

IN THE GALLERIES

UNTIL the Panama Exposition and the European War, art-goers flocked actually or in fancy to Pittsburgh to enjoy the ring-down of the season's art curtain. America's great international art exhibition was always the last word in art before the summer migration. Circumstances changed all that and more's the pity. In order not to conflict with the Panama Art Exhibition at San Francisco, the Carnegie Institute remained passive, and when the war broke loose there was no possibility of resuming the interrupted course. They have provided great attractions, no doubt, such as, for instance, an exhibition of French Art and now the famous eighteenth-century English paintings, owned by Mr. McFadden. But the regular annual exhibition to which every one looked forward is a thing of the past and has, more or less, assisted in shortening the art season by a full month.

The art galleries are showing pictures that will remain upon their walls as a permanent summer exhibition. A good assortment of canvases by American artists may be enjoyed at the Macbeth, Folsom, Montross, and Milch galleries, also at the National Arts Club, where Hayley Lever's gay depiction in six canvases of battleships on the Hudson strike an opportune and artistic note. Paul Cornoyer, Henry B. Snell, Alice Worthing-



THE RACE

BY EDWARD BERGE

ton Ball, Guy Wiggins, Annie T. Lang, and Irving Couse have all submitted good work. At the handsome galleries of E. & A. Milch on Fifty-seventh Street, may be seen excellent examples of the work of such artists as Childe Hassam, Alden Weir, Paul Dougherty, George Bellows, Robert Henri and William Kitchel. One of the most interesting pictures at the Montross Galleries is a pine forest by Robert Henri, with a very strong light effect—a picture that conventionally treated would escape attention, but which in his hands has become a most dramatic performance.

Among the latest of Edward Berge's works is a fine bronze fountain called *The Race*, first exhibited at the recent exhibition of garden sculpture at the Gorham Gallery, New York. It ranks with the more important of the sculptor's productions and is notable for its strength of modeling, its beauty of line, and for its energetic animation. It is a delightful bit of visualized fairy

lore, the fantastic element being emphasized in a very subtle way without the sacrifice of either dignity or simplicity. The elfin figure on the back of the sea-horse is a composite portrait of Mr. Berge's twin sons, Stephens and Henry, who frequently pose for him.

This sculptor is making a specialty of interpreting childhood in bronze, though he devotes much time to portraiture, reliefs and memorial commissions. Some of his small bronzes have become widely known during the last two or three years, especially the one called *Wildflower*.

A collection of his decorative garden pieces and fountains was a feature of the biennial exhibition, held a short time ago, of the Handicraft Club of Baltimore, in which city he makes his home and has his studio.

The bust reproduced above represents the work of Marie Apel, who studied many years under Albert Toft and Frederick Holmon. Her first

In the Galleries



BUST OF FÉLIX DE THIELÉ

BY MARIE APEL



ECSTASY

BY ARTHUR CRISP

commission was a stone spandril for Bagshot Park, residence of the Duke of Connaught. Various fountains, statuettes and portraits quickly followed, including one of E.A. Cole, the sculptor, which brought her membership of the Salon des Beaux-Arts, Paris. For the last two years the artist has been busy in New York with many commissions, including a portrait of little John Jacob Astor. Her work has unusual qualities which single it out in any exhibition.

We take pleasure in announcing the WHATMAN contest for which many good prizes are to be given. This is an unusually important competition, and

any one interested can obtain folders at the art stores or art schools, or by applying direct to H. Reeve Angel & Co., 120 Liberty Street, New York City. The gospel of Whatman paper cannot be spread too urgently.

The picture by David, reproduced on page cxxxvii, is part of the late Isaac D. Fletcher's bequest to the Metropolitan Museum, and is probably the gem of this great collection valued at 2,000,000 dollars. Mr. Fletcher acquired the painting at the beginning of the present art season from Messrs. E. Gimpel & Wildenstein who purchased from the grandson of the lady portrayed.



Courtesy Gimpel & Wildenstein Galleries

MLLE. CHARLOTTE DU VAL D'OGUES
BY LOUIS DAVID

THE STUDIO

THE ART OF ALEXANDER AND JOHN ROBERT COZENS. BY FRANK GIBSON.

IN the work of these two men there are many pictorial excellences. They were important artists (especially J. R. Cozens), and were among the very first to contribute much that was great and beautiful to English landscape painting in water-colour. Their drawings, too, greatly influenced landscape painters in oil like Turner and Constable. An interesting comparison can be realized between the aims and achievements of father and son at the exhibition of their drawings now being shown at the Burlington Fine Arts Club. Here the

art of Alexander Cozens (comparatively unknown to most people) is especially well represented.

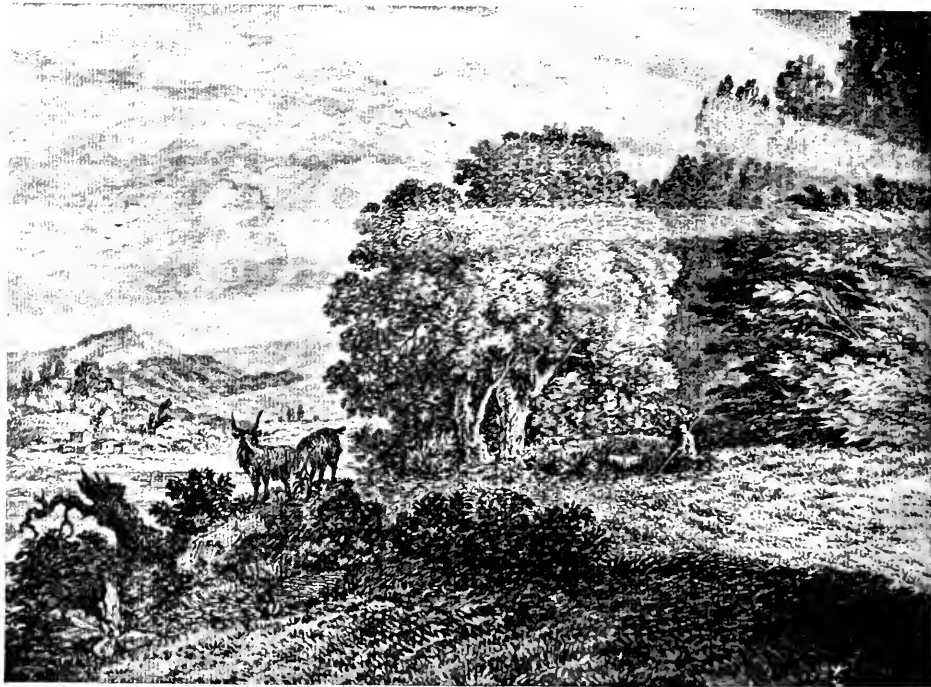
In spite of the gossiping stories of Henry Angelo and Edward Edwards, and the envious and bitter criticisms of Edward Dayes about the methods of the elder Cozens as a teacher, he was a highly skilled and firm draughtsman. He was accused by the above men of working up his pictures from smudges and dashes of colour placed at haphazard on paper. But the same thing is related of Turner, who on one occasion when he lacked inspiration for the foreground of a drawing, made three children dip their fingers in saucers of red, blue, and yellow colour, and then dabble their fingers on the white paper. These chance touches he worked



"FOREST SCENERY"

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

BY ALEXANDER COZENS



"VIEW NEAR ROME"

(Victoria and Albert Museum)

BY ALEXANDER COZENS

up into imaginary landscape forms. The theory that accident may help design was also held by Leonardo da Vinci, who in his writings recommends the stains on a plaster wall as aids to a landscape design. Cozens most likely got the idea from Leonardo, and this system of accidental blotting may have been a fashionable whim of the moment among his pupils. But it was certainly not the whole of his teaching, which is proved by some of his books, particularly one called "*The Shape, Skeleton, and Foliage of Thirty-two Species of Trees*," published in 1771. A book like this, which ran into a second edition, shows that he was thorough enough as a teacher in some essentials. At any rate very few of these so-called blottesque drawings by him have survived till to-day.

Alexander Cozens was one of two sons born to Peter the Great by an Englishwoman, the daughter of a publisher named Cozens, whose acquaintance he made when working in the dockyards at Deptford, and whom he took back to Russia. The date of Alexander's birth is unknown, and any account of his early life is

entirely lacking until he was sent by his father to study painting in Italy. From here he came to England in 1746, where he soon obtained a position both in art and society. He became drawing-master at Eton College and gave lessons to the Prince of Wales. He commenced to teach in the season at Bath about the time when Gainsborough left it, and had a number of fashionable pupils there. He knew many titled, wealthy, and illustrious people in his day, including Burke, Garrick, Flaxman, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and other artists and connoisseurs by whom he was much esteemed. By his marriage with a sister of a fellow-artist, Robert Edge Pine, he left one son, the famous John Robert Cozens, whose art so captivated Turner, Girtin, and Constable. After a busy life as a teacher the elder Cozens died in London in 1786.

The art of Alexander Cozens is much less known generally than that of his son, though his early work can be studied very fairly in the comprehensive collection of forty-five drawings in the British Museum. These have a curious history. They were lost in Germany whilst the



(In the Collection of Thomas
Girtin, Esq.)

"LAKE AND MOUNTAINS"
BY ALEXANDER COZENS

The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens

artist was on his way to England in 1746, and were recovered by his son in Florence thirty years later. All these works, and also the very interesting collection of his drawings now displayed at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, show to the full his abilities as an artist. They prove him to be a clever and capable draughtsman in the style and manner of his time, with a sense for the composition of a scene, and also a considerable amount of poetical and personal feeling for natural landscape. His subjects vary, and his methods range from careful and elaborate pen-drawings, often as rigid as line-engravings, to rapid impressions of landscapes in pen and wash, or pen alone. Others with faint pencil outlines, which are almost obscured by washes, often possess luminous and aerial qualities. He attempted colour occasionally, but it is rather of a timid quality, and his water-colours in this manner are more like tinted drawings than anything else. Indeed his monochromatic works suggest colour better than his coloured ones. In this way he is much inferior to his son John, who on the top of a monochrome foundation could express wonderfully, with a very few tints, space, atmosphere, and colour. In the line-drawings of the elder Cozens

the pen and sometimes the brush is used with a firm, broad touch, and if elaborate in detail the result is often mechanical, though it seems less so when he reinforces his lines with washes. The two drawings entitled *View near Rome* and *Forest Scenery*, in the Dyce Collection at the Victoria and Albert Museum, and which are here reproduced, show this. When he works with pure wash he often succeeds in giving atmospheric effects and a sense of vast distances, revealing the fact that he had a genuine sensibility for the beauty of light as it plays over a wide expanse of landscape, which is well shown in the drawing here illustrated and entitled *Lake and Mountains*.

In the many studies he made of rocks and trees he reminds us very much of similar drawings by Claude, exhibiting the same facile, confident use of the medium and perception of the relations of light and shadow. He is like Claude, too, when he makes elaborate landscape compositions in pen and wash, yet the touch of Cozens is not so nervous or expressive as that of the older master, but is heavy and mechanical in comparison. Cozens is far more personal in his rapid impressions seen and noted down when travelling than in these careful but



"AN ITALIAN VALLEY"

(In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS



"LAKE ALBANO AND CASTEL
GANDOLFO" BY J. R. COZENS.



*(In the Collection of C. Morland
Agnew, Esq.)*

"LAKE NEMI." BY J. R. COZENS

The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens



"TOMB OF THE PLANTIAN FAMILY"

(In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)

BY J. R. COZENS (1789)

mannered pen-drawings. His best work was done when he observed nature for himself.

The art of his son, John Robert Cozens, is quite original; there is no trace in it of Claude, Poussin, or Salvator Rosa, the Dutch landscape painters, or even Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, and Paul Sandby. If there is the slightest likeness to anybody's work, it is to that of his father, and then only in method and subject, certainly not in sentiment or vision. This is only natural, for being carefully trained by his parent he became his most illustrious pupil.

What we know of J. R. Cozens's career we owe mostly to the account of C. R. Leslie, R.A., who, though a figure-painter, had a most thorough appreciation of good landscape painting. Leslie was an intimate friend and the first biographer of Constable. He possessed a few works of Girtin and greatly valued them. But above all he had such an admiration for J. R. Cozens that he said "there could be no improvement upon him when at his best." Born in 1752, the younger Cozens seems, like Girtin, to have worked hard and developed very rapidly, for when he was only fifteen years old he began to exhibit at the Incorporated Society

of British Artists, and at the age of twenty-four he was sufficiently skilled as a draughtsman and water-colourist to go with Robert Payne Knight, the archaeologist and art collector, to Switzerland and Italy to make sketches of the scenery. His first impressions of the Alps are wonderfully fresh, and his drawings are peculiarly interesting as being the first successful attempt at true representation of Alpine scenery. He seems to have been quite at home amongst mountains from the start, and gives the illusion of their height, bulk, and weight wonderfully well in spite of the difficulty of scale and proportion in dealing with large masses. Likewise he shows the valleys, snow-covered peaks, tree-clad slopes, the solitude of its lakes, mists, and clouds with great simplicity of means yet not at all in a commonplace or conventional way. This tour seems to have lasted from 1776 to 1779, when he returned to England. In 1782 he visited Italy again, this time in company with William Beckford, the famous author of "Vathek," for whom he executed a large number of water-colour drawings. This second visit apparently occupied about a year and extended over Italy and Sicily. Unfortunately the career of this poet-



"THE VILLA NEGRONI."
BY J. R. COZENS.



"MONTE CAVO WITH LAKE ALBANO"
BY JOHN ROBERT COZENS

*(In the Collection of Thomas
Giblin, Esq.)*

The Art of Alexander and John Robert Cozens

painter was cut short by insanity. He was under the care of Dr. Munro from 1794 until his death, the exact date of which is uncertain. It is commonly given as 1799, but there is evidence that he was living in 1801, for the paper of one of his drawings, called *Lake Nemi*, bears the watermark of that year.

The reputation of John Robert Cozens rests chiefly with his Italian drawings. Many of his grandest water-colours are of Rome, its neighbourhood, and of the country round Naples. Some of the finest of these are now in the collections of Mr. Thomas Girtin and Mr. C. Morland Agnew, and the most important ones are reproduced in these pages. Other phases of his art, such as the Swiss drawings, can be well studied in the Henderson Collection at the British Museum, and also at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Some of the Italian water-colours are of large size, such as the *Monte Cavo with Lake Albano*, which is one of three large drawings of the same lake from different points of view which Mr. Girtin possesses. The reproduction of this particular one shows how fine it is—perhaps the finest of its austere but beautiful kind which the younger Cozens ever did. Mr. Agnew has a similar version of one of these drawings, here reproduced in colour.

The reproduction of Mr. Agnew's other water-colours, such as the *Villa Negroni*, *Lake Nemi*, the beautiful valley scene with rays of sunlight striking through the clouds (an effect which Alexander Cozens attempted with scant success), the drawings belonging to Mr. Girtin, such as the fascinating

little *View near Porta Pinciana, Rome*, the *Tomb of the Plantian Family*, and the Italian valley scene ought to give some idea of the beautiful art of J. R. Cozens. Though they are almost monochromes, they suggest colour perfectly, but above all it is the tender poetical sentiment which he infused into these landscapes that makes him one of the most original and imaginative of landscape painters. It is not surprising that Turner eagerly copied many of his drawings, or that Constable said "he was the greatest genius that ever touched landscape." Though in achievement he excelled his father, he owed him much. And it is evident that the art of both father and son influenced the whole art of landscape painting in England.



"VIEW NEAR PORTA PINCIANA, ROME"

BY J. R. COZENS

(In the Collection of Thomas Girtin, Esq.)



"AN ALPINE VALLEY."
BY J. R. COZENS

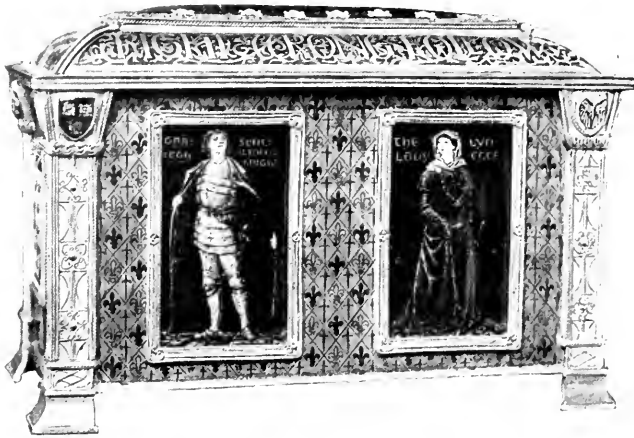
The Publishers, M. J. & Co., London, E.C.



"LAKE ALBANO WITH CASTEL
GANDOLFO." BY J. R. COZENS

*In the Collection of Thomas
Girtin, Esq.*

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



CASNET OF SILVER AND LIMOGES ENAMEL. BY MILDRED WEBB

ARTS AND CRAFTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. *(Fourth and Concluding Article.)*

IF, as we all hope, other exhibitions of the Arts and Crafts Society are held at Burlington House in the winter, it is desirable that the velarium, if not dispensed with altogether, shall at least be restricted in its use. Whistler, it is true, improved the aspect of some of the summer exhibitions of the International Society by screening with white fabric the glaring top lights of certain galleries, but this arrange-

ment, excellent in its proper place, is unsuitable for winter exhibitions held in London between October and Christmas. At that season the full power of natural light is frequently insufficient, and as the whitest of fabrics soon becomes dingy and soot-stained in the winter atmosphere of the metropolis, the velarium becomes each day more impervious to illumination. The want of light was at times the cause of great inconvenience at the recent exhibition; especially in the

small room devoted to jewellery, enamels, and other metal-work, where it was at times difficult to see properly the examples displayed in the cases.

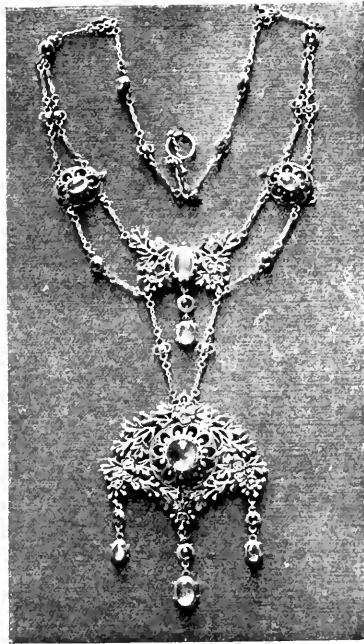
Many of these have already been described in preceding articles on the Arts and Crafts Exhibition and illustrations of several others accompany these notes. Mr. J. Paul Cooper was exceptionally well represented in this section at Burlington House. Besides the beautiful sugar bowls and tongs and the octagonal casket in silver and dark green



SILVER ENAMELLED NECKLACE

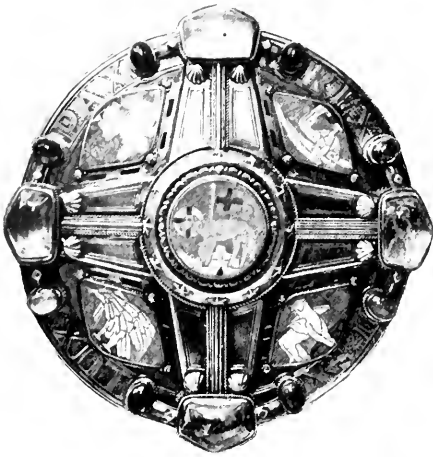
(The property of Miss E. E. Hunt)

BY ARTHUR AND G. C. GASKIN



SILVER NECKLACES SET WITH STONES. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY KATE M. EADIE

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



SILVER MORSE SET WITH CRYSTALS. DESIGNED
AND EXECUTED BY M. C. OLIVER

shagreen, illustrated on p. 22, he showed a number of boxes and vases of silver and shagreen, all of them agreeable. Mr. Cooper's necklace, also illustrated, is of gold of intricate pattern with large crystals and smaller gems of a red colour.

Another good necklace, more elaborate in treatment, is also illustrated. This necklace, *Bacchanale* (199 *bl*), by Miss Cecilia Adams, is composed of rectangular panels of green and white enamel on chains of beads, with an interesting pendant of gold, pearls, and rubies. The pendant has an oblong centrepiece, on the front and reverse of which respectively are small dancing figures representing Pavlova and Nijinski. The necklace (199 *ll*) by Miss Kathleen Winny Adshhead, is dainty and pretty. It is of gold, enamelled and set with sapphires, spinel rubies

and seed baroque pearls. The four pendants by Miss Kate M. Eadie are all distinguished for their quiet harmonies of colour.

The remaining examples of silversmith's work and jewellery illustrated this month are by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gaskin, Mr. William T. Blackband, Mr. M. C. Oliver, and Miss Mildred Webb. The interesting casket (229 *d*) by Miss Webb is of silver and Limoges enamel with niello panels. Mr. Blackband's necklace, *Silver Light* (201 *t*), is of silver, opal, and enamel; and the striking silver morse designed and executed by Mr. Oliver (201 *u*) is set with four large crystals and adorned with emblematical panels in blue, white, and red enamel. The silver enamelled necklace (202 *z*) is one of the best of the many pieces of jewellery contributed to the exhibition by Mr. and Mrs. Gaskin. It is composed of small green enamels of floral design,



GOLD NECKLACE

DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY J. PAUL COOPER

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



NECKLACE, "SILVER LIGHT"
DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY W. T. BLACKBAND

connected by slender chains, with a long pear-shaped amethyst for pendant.

With the exception of the interesting drawing, *The Adoration of the Magi*, by Miss Lilian Pocock, the remaining illustrations to this article are reproductions of designs by William Morris, Sir E. Burne-Jones, and Walter Crane shown in the Retrospective Room ; a room full of mementoes of the earlier periods of the Arts and Crafts movement, and to some perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibition. A few of the examples shown date back to the days of Red Lion Square, where in the sixties the business of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co., was founded, and included among its artist partners Rossetti, Burne-Jones, Madox Brown, and Philip Webb. The combination that collectively and through the individual efforts of its members was destined to influence strongly

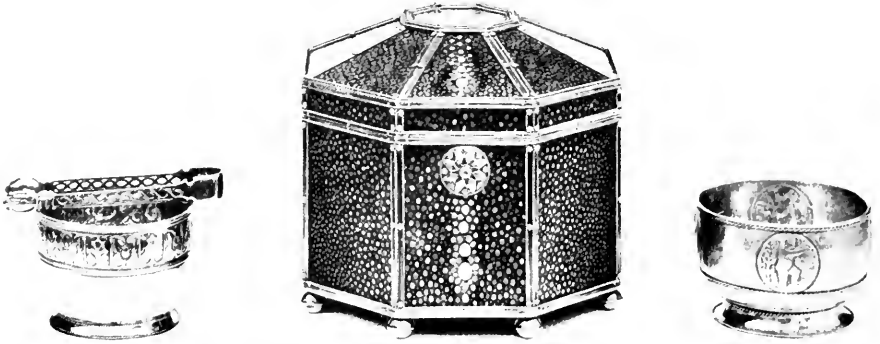
the taste of succeeding generations was strangely organized and most independent, and in the face of this and of the prejudices to be combated its success was surprising. Mr. William Rossetti, one of the few men now living who were acquainted with the conditions of the business, says of Messrs. Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co. :

"Light or boisterous chaff among themselves, and something very like dictatorial irony towards customers, were the methods by which this singular commercial firm was conducted, and was turned, after a longish period of uncertain probation, into a flourishing success. There was no compromise. Mr. Morris, as the managing partner, laid down the law and all his clients had to bend or break. . . . The goods were first rate, the art and workmanship excellent, the prices high. No concession was made to individual tastes or want of taste, no question



NECKLACE, "BACCHANALE," WITH PAVLOVA AND NIJINSKI ON CENTREPIECE. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY CECILIA ADAMS

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



SILVER SUGAR BOWLS AND TONGS, AND SILVER AND SHAGREEN CASKET

BY J. PAUL COOPER

of abatement was entertained. You could have the things such as the firm chose they should be, or you could do without them."

Such independence as this was the more remarkable in view of the fact that the firm in its early days was notoriously short of



GOLD NECKLACE, ENAMELLED, SET SAPPHIRES, SPINEL, RUBIES, AND SEED BAROQUE PEARLS. DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY KATHLEEN WINNY ADSHEAD



"THE ADORATION OF THE MAGI"
DRAWING BY LILIAN J. POCOCK

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



ONE OF A SERIES OF DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS. BY
WILLIAM MORRIS

(By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)

capital. "This has always been my great difficulty; we have never had a hundred pounds to call our own," said Warington Taylor, the excellent manager and man of business of the combination, in a letter to Dante Rossetti. There were difficulties, too, with Morris because he wished to sell the products of the firm too cheaply. "Morris and I," said Taylor, "never get hot with one another save on the subject of price. He is always for a low price; seeing the amount of work we do it is absurd. We must have a long price."

The work of Philip Webb, who was a partner in the original Morris firm, was represented in the Retrospective Room by the mace in silver

and enamel (81) designed by him for the University of Birmingham. But Webb's reputation rests principally on his work as an architect, in which capacity he designed, among many other interesting buildings, the house built by the late Val Prinsep, R.A., in Holland Park Road, and the Red House built by Morris at Upton, near Bexley. Webb afterwards designed an extension of the Red House, when it was proposed that Morris and Burne-Jones and their respective families should live under one roof, but this plan was never executed.

Of Burne-Jones, one of the pioneers of the Arts and Crafts movement, the Society was fortunate enough to obtain a notable work in the shape of the large *King Arthur in Avalon*

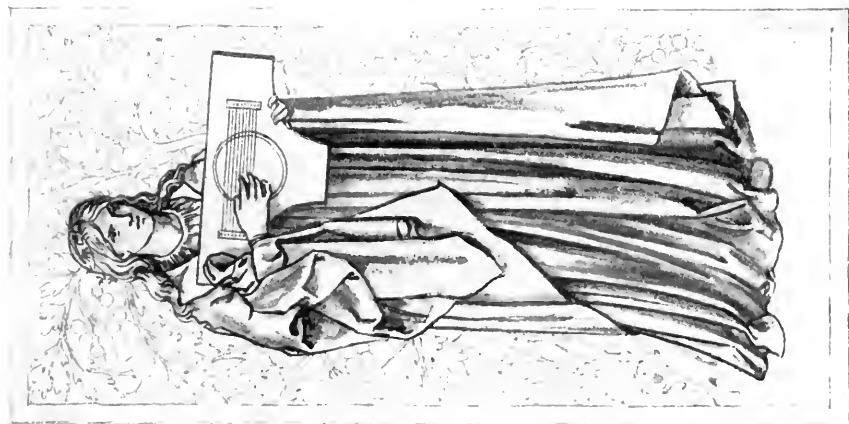
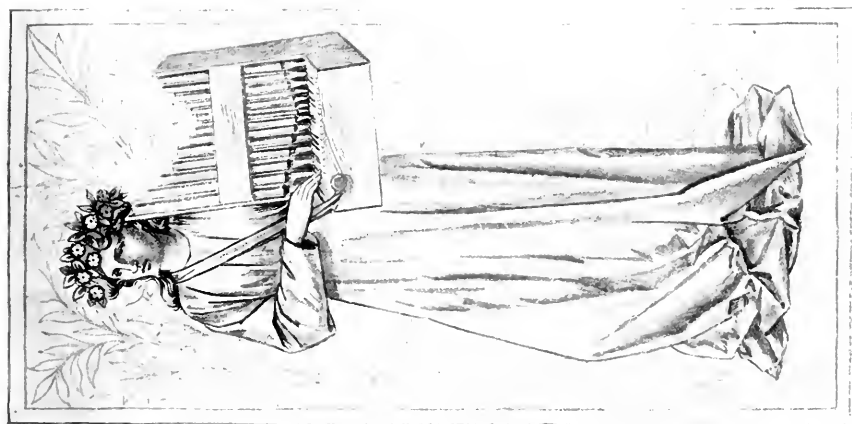
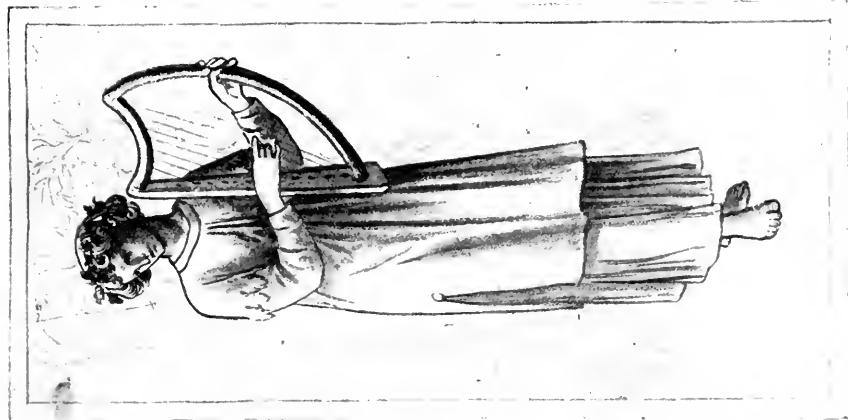


ONE OF A SERIES OF DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS. BY
WILLIAM MORRIS

(By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)



DESIGNS FOR MINSTRELS
BY WILLIAM MORRIS



(By courtesy of Messrs.
Morris and Co., Ltd.)



DESIGN FOR SPENSER'S "FAERIE
 QUEENE." BY WALTER CRANE

(By courtesy of Lancelot
 Crane, Esq.)

The Arts and Crafts Exhibition



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY, "THE APPLE TREE." BY WILLIAM MORRIS
(By courtesy of Messrs. Morris and Co., Ltd.)

(18) or *Avalon* as the artist himself called it. This picture occupied his thoughts and attention for many years, and was still unfinished at the time of his death. It represents King Arthur sleeping in the happy Isle of Avalon :

Where falls not hail, or rain or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies
Deep meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard lawns
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea ;

to which, after his last battle, he was carried in the mystic barge by the three queens, who with their attendants guard and watch over him until the time when he shall awake from his long slumber and come into his own again. The beautiful tapestry which Burne-Jones designed for the Morris firm was destroyed in the fire at the Brussels Exhibition of 1910.

From the little group of artists and craftsmen of the sixties whose work was shown in the Retrospective Room has developed the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, by which much has been accomplished and much is being done. With the new developments initiated at the recent exhibition at Burlington House still greater possibilities in the way of influencing

and improving public taste lie before the Society, whose utmost efforts will no doubt be directed towards these desirable ends. But artists are not always men of business, and if the Arts and Crafts movement grows in range and strength as its friends desire, a Warrington Taylor will be as necessary to the Society as it was to the firm of Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and Co. A permanent official accustomed to the management of exhibitions should be appointed, from whom information could be readily and speedily obtained. It would then be impossible for the representatives of a journal whose attitude towards the Arts and Crafts

Society has always been wholly sympathetic to have to wait more than three weeks for a reply to one urgent communication, and in the case of others to receive no answer of any kind.

W. T. WHITLEY.

THIRD RED CROSS ART SALE AT CHRISTIE'S.
For the third year in succession the British Red Cross Society and the Order of St. John are appealing to the public to help them in making a success of a great art sale by Messrs. Christie, who have again generously promised to undertake the work free of all remuneration. The sale is fixed for the end of March and it is hoped that contributions will be sent without delay ; but in view of the serious depletion of Messrs. Christie's staff through the war, and their inability to allocate to the sale more than a limited number of days, the joint War Committee of the two institutions ask that benefactors should aim at sending objects of high individual quality and value, even if few in number. All gifts should be sent to the Red Cross Sale Depot, 48 Pall Mall, London, S.W.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

THE THIRTY-EIGHTH EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS.

THE Thirty-eighth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy was opened in the galleries of the Art Association at Montreal in the middle of November. The three hundred or so examples of works shown were contributed by one hundred and forty-one exhibitors, the majority of whom are residents either of Montreal or Toronto, which are still essentially the chief art centres of the Dominion. The West, at this exhibition, was represented by the work of one British Columbian and of one Manitoban painter only; while also there was but one exhibitor from the Maritime Provinces.

Broadly speaking, the exhibition evidenced a further advance in the evolution of Canadian art, which is year by year becoming more

individual, more indigenous, and less weakly reminiscent of the art of other and older countries and of former times and manners. This applies, naturally perhaps, more particularly to the development of Canadian landscape painting, in which direction the scope, opportunity, and stimulation are greatest. The inspiration of quite the majority of the canvases in the exhibition under notice was derived from the study of landscape; and the interpretation and expression of these diverse but always distinctively Canadian aspects of nature were in many instances personal, sincere, and satisfying. Of such, I would make special reference here to the work of three of our less well-known or younger artists, each of whom possesses talent of a high and uncommon order, but whose manner and methods of expression are widely dissimilar. This trio consists of Mr. O. Leduc, of Saint Hilaire, Que., Miss Mabel H. May, of Westmount, Que., and Mr. Tom Thomson, of Toronto.



"EARLY SPRING"

BY J. W. BEATTY, R.C.A.



O. LEDUC 1912

"NEIGE DORÉE." BY
O. LEDUC, A.R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

Mr. Leduc is entirely self-taught ; he is not prolific, but for some years past has been content to exhibit one or two pictures annually at the exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy, or at the Spring Exhibition of the Montreal Art Association. These examples, commonly small in point of size, nevertheless invariably have commanded attention and interest because of their charm and expressiveness. To one of the local exhibitions last year, however, Mr. Leduc sent a picture which first adequately displayed his undoubted powers. His very beautiful landscape *Neige dorée*, just exhibited, was even more appealing, and one notes with satisfaction that it has been purchased by the Canadian Art Commissioners for the National Gallery at Ottawa, while Mr. Leduc has been further honoured by the Canadian Academy, who have elected him an Associate. In his work there is discerned a certain fine spirituality, expressed without a suspicion of self-consciousness, and

in no degree detracting from its bigness and virility. His technique is peculiarly his own. It is meticulous without being niggardly, and every stroke of his brush has significance.

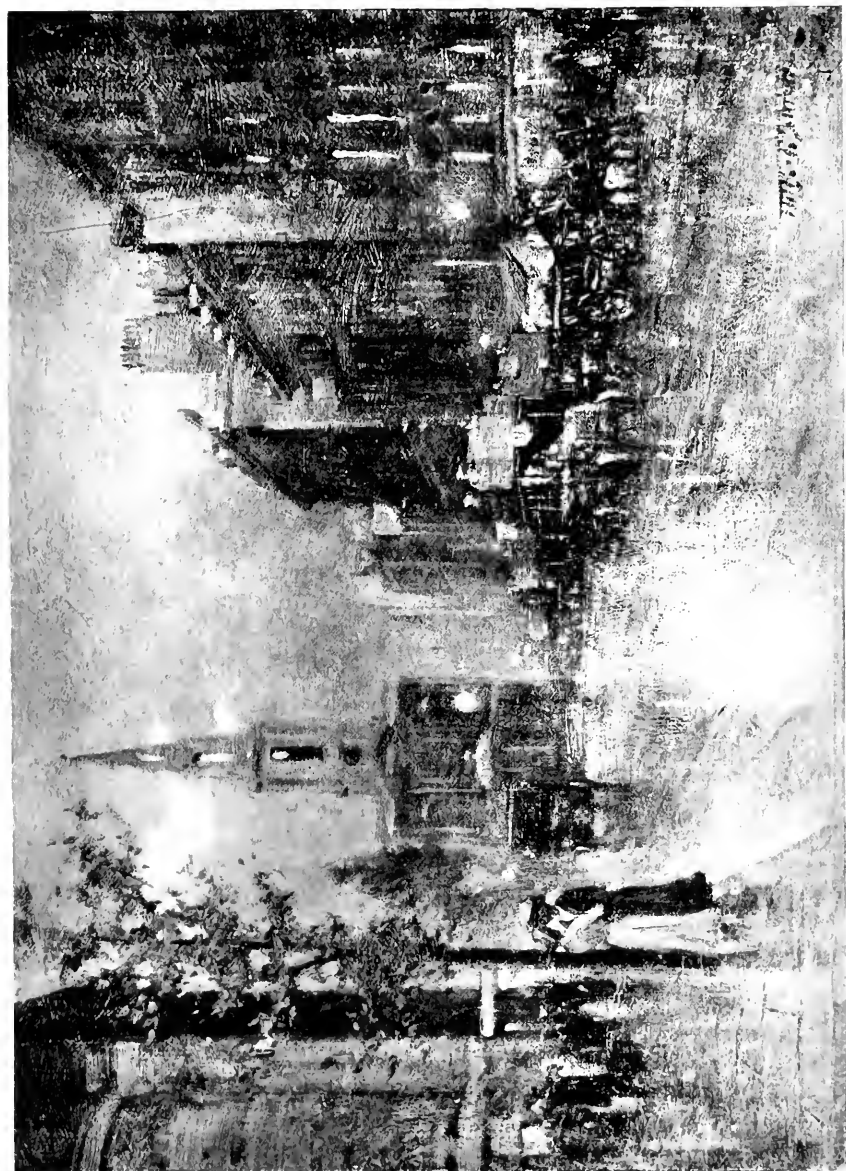
Miss May's progress in craftsmanship during the past year has been remarkable, and she has now attained a mastery that enables her to give fuller expression to her genuine artistic ability. Her paintings, usually of landscapes in which figures are introduced, have never lacked character ; but her recent work has become more arresting because of qualities of light and atmosphere that it did not possess formerly. The *Boats on the St. Lawrence*, one of four canvases in this exhibition, has been purchased by the Canadian Government, and is characterized in particular by a luminous opalescence.

Mr. Tom Thomson, like Mr. Leduc, is also practically self-taught, although he no doubt is to some extent indebted to Mr. A. Y. Jackson



"LOW TIDE"

BY MABEL H. MAY, A.R.C.A.



"ST. MARY-LE-STRAND." BY
F. M. BELL-SMITH, R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

for technical guidance and encouragement. His great love of nature had led him to pass months at a time in the wilds of Northern Ontario, where quite alone he lived the life of a *voyageur*. Presently he experienced the desire for expression, and made his first essays in monochrome, producing sketches and little pictures that revealed latent power and deep feeling. It is only within the last three or four years that he has added to the strange charm of his productions the interest of strong and brilliant colour. His landscapes, while frankly decorative in treatment, nevertheless potently express the spirit of the Canadian northland—its dignified and splendid calm and its pathetic aloofness and isolation. He was represented in the exhibition under review by one picture only, *The Hardwoods*, which indicates a maturer perception and a more experienced control of the medium employed for its expression.

The examples of the work shown by most of our landscape painters of established reputation were well up to, and in some instances in advance of, the standard which we have become accustomed to expect. Our winter, with its brilliancy and colourfulness, is ever an unfailing inspiration to the native-born artist; and as usual a number of pictures were exhibited on this occasion wherein snow and ice figured prominently. One such was Mr. Maurice Cullen's *A Northern Brook*, a picture relatively small in size but of exceptionally fine quality; and another, *Early Spring*, by Mr. J. W. Beatty, was notable for its breadth and boldness of treatment and handling. Of Mr. Clarence A. Gagnon's four pictures, two were endeavours to represent the glory of sun-emblazoned snow, and his *Late Afternoon Sun, Winter*, a wondrous juxtaposition of ruby and amber. In a fourth picture, *The Wayside Cross*, the motif was essentially the effect of mystery that is imparted by the soft enshrouding mists of an early autumn morning to the hills of the Laurentians. This has been purchased by the Canadian

Government. Mr. A. Y. Jackson, who with four other members or associates of the Academy is serving with the colours in France, and has been already once wounded in the performance of that duty, exhibited *Factories at Leeds, England*, and *The Cedar Swamp*, both of them distinguished works. Mr. Jackson has not only a fine sense of harmonious design, but a manner of expression that is as virile as it is sincere.

The President of the Academy, Mr. Wm. Brymner, C.M.G., was represented by four admirable landscapes, of which *A Lonely Grave, Louisburg, N.S.*, and *Sunset, Louisburg, N.S.*, may be specially noted. In addition to its decided artistic appeal, a certain historic interest attaches to the former of these paintings, since the grave in question is that of Lord Dundonald, an ancestor of that Lord Dundonald who not long since served for a term of years in Canada as general officer commanding the Canadian forces. Lord Dundonald died in 1758. Typically Canadian also, and at the same time expressive of personality and temperament, were the landscapes exhibited by Mr.



"HARBOUR OF ST. IVES"

BY HARRY BRITTON

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts



"CÔTE DES NEIGES, WINTER"

BY PERCY F. WOODCOCK, R.C.A.



"SUNSET, LOUISBURG, NOVA SCOTIA"

BY WILLIAM BRYMNER, C.M.G., P.R.C.A.

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

Herbert S. Palmer, Mr. H. E. H. MacDonald, and Mr. Arthur Lismer. Mr. Palmer is in particular a strong painter and a clever draughtsman who has made very notable strides during the last year or two. Mr. MacDonald always displays in his work a bigness of feeling and an excellent sense both of pattern and colour. In Mr. Lismer's *A Westerly Gale, Georgian Bay*, purchased by the Government, the suggestion of wind and movement is admirably conveyed.

Another picture purchased for the National Gallery, *The Play Hour*, by Mr. Arthur D. Rosaire, though perhaps not entirely characteristic of the manner of this promising young artist, must be considered more successful, in many respects, than much of his former work. The subject is a tree-fringed pool with geese, rendered in quiet tones of grey and green, and the general effect is atmospheric and tuneful. Mr. Homer Watson in *March Evening* and *Breaking Winter* has aimed to record effects of sunlight on frost-bound fields. Other distinctively Canadian

landscapes worthy of special mention are Mr. Charles de Belle's soulful and refined *Depression*; Miss Alice des Clayes' *Flooded Land, Kirkfield, Ont.*; Mr. W. E. Atkinson's *The Afternoon Thaw*; Miss Harriet Ford's *A Winter Landscape*; Mr. John Hammond's *Birch Dale, W.B.*; Mr. H. Ivan Neilson's *An October Day, Cap Rouge River*; Mr. G. A. Reid's *A Winter Sunset*; Mrs. Mary H. Reid's *Marshy Woods, November*; Mr. G. Horne Russell's *Seal Cove, Grand Manan, N.B.* (purchased by the Canadian Government); and Mr. Percy F. Woodcock's *Côte des Neiges, Winter*. In addition there were several praiseworthy landscape works, the subjects for which were found outside of Canada, among them being some deliciously colourful canvases of Cuban landscape by Mr. W. H. Clapp; striking pictures of the Cornish coast by Mr. Harry Britton; Mr. Albert H. Robinson's *Old Sea Wall, St. Malo*, and *Old Market Place, Nice*; Mr. Bell-Smith's *St. Mary-le-Strand*; and Mr. John Johnstone's *Rue de Venise, Paris*, and *Pont Aven, Bretagne*.



"THE MARKET-PLACE"

BY ALBERT H. ROBINSON]



"EVELYN AND BABY, DAUGHTERS
OF W. R. MACINNES, ESQ." BY
GERTRUDE DES CLAYES



"THE LAST FLOWERS." BY
CHARLES DE BELLE

The Royal Canadian Academy of Arts

Of the portraits shown Mr. Curtis Williamson's *W. Cruickshanks, R.C.A.*, one of Canada's pioneer artists, compelled attention by its masterly characterization. One can only regret that an artist of Mr. Williamson's outstanding ability should not be more prolific; that he is not may be attributed largely to the supremely high standard which he aims to attain and to the hypercritical severity of his judgment of his own efforts. Another satisfying and charming portrait, *Evelyn and Baby, Daughters of W. R. MacInnes, Esq.*, was exhibited by Miss Gertrude des Clayes. The portrait of *Sergeant P. Stearns, Esq.*, by Mr. E. Dyonnet, Secretary of the Academy, is dignified and a sound piece of craftsmanship; while two excellent portraits were also shown by Mr. E. Wyly Grier. Mr. Robert Harris, C.M.G., and Sergeant Charles Maillard exhibited self-portraits—the latter in his uniform as a "poilu," wearing the Military

Cross, which he won for an act of great gallantry. In *The Last Flowers*, Mr. Charles de Belle has given beautiful expression to a wholly delightful and poetical conception. This has been purchased for the National Collection, and will worthily represent the artist there. Reference should moreover be made to the naïve and interesting paintings *The Orphans* and *Girl with Baskets*, by Miss Emily Coonan; to two flower and still-life studies of admirable quality by Miss Florence Carlyle; to two paintings of mothers and children, so tender in feeling, by Mrs. Laura Muntz Lyall; to Miss Estelle M. Kerr's well-studied *Reflections*; to Miss Bertha des Clayes' *Goosegirl*; to Miss Marion Long's *The Black Fan*; and to Mr. Peter C. Sheppard's ambitious picture *The Bridge Builders*.

Among the works in black and white, drawings by Mr. Wilfred M. Barnes, Mr. Frederick S. Challenger, and Capt. Louis Keene call for remark,

as do the etchings shown by Mr. Herbert Raine. In the sculpture section interesting contributions came from Mr. A. Laliberté, Mr. Emanuel Hahn, and Mr. Hamilton MacCarthy.

The Academy awarded the Travelling Scholarship, offered by the Trustees of the National Gallery, to Mr. Edward R. Glen, of London, Ont.

H. MORTIMER-LAMB.

THE LATE E. A. ABBEY, R.A.—Mr. E. V. Lucas, who has been invited by Mrs. Abbey to write a memoir of the late E. A. Abbey, R.A., asks that such of our readers as have letters from that artist, and are willing to lend them for possible publication, will be good enough to send them to him at Chelsea Lodge, 42 Tite Street, London, S.W., where they will be carefully handled, copied, and quickly returned.



SELF-PORTRAIT

BY ROBERT HARRIS, C.M.G., R.C.A.

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The three landscapes by Mr. Wilson Steer, Prof. Fred Brown, and Mr. Collins Baker respectively, from which the accompanying reproductions have been made, were features of the recent exhibition of the New English Art Club, which, as remarked in our brief notes last month, was particularly strong in landscape—a result traceable, possibly, to the relaxation of the rigorous restrictions on open-air sketching.

At a meeting convened by Mr. Francis Howard at the Grosvenor Gallery in December, for the purpose of considering a substitute for the National Gallery Bill now before Parliament, the following resolution proposed by Mr. Wilson Steer was adopted and received influential support: "We advocate a Bill to forbid the sale (except to the National Gallery) or export during the war and for two years after of the pictures earmarked by the Board of the National Gallery, and, with a view to purchasing these for the nation, and augmenting National

Gallery funds, to levy an export duty of 25 per cent. on all pictures not produced within the last fifty years, or brought into Great Britain within the last ten years. Pending the discussion and passing of the Bill, we advocate an Order of Council forbidding the sale or export of any of the earmarked works of art."

In the opinion of those who advocate these proposals the chief objection to the Bill, introduced by Lord D'Abernon and passed by the House of Lords, is that it is entirely inadequate to achieve the end it has in view, as the funds which would accrue from the measures contemplated by it would not suffice to save more than ten per cent. of the pictures which it is desired to secure for the nation. A strong protest against the Bill has also been signed by the representatives of the leading art societies in the United Kingdom.

At a meeting of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours last month Mr. David Murray, R.A., was elected President of the Institute in succession to the late Sir James D. Linton.



"CHIRK CASTLE"

(New English Art Club)

OIL-PAINTING BY P. WILSON STEER



"THE HARVEST FIELD." OIL-
PAINTING BY FRED BROWN

(*New English Art Club*)



"RHYDYGARNEDD," OIL-PAINTING
BY C. H. COLLINS BAKER

(*New English Art Club*)

Studio-Talk

EDINBURGH.—The Twenty-Third Annual Exhibition of the Society of Scottish Artists which has just closed was indicative of the strenuous times in which we live. The Royal Scottish Academy galleries being only available during the darkest months of the year, the roof lighting made it imperative that there should be early closing. It says a good deal, however, for the courage of the Council that they have made such a creditable effort as they have done to keep the flag of art flying notwithstanding that so many members are on some form of war service. It was the practice of the Society, before the Academy fell into line with the idea, to devote a fair amount of their wall-space to the display of works by British and Foreign Masters, and the closing of the Tate Gallery gave the opportunity at this time of showing a representative selection of British works of very varied interest. The other outstanding feature of the Society, the opportunity it gives the younger men of exhibiting satisfactorily work on a larger scale than might secure proper placing in the Academy exhibition, was only moderately taken advantage of, but the quality of the work all over was highly commendable.

The President, Mr. Robert Home, had as his principal exhibit a portrait of a girl with a skipping rope, and several Fifeshire landscapes. Rapid though his progress as a portrait-painter has been, the portrait of his wife showed a more pronounced advance in Mr. David Alison's work than any previous exhibit. It has the Orpen brilliancy, partakes somewhat of the Orpen touch, which is not a veneer but an assimilation that does not over-

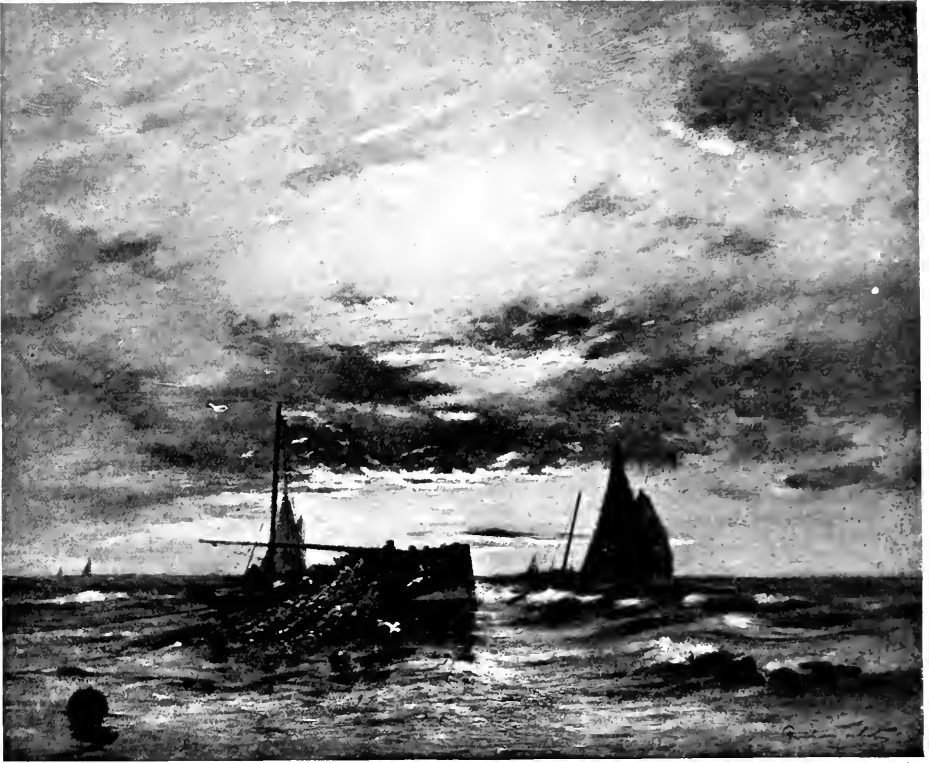
shadow individuality. Mr. Alexander Grieve's *The Man with the 'Cello* should be named for its subtle phrasing, and Mr. Malcolm Gavin's portrait of a lady was of excellent quality, but apart from these few works pure portraiture was not remarkable. Among the figure work a prominent place was occupied by Mr. Walter Grieve's *Loot*, ambitious in design and forceful in colour, but not convincingly interpretative, while Mr. Peploe's study of a tired peasant woman, though vital, was not quite pleasing in its purple and black pigmentation. Miss Bessie Young, in her picture of a lady seated at a spinet, showed stateliness of design, and there were three characteristic subjects by Mr. W. Shackleton.

In the domain of landscape Mr. Henderson Tarbet was particularly successful in a large picture of Glen Lyon in one of its impressive



PORTRAIT OF MRS. ALISON

BY DAVID ALISON, A.R.S.A.
(Society of Scottish Artists)



"HAULING IN THE NETS"

[(Society of Scottish Artists)]

BY HENDERSON TARBET

reaches, and even more so in an interesting rendering of sunrise at sea with fishermen drawing in the herring-nets, its outstanding feature being the luminous cloud painting. Mr. Hector Chalmers has never done anything finer in its realization of the poetic beauty of the gloaming than his view of Edinburgh designated *Queen of the Night*. Mr. Robert Noble showed two small but exceedingly fine East Lothian pictures, Mr. R. B. Nisbet a couple of delicately phrased scenes, and other works of merit were contributed by Mr. Mason Hunter, Mr. James Riddell, Mr. C. H. Mackie, Mr. Eric Robertson, Mr. J. Spence Smith, Mr. W. M. Frazer, and Mr. Robert Hope. Mr. Murray Thomson attained considerable success in a large picture of polar bears on the prowl, but a distinctively finer work is *The Old Slave*, a pathetic drawing of an old white horse. In the water-colour room the outstanding features were Miss Katherine Cameron's *Iping Bridge*, Mr. Stanley Cursiter's *The Farm*,

Miss Emily Paterson's *Venetian Tramps* and *The Village Calvary*, and Miss Anna Dixon's delightful drawings of birds. A. E.

MOSCOW.—Annual exhibitions composed exclusively of "graphic" art have now become a regular feature of the art life of Moscow, and gratitude is due to the organizers of the Lemer cier Gallery for the effort they have made to maintain the tradition which they themselves inaugurated in regard to these displays. In spite of the difficulties of transport arising out of the war, they succeeded in bringing together, on the occasion of the last exhibition, a foreign section in which, besides a number of the older and modern masters of the French school, the Swedish artist Anders Zorn and Frank Braugwyn were represented, the latter with a series of his masterly war posters, numerous impressions of which were acquired for museum collections.



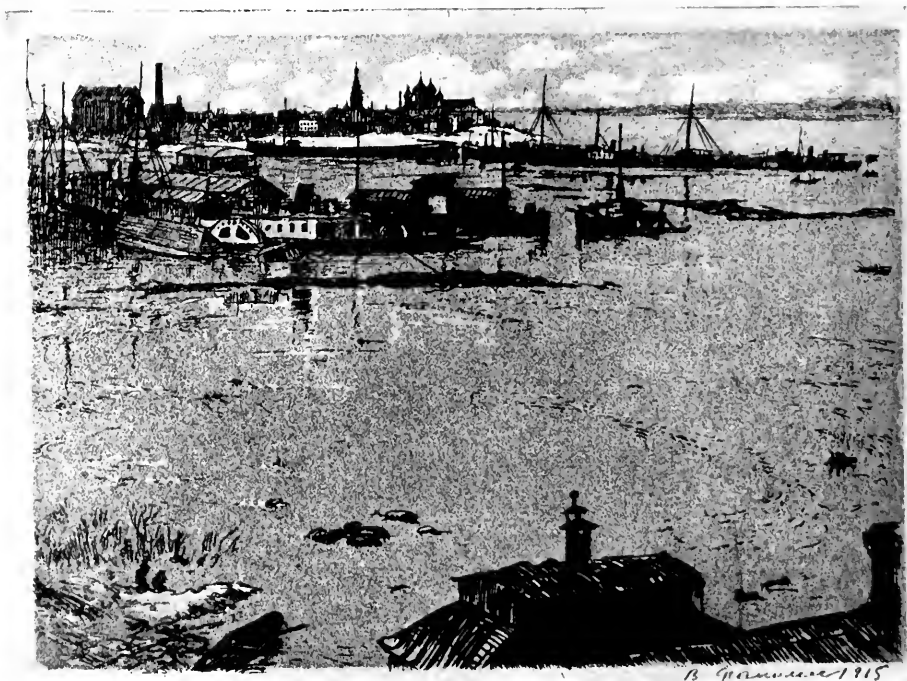
"ON THE VOLGA." BY V. FALILEJEV

Speaking generally, the modern graphic art of England is almost entirely unknown in Russia, and if a representative collection of this work could be exhibited here it would be gratefully appreciated.

In the Russian section the influence of the war was on this occasion much more marked than at the exhibition of the previous year. One noted the absence of quite a number of native artists, and among them several who, like B. Masutin, have done good work in the past but have for the time being become strangers to the copper-plate and the hand-press through military exigencies. Interest centred chiefly in the works of Falileiev and his wife, and in those of I. Nivinski.

Vadim Falileiev has figured at Russian exhibitions since the beginning of the present century, but has only just made his first appearance in Moscow with a comprehensive collection of works representing the various stages of his

artistic career. He practises with ease all the diverse methods of graphic expression. His landscape linoleographs, of which two examples are here given, are very attractive in colour, which cannot be said in equal measure of his etchings in colour, for the printing of which he usually employs two plates. In regard to theme his prints likewise present great diversity, and along with views of native architecture, landscapes, portrait studies, and compositions of a genre character, his *œuvre* comprises views of Paris and Italy. He impresses us most when he turns for his motives to the life of the people or the picturesque activity of the Russian rivers with their peculiar effects, as, for instance, the etching in which is shown the Volga during a storm, or that in which we see a group of peasants who, having been called to the colours, are wending their way across country to the military depot of the district. One would wish that Falileiev would devote himself still more to this sort of thing, for motives such as these are only very rarely treated in Russian graphic art.



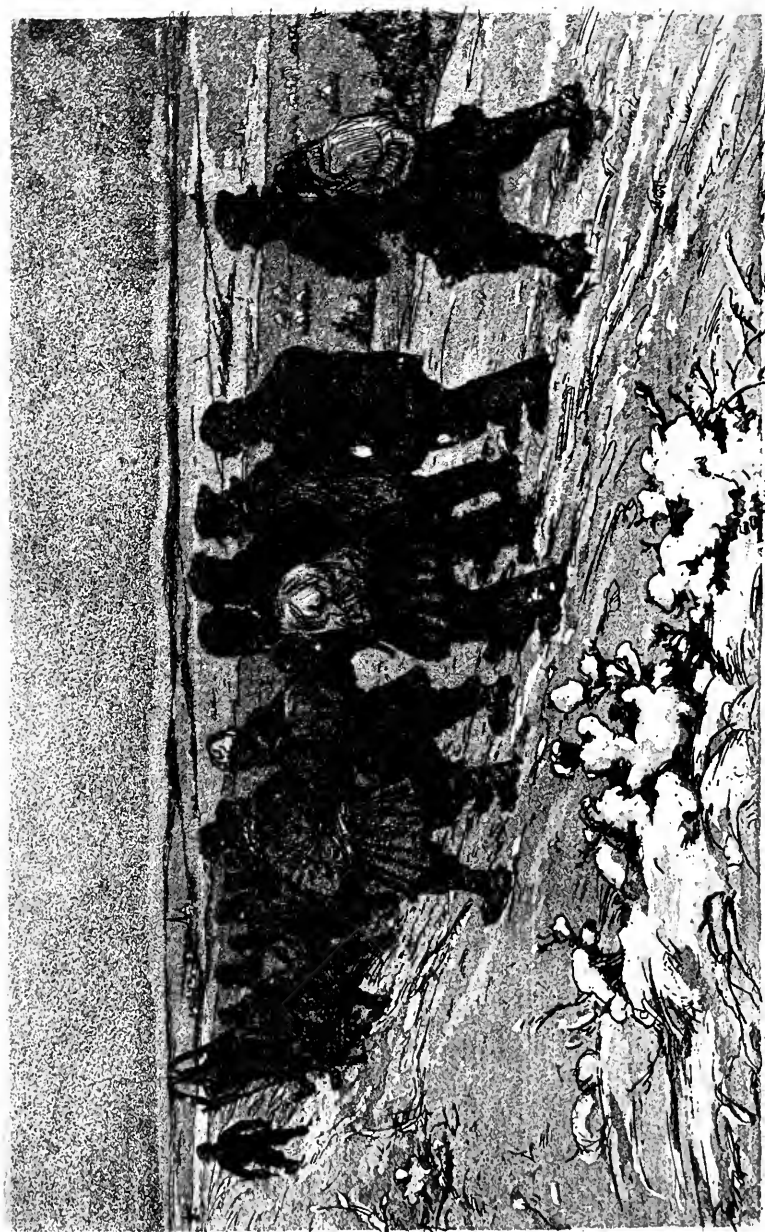
"YAROSLAVL"



"WINTER SUNRISE" AND "SPRING," FROM
TWO LINOLOGRAPHS BY VADIM FALILEIEV.



"CORNER OF A MONASTERY AT YAROSLAVL."
BY VADIM FALILEIEV



“CALLED TO THE COLOURS”
BY VADIM FALILEIEV

Studio-Talk

The artist's wife, Mme. Katchura-Falileieva, shows a predilection for the monotype, a hybrid offshoot of graphic art which has already gained many adherents in Russia, as indeed have all processes in which colour and not merely pure form is the feature of primary import. In these monotypes, and especially in some flower-pieces, she has achieved colour effects of great intensity, but in many cases these productions cannot be regarded as legitimately belonging to graphic art. It is quite otherwise, on the other hand, with her feelingly etched portrait studies, her characteristic portrait of Maxime Gorki, and a few other prints.

Of I. Nivinski's work as an etcher something was said not long ago in these pages, and his exhibits at the Lemerrier Gallery testified to the restless striving of the artist to reach an ever higher degree of perfection, in the pursuit of which he has indeed been markedly successful. The female nude, in numerous variations to which Nivinski often pays homage in his paintings, likewise formed the theme of a series of prints of large format in which the artist's complete mastery of form and his brilliant and expressive technique were convincingly displayed.

A novelty for Moscow—and perhaps also for Russia generally—were the etchings of V. Polunin, whose work was the subject of a notice in *THE STUDIO* some months ago, and whose cultivated sense and skill were evidenced by the architectural motives from London and Oxford which he contributed. Architecture was also largely the source of inspiration of the technically very

accomplished linoleographs of I. Pavlov, the lithographs of V. Sokolov, and a highly successful aquatint by V. Bogdanovitch recording one of the picturesque points in the panorama of Moscow.

A connecting-link between the Russians and foreigners was represented by a small but generally speaking quite homogeneous group of Finnish artists, who here made their first appearance on the artistic horizon of Russia's ancient capital. These artists restrict themselves almost exclusively to black-and-white, and refrain from those experiments in colour to which the Russian graphic artists are very prone.

P. E.

Owing to pressure on our space this month we are obliged to hold over various Reviews of books until our next issue.



PORTRAIT OF MAXIME GORKI

ETCHING BY MME. KATCHURA-FALILEIEVA

THE LAY FIGURE: ON THE POSSIBILITIES OF THE POSTER.

"D O any of you happen to have noticed what a falling off there has been in poster-designing during recent years?" asked the Art Critic. "A great deal of admirable work was being done in this branch of art a little while back, but of late it seems to have deteriorated quite unaccountably."

"Not so unaccountably," returned the Young Artist. "The reasons for this falling off are evident enough—the men who want posters don't want them to be good."

"Here, wait a bit, my young friend," broke in the Business Man. "That is much too sweeping a statement. I depend upon posters very much indeed in my advertising, and I always want the very best I can get."

"Then, if those you use are the very best you can get, you have my sincerest sympathy," sneered the Young Artist. "The stuff you put about is a disgrace to the art of poster-designing and an insult to the public taste."

"The public taste!" exclaimed the Business Man. "What has the public taste got to do with posters? The object of a poster is to advertise something, not to teach people art."

"But cannot it fulfil both purposes?" interrupted the Critic. "Cannot a poster be an efficient advertisement and artistic as well?"

"Good Lord, no!" shouted the Business Man. "Directly you make a poster artistic you spoil it utterly. A poster is a thing that people have got to see whether they want to or not. I take good care to have all mine visible enough—they make you look at them."

"Yes, and for that very reason one hates them cordially," said the Critic; "and for that reason, too, I think they miss their main object as advertisements. When you have Prodgers's Pink Poultices hurled at you blatantly and offensively from every hoarding you get sick of the very name of them, and you feel you would rather die than allow such a remedy to come in contact with you. But if Prodgers has the wit to make you believe that a pink poultice has certain æsthetic possibilities and even on occasions a touch of romance your inclination is to regard him as a friend who is devoted to your interests and has your welfare intimately at heart."

"Hear, hear! I entirely agree with you," cried the Young Artist. "The noisy, inartistic poster is as irritating as the raucous street-speaker who shouts crude assertions at you with a Whitechapel accent."

"What has Whitechapel got to do with it?" blustered the Business Man. "I do not come from there."

"Then there is all the more reason why your posters should not speak the language of the locality," laughed the Young Artist. "Get rid of the idea that blatancy is of value in advertisement, and if you want to sell pink poultices or purple pills don't force them coarsely down people's throats. Give your clients credit for possessing some measure of taste; even if they have not got any your flattery will please them."

"Certainly; and they will respond much more readily to flattery than to bullying," agreed the Critic. "If you flatter the public by putting good posters before them the result of your efforts will be much more encouraging."

"Would you be so good as to tell me what you consider to be the essentials of a good poster," sighed the Business Man.

"The essentials, I take it, are just those qualities which are lacking in most of the poster-work which is being done at the present time," responded the Critic. "I want to see real decorative significance, for a poster should be a true decoration, not merely a conventionalized picture. I want originality of treatment, discretion in colour management, soundness of draughtsmanship, dignity of style, and, when the occasion demands, an appropriate touch of humour. I want the poster to be a thing of which an artist need not feel ashamed, and in which the public could reasonably be interested; and I want it to do credit to the business instincts of the firm whose wares it advertises. Do I want too much?"

"You seem to me to want the earth," scoffed the Business Man; "but, all the same, I will give it you if it will bring better results to me. Where can I get these superlative posters that you think I ought to have?"

"Oh, give us a chance," cried the Young Artist; "and you shall have all you want."

"There you are!" said the Critic. "Give the artist a chance and believe that he is quite ready to help you. It will pay you to take him into partnership." THE LAY FIGURE.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

THE GRAPHIC ARTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

IN the Print Room of the British Museum there are four large leather-bound folios, stamped each in gold letters with the name of one or other of the early engravers and the date 1637, while an exactly similar folio, bearing the name of Rubens, with the same date, is a treasured possession of Lieutenant James McBey. Among the blank leaves of these very folios, and some two hundred more, Rembrandt is said to have kept that famous collection of prints which, with artistic ardour, he made for studious reference. One can picture the master turning those leaves of beautiful old Dutch paper—such paper as is the envy of every modern etcher who lovingly prints his own etchings—and studying inti-

mately the proofs that he would take from between those sheets; then one can imagine his amazement could he visit the Royal Academy to-day, and see the walls of its galleries covered with a wilderness of prints and drawings. He would have to realize that, though the connoisseur's way of enjoying the charm of a print—especially an etching—will ever be to handle it with affectionate intimacy as it comes direct from the portfolio or the solander-box, the changed times, having brought the popular picture exhibition into vogue, have also ordained that the claims of the art's increasing popularity must call even the dainty little etching to a crowded gallery-wall. But the master, as he looked along that wall, would recognize, in the best practice of the modern etcher, that the true tradition is still the expressive freedom and vitality of the clean-bitten line which was Rembrandt's gift to the art for



"JARDIN DU GRAND TRIANON"
LXI. No. 242.—APRIL 1917

AQUATINT BY ALFRED HARTLEY, R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

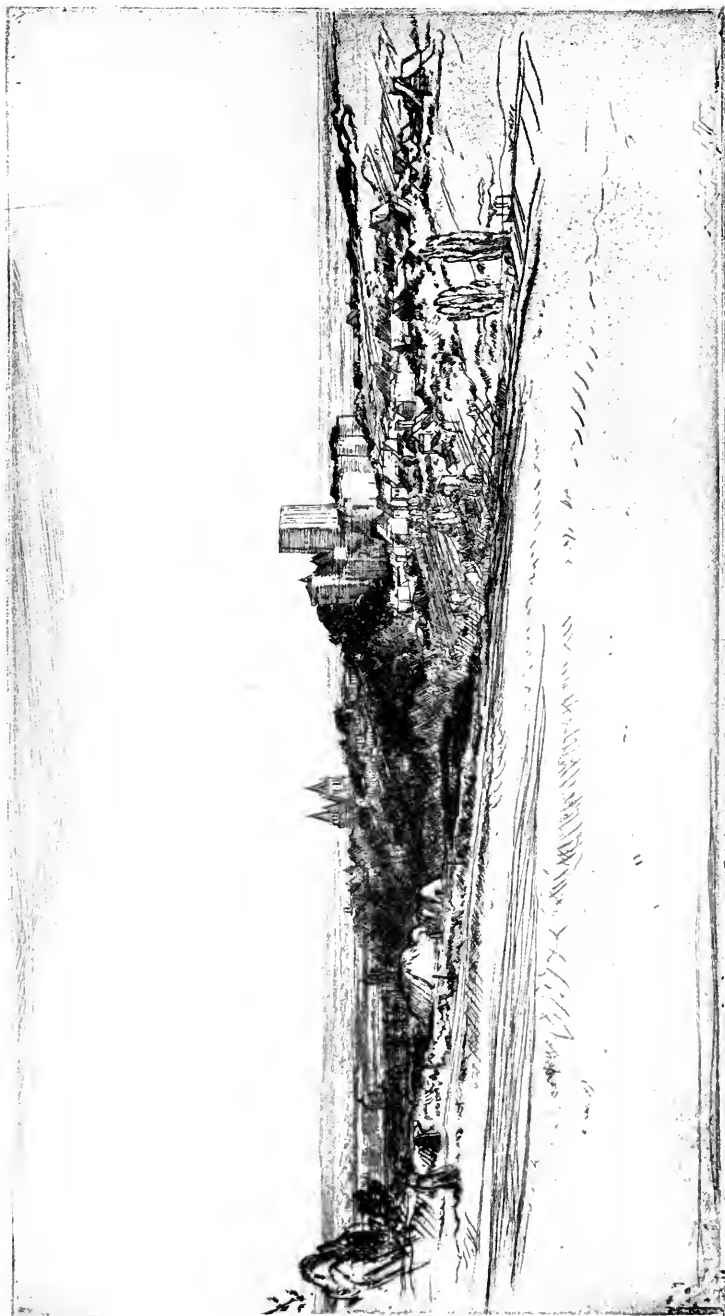
all time as the ideal of its technique. He would see, moreover, this tradition emphasized by a small selection of his own masterpieces hanging in the exhibition quite apart from the modern prints; though he would probably note with surprise that, with the single exception of the entirely unoriginal Jan Lievens, none of his contemporary Dutch etchers is represented in the Retrospective Section; not even that original master Ostade, whose artistically vivacious expression of a homely and distinctively etcher's vision might well inspire some of our living devotees of the copper-plate to look freshly for pictorial subjects and etching motives in the everyday life about them. Yet, scanning the exhibit of his own prints, Rembrandt might well wonder why, if the purpose of this was educational, the first of the seven states of his superb *Christ presented to the People* was not supplemented by the fifth, so that students might see how the master, to satisfy his own exacting sense of pictorial concentration, would not hesitate to sacrifice even the wonderfully vivid group of spectators in the centre of the foreground. But, in truth, no serious attempt has been made to invest this retrospective etching section with much educational influence—else how can one account for the extraordinary absence of Ostade, Claude, and Meryon—three of the greatest? Yet Rembrandt, could he indeed come from the shades to visit the Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy, would find much to astonish him in the graphic methods which have developed, since the master's own day, for the expressive service of the artist.

What, for instance, would he say to the pictorial possibilities of mezzotint, with its infinite capacity for interpreting all the subtleties and the wonders of light and shadow? Maybe he had heard in Amsterdam rumours of the new medium with its incipient crude technique, but what would he say here, at this twentieth-century exhibition of graphic art, could he see even in the haphazard selection of fine eighteenth-century examples, mainly from the magnificent collection of Mr. Fritz Reiss, with what marvellous sympathy mezzotint could translate painting—even that of Rembrandt himself—into its own terms of tone; and also how beautifully responsive a medium it is for original expression when handled by Turner, as one may see it in the choice "*Liber Studiorum*" plates from the splendid collection of Mr. Arthur Acland

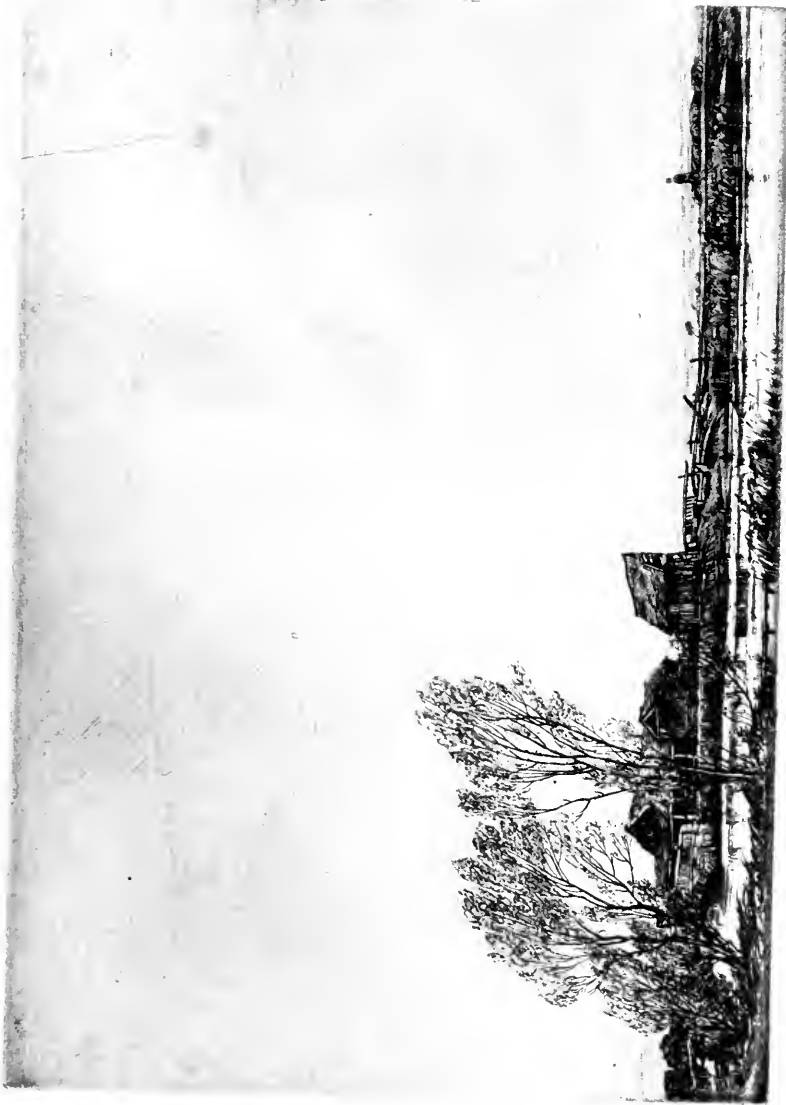


"DINAN"

ETCHING BY ALFRED BENTLEY R.E.



"LOCHES CASTLE," ETCHING
BY MALCOLM OSBORNE, R.E.



"EVENING." ETCHING
BY F. V. BURRIDGE, R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

Allen, or by our great living master of the art, Sir Frank Short, as exemplified in those two beautiful nocturnes, *The Night Picket Boat at Hammer-smith*, and *Orion over Thames at Ranelagh*, which lend the modern section its chief distinction? I can imagine Rembrandt revelling in mezzotint, and giving the medium a new tradition. Aquatint too, with its, to him, novel use of the familiar acid for producing washes of tone, would doubtless make its appeal; though he would see in this exhibition nothing quite masterly among the few really accomplished examples of the modern practice—nor in the Retrospective Section would he find anything representing the mastery of the method's simple power by that amazing genius Goya. But on the walls devoted to lithography the eyes of the master would be quick to perceive a wonderful graphic method which, had it come in his own day, would have given to his hand an added magic of expression, even as it gave to the hand of the modern wizard of the etching-needle, Whistler. Perhaps one of the greatest surprises of this exhibition to the dead Dutch master would be the display of original colour-prints, for, remembering the crude attempts of his friend Hercules Seghers to print his etchings in coloured inks on tinted papers, Rembrandt might well marvel at the delightful colour-achievements of some of the modern exponents of engraving on wood and metal specifically for colour-printing.

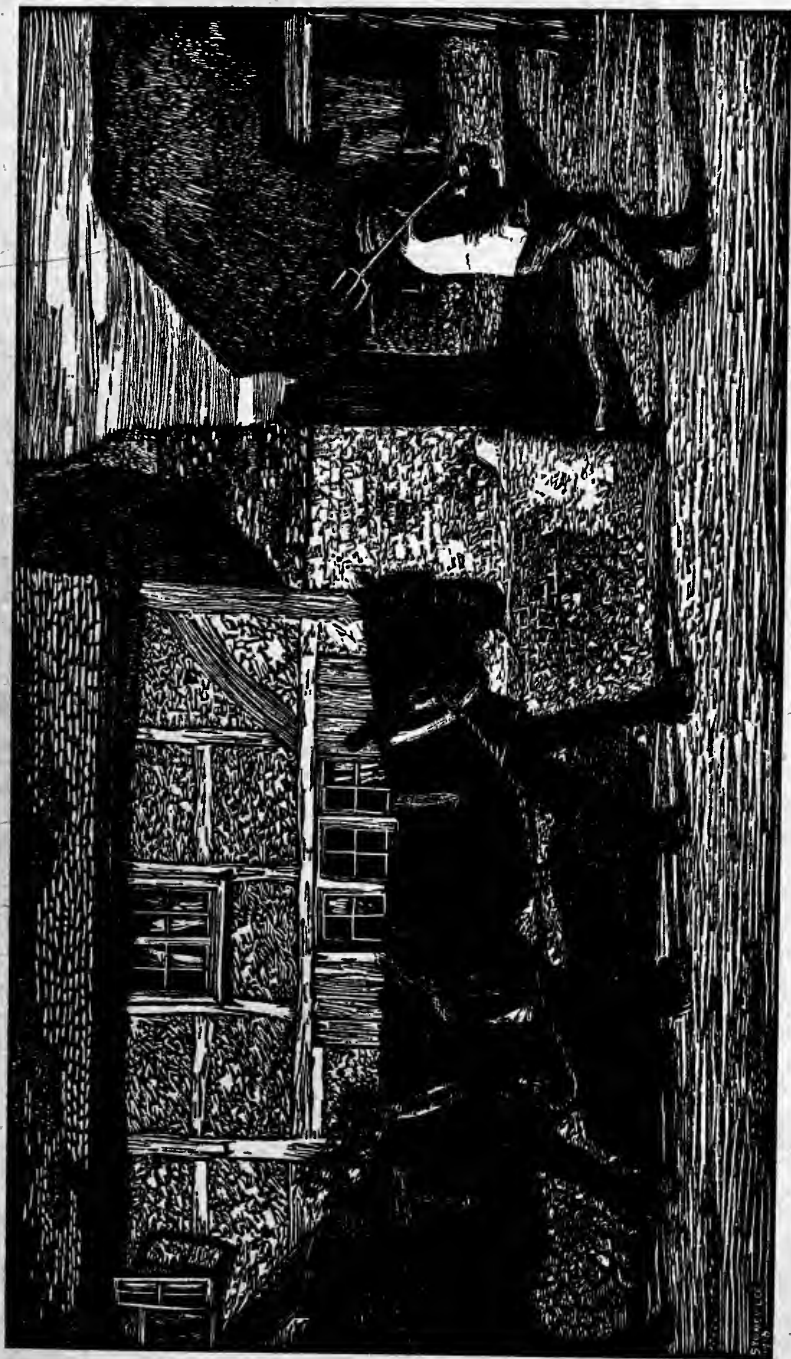
Yes, the graphic arts are very much alive to-day, and it is refreshing to see that the Royal Academy, ever slow to widen its artistic outlook, is waking up to its responsibilities in regard to

them. At last it seems to have realized that expressive draughtsmanship for its own sake, or for illustrative purpose, and the arts of the engraver, etcher, and lithographer are worthy of more than the minimum of space devoted to them at the summer exhibitions in Burlington House. The little "Black-and-White" Room has, in its crowded unimportance, borne but scant relation to the growing interest in the modern developments of artistic expression other than the painter's and sculptor's. So, the graphic artists have variously founded their own independent societies, and at length the Royal Academy, in the expansive mood inspired by the call of the Red Cross, has hospitably recognized these corporate bodies. In bringing together the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, the Senefelder Club, the Society



"THE SCANDAL-MONGERS"

AQUATINTED ETCHING BY SYLVIA GOSSE



"THE VILLAGE STREET," WOOD
ENGRAVING BY SYDNEY LEE, R.E.

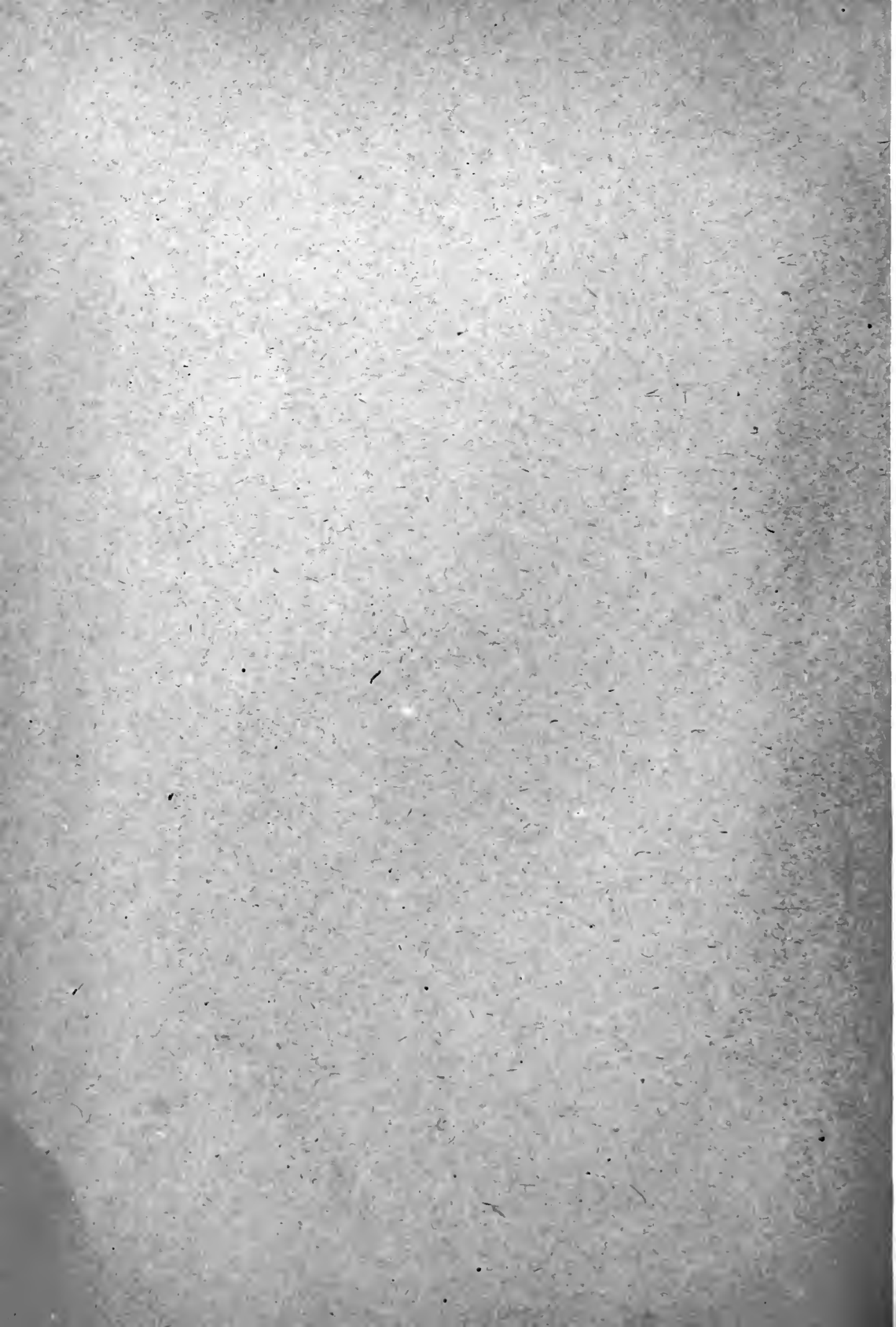




Where are the Dead?
There are no Dead -

MARTINUS, 14, So. 5th St.

"THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS," LITHOGRAPH
BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.





"Where are the Dead? . . .
There are no Dead."

MAETERLINCK, *The Blue Bird*.

"THE FIELDS OF FLANDERS." LITHOGRAPH
BY CLAUDE A. SHEPPERSON, A.R.W.S.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

of Graver-Painters in Colour, and the Society of Twelve, to assist in promoting an exhibition of British graphic art at Burlington House, the Royal Academy has shown itself wise and gracious in its generation. The days have long gone by when the English engraver and etcher used his art almost exclusively to reproductive or interpretative purpose, albeit effecting that purpose with often magnificent results, as the Retrospective Section will show; and it was high time that the wider public should have an opportunity of seeing that the original artist upon the copper-plate, the stone, and the wood-block, the expressive draughtsman with pen, pencil, and chalk, can produce to-day works that may be no less artistically important than the painted pictures and the sculptured figures which, in the popular mind, comprehend the whole of art.

Let us, then, give a cordial welcome to this first exhibition of Graphic Art at the Royal Academy. That it errs on the side of excessive hospitality may be set down as a fault of generosity, due perhaps to a notion that, since the exhibition is in aid of those noble associations of merciful purpose, the Red Cross and St. John Ambulance, the quality of mercy is not strained by admitting the work of the mediocre, if clever, artist for whom, perhaps, the struggle

for life, especially in these days of stress, must dull the joy of artistic effort. One could have wished, of course, to see the exhibition more artistically selective while yet more thoroughly representative of the best modern work, but, from one cause or another, there are regrettably several distinguished absentees. Yet the great thing is, we have a first attempt to bring the graphic arts together in a comprehensive exhibition under the popular ægis of the Royal Academy, and, despite important absences and unimportant presences, this should be warmly encouraged, for, beyond question, it comprises much fine and interesting work, and shows that the graphic arts in this country are in a very healthy and promising condition. So extensive is the exhibition that to describe its various sections in anything approaching to detail would indeed require a number of *STUDIO* articles. Many, perhaps most, of the prints have, of course, been seen before in the exhibitions of the various societies; many are already familiar in reproduction to readers of our pages, for, considering the pressure of the times, and the fact that so many of our younger artists are on active service, a great deal of important new work was hardly to be expected.

The section devoted to Etching and Dry-point is certainly the most numerous. Although



"GERONA, SPAIN"



"CLEARING THE GATEWAY." LITHO-
GRAPH BY J. WALTER WEST, R.W.S.



W. Lee Hankey in dry-point

(Published by
L. H. Lefevre)

"HER SOLE POSSESSION." DRY-POINT
BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

in a display of British etching, which ought to be representative, we look in vain for Mr. Cameron's romantic expression, Lieut. James McBey's freshness of vision and delicate vitality of line, Mr. Ernest Lumsden's happy play of the needle in Oriental sunlight, and Mr. Brangwyn's pictorial fertility in great design, it is not astonishing that amid much that is little more than clever students' work, albeit often quite accomplished, we should find many prints of distinguished quality, personal in expression, with the true etcher's charm—prints whose artistic motive would seem to have called exclusively for the needle and acid or the dry-point. For here are some of the captains of modern British etching. True, the President of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers, reserving his own representation to that art of mezzotint in which among the moderns he is supreme and unapproachable, withholds from us any example of his mastery of the etched line, showing but a single dry-point, the noble *Peveril's Castle*, though his influence looms large upon the walls in the accomplished craftsmanship of his many pupils.

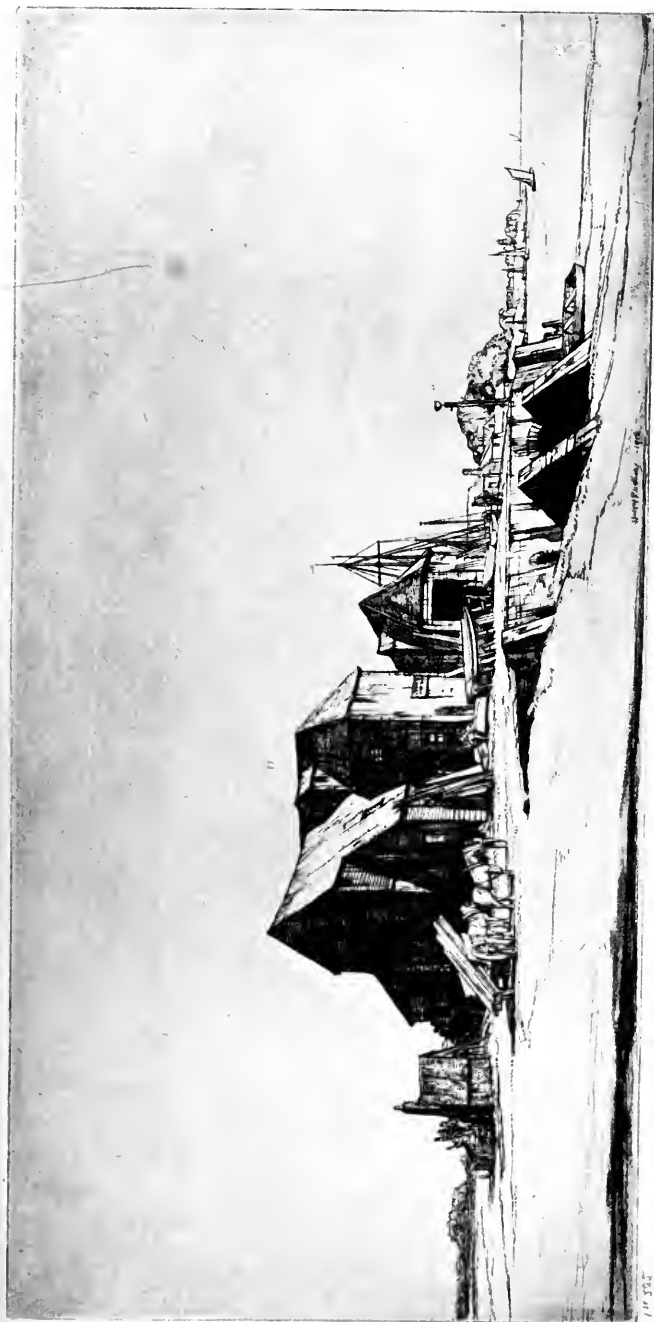
But here is that magnificent and versatile draughtsman Lieut. Muirhead Bone, whose war-zone drawings are the talk of the moment, showing in two Italian subjects his unfailing mastery of the dry-point; while close at hand is Mr. Francis Dodd's vivid portrait-study in the same medium, *Bone at the Press*—one of a series that the great graphic character-interpreter, Rembrandt himself, might have lauded. Then here is Mr. William Strang, incisive as ever in his portraiture; here again we may see Sir Charles Holroyd's classic grace and dignity of presentment; and, in six inimitable plates, Mr. Robert Spence's original and truly dramatic interpretation of life and character in that seventeenth century which continually fascinates his imagination and his sense of humour. Mr. Oliver Hall, with his broad landscape vision; Mr. C. J. Watson, with his delicate enjoyment of picturesque architecture; Lieut. W. Lee Hankey, with some tenderly human studies done "somewhere in France"; Mr. Fred Burridge, with his fine graphic command of the fleeting aspects of weather over land and water; Lieut. the Hon. Walter James, with his love of the



"THE BROKEN BARN"



"HILL COUNTRY, ITALY." ETCHING
BY THE HON. WALTER JAMES, R.E.



"ON THE SOUTH COAST." ETCHING
BY HENRY RUSHBURY

Graphic Arts Exhibition at the Royal Academy

rolling clouds, the wild uplands, and the growth of trees; Lieut. Malcolm Osborne, with a growing breadth of vision and mastery of expression; Miss Constance Pott, whose etching skill is too seldom used for her own art; Miss Anna Airy, who brings a distinguished draughtsmanship to the copper-plate; Miss Margaret Kemp-Welch, always at home with her needle out of doors; Sergeant W. P. Robins, one of the most interesting and distinctive of the younger generation of etchers, equally happy with needle and dry-point; Mr. Theodore Roussel, an artistic veteran of always dainty accomplishment upon the copper; and Lieut. Martin Hardie, a talented etcher, with the traditions of the art at his fingers' ends: all these are worthily represented. Then there are some impressive plates of pathetic interest by the late Lieut. Percy F. Gethin, a sensitive draughtsman, who fell in action; and prints of quality are here, too, representing such noted etchers as Miss Minna Bolingbroke, Miss Mary A. Sloane, Lieut. Alfred Bentley—always advancing, Mr. H. Rushbury, Lieut. George Gascoyne, Mr. W. L. Wyllie, Mr. Hedley Fitton, Mr. D. I. Smart, Mr. F. H. Townsend, Miss Dorothy Woollard, Mr. Arthur J. Turrell, Miss Myra K. Hughes, Mr. Nathaniel Sparks, Mr. William Monk, Miss Katherine Kimball, Mr. E. W. Charlton, Mr. Frank L. Emanuel, Mr. G. Woollicroft Rhead, Mr. William Walker, Mr. Reginald Bush, Mr. John Wright, Miss M. C. Robinson, Mr. Cheston, and Miss G. Hayes. The rare appearance of Mr. George Clausen as an etcher calls for a word of welcome, as do two gracefully vivacious and distinguished plates by Mr. Claude A. Shepperson; a clever and humorous impression of feminine character by Miss Sylvia Gosse; and the series of prints in which Mr. Gurnell C. Jennis shows his happy skill in rendering the actualities of everyday character with penetrating but unforced humour. The charm of the book-plate is exemplified in the artistic work of Major Neville Wilkinson and Mr. J. F. Badeley, the latter being almost alone in his devotion to the method of the line-engraver.

In Mr. Alfred Hartley's beautiful aquatints, especially in *Jardin du Grand Trianon*, and *Misty Morning, St. Ives*, we see the artistic lure of the medium perhaps most convincingly; though Mr. Percival Gaskell's admirable plates, particularly *The Bait-Diggers*, persuade one of the rich capacity of aquatint for producing,

in sympathetic hands, the infinite tones of light and atmosphere playing over landscape. Other artistic aquatints are here by Mr. C. H. Baskett, Mr. Robins, Mr. Osborne, Mr. Hubert Schroder, but I wish the method could have been exemplified by just one such masterpiece as Sir Frank Short's *Dawn*. But on this same wall his magic touch in mezzotint shows, in those two original plates already mentioned, how he can interpret, through its boundless range of tone, all the wonderful poetry of night mysterious upon the river. How in mezzotint, used to reproductive purpose, the modern master can hold his own with the great eighteenth-century masters one may see in the noble prints after Turner and Watts, but as an original artist in mezzotint he goes beyond them all. Lieut. Malcolm Osborne's *William Morris*, after Watts, is a triumph of reproductive mezzotint; while admirable, if more conventional, work of the kind is exhibited by Mr. Scott Bridgewater and Mr. Macbeth-Raeburn; and original mezzotints of interest and accomplish-



"PORTRAIT STUDY." DRY-POINT BY GURNELL
C. JENNIS, A.R.E.



*(Published by Messrs.
Colnaghi & Obach)*

"INTERIOR OF A BARN." DRY-POINT
BY WILLIAM P. ROBINS, A.R.E.

ment are those of Mr. Percival Gaskell, Mr. Frederick Marriott, Mr. E. M. Wilson, Mr. T. Huson, Mr. A. C. Meyer, and Mr. W. Hyde.

An extremely attractive section is that devoted to Lithography in its modern artistic practice. We have here ample opportunity for estimating the extraordinarily wide range of the medium's capacities and sympathies, when we turn from the exquisite delicacy of the four lovely lithographs of Whistler to the broad, vigorous handling of

the method in such forcible imaginative draughtsmanship as Mr. E. J. Sullivan's, or the realism of Mr. Hartrick's; or if we look from the dainty charm of Mr. Claude Shepperson's *Stepped she not with grace entrancing?* or the delicate poetry of his pathetic *Fields of Flanders* to the bold actualities of Mr. John Copley's artistic prints. Using this medium, so spontaneously responsive to personal expression and the moods of temperament, we find a number of artists of remarkably vivid personality. Here is the President of the Senefelder Club, Mr. Joseph Pennell, showing us a group of his wonderful studies in the munition factories, in which among the furnaces and the engines of power he sees infinite pictorial beauty. Here is that graphic poet Mr. Charles Shannon, who long since realized the artistic charm and value of lithography for lovely fantasy, and made himself its master; and here is that younger master of the medium, Mr. G. Spencer Pryse, who uses it to express a very human vision with a powerful and beautiful vitality and an entirely personal style. Then Miss Ethel Gabain—how essentially artistic is her choice of subject, how truly pictorial her treatment, and with what sureness her chalk commands the tones upon the stone! Her blacks have a

peculiar richness. It is well to see again such classics of the medium as Legros' *Tennyson* and *Manning*, masterly portraits both; but one may welcome also such sensitive portraiture as that of Miss Flora Lion. There are characteristic prints by Mr. D. A. Veresmith, Mr.

J. Walter West, and Mr. Kerr Lawson, while Mr. F. Ernest Jackson, in a varied choice of subject, shows his wide knowledge of lithographic technique, and his command of its practice.

Among the



"THE STRANDED SCHOONER"

WOOD-ENGRAVING BY MARY BERRIDGE

things to be enjoyed in this room not the least are Mr. William Nicholson's *Chicot*, *Baron Munchausen*, and *Miss Fotheringay and Captain Costigan*. Delightful things these; but why are they not among the colour-prints, with Mr. Nicholson's coloured wood-blocks? Of that section I do not propose to speak now, for it is so interesting to see the art of the colour-print at last admitted to the Royal Academy that the subject deserves an article to itself.

In a very choice little collection of woodcuts, showing how the art of the wood-engraver has been revived for original expression, readers of *THE STUDIO* will recognize the exquisite fantasies of Mr. Charles Shannon and Mr. Sturge Moore which they have lately seen reproduced in these pages, as well as familiar prints by Mr. Sydney Lee and Mr. Noel Rooke; but they will see also beautiful and masterly woodcuts, instinct with poetic imagination, by Mr. Charles Ricketts, who has done more than any one to bring about the revival of original wood-engraving. Very poetic and artistic also are the woodcuts of Mr. James Guthrie, but in a very different manner is an important new print, *The Village Street*, by Mr. Lee, while more in the old chiaroscuro style is *The Stranded Schooner* of Miss Mary Berridge.



"GRIEF" (WOOD-ENGRAVING)

BY JAMES GUTHRIE

A very active period of reproductive wood-engraving is represented in the Retrospective Section by a most interesting selection from the illustrators of the 'sixties, 'seventies, and 'eighties of the last century; but the interest of this lies in the magnificent draughtsmanship and design, given to illustration in book and periodical, by such artists as Millais, Whistler, Rossetti, Holman Hunt, Madox Brown, Pinwell, Boyd Houghton, Frederick Sandys. The illustrators of to-day are but scantily represented in the present exhibition, but in the section devoted to draughtsmanship are some very live and expressive things.

There is plenty of variety. Extraordinary vitality is the essential feature of Miss Elsie Henderson's studies of wild animals of the jungle, vitality controlled by true artistic instinct. Sincerity of vision, with a sense of style, marks the pencil drawings of Mr. George W. Lambert. Six of Lieut. Muirhead Bone's impressions of the Western Front show his

masterly command of graphic suggestion. Here is characteristic portraiture by Mr. Strang, extremely vivid, Mr. Rothenstein, and Mr. Harold Speed; here are sensitive, live drawings by Mr. John Wheatley, Mr. Derwent Wood's interesting revelation of a sculptor's manner of draughtsmanship, admirable examples of Mr. Herbert Draper's figure studies, Mr. Charles S. Cheston's delicate pencil work, Mr. Selwyn Image's poetry of vision, Mr. Clausen's, too, with a difference, Miss Anna Airy's versatility of pictorial interest, and Mr. Frank L. Emanuel's expressive use of the pencil in rendering the true pictorial aspect of architecture. The illustrative fancy of Mr. Arthur Rackham is happily represented, but among the illustrators none are so vitally original, perhaps, as Mr. Thomas Derrick and Mr. Jack B. Yeats.

Limits of space forbid more detailed reference to the drawings; as also to the significant exhibit of memorial sketch-models organized by the Royal Society of British Sculptors.

THE PORTRAIT PAINTINGS OF
AMBROSE McEVROY. BY T. MARTIN
WOOD.

A BRANCH of the art of painting in which historically the position of England is assured, if only by the encouragement she has given to it, is portraiture. And we may ask ourselves whether portraiture, since it delineates life in its noblest manifestation, is not the highest form of the art of painting. Certainly it seems able to adapt to its own ends everything that constitutes a work of art. We have only to remember the character of Tudor portraiture to convince ourselves that there is in the aim of portrait-art nothing inimical to "decoration" in a pure form. We have only to study the fascinating work of the so-called "costume" painters of Queen Elizabeth's reign to perceive how the interpretation of character can be enhanced by the emphasis of personal adornment. The part that costume plays in the design and spirit of great figure-painting has, perhaps, never been taken sufficiently into account. The dress in which a figure is represented invests it emblematically as well as actually, and where there is splendid music of design in a figure-subject, costume is frequently brought into play, some part of the soul of portraiture resting with its significance.

It has been necessary for me to insist, first of all, on this aspect of the beauty of portraiture, because the whole point of writing on the work of the painter under review is that it affords as pure a specimen as we shall find of portraiture rising to a realm in which the suggestion of the material beauty of apparel only seems to

survive as a cloud about the presence on the canvas.

It cannot be maintained that the beauty of the material of clothes and of gems is understood to-day as we see by old paintings it was once understood, or that the charm of the indicative characteristics of dress are studied as once they were. And yet the instinct that expressed itself with so much candour once is still alive. But the impression of the material beauty of objects that adorn the person gives place to an experience of the charm those objects acquire in the light of personal associations. The symbolism of costume does not cease, it only changes, standing for a person instead of for the person's rank; no beauty of things upon the person contending with the impression to be received from personality itself. Here we have the key to the kind of art foreshadowed in Mr. McEvoy's portraits. The response is to personality before



LORD IVOR SPENCER CHURCHILL

BY AMBROSE McEVROY



MRS. GOODENOUGH, BY
AMBROSE McEVoy

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

everything. Trappings on the person fade out of sight, in the painting. There is reflected a mood, of which we are sometimes conscious in life, in which nothing seems to come between us and the spirit of the person who advances towards us.

It was in *THE STUDIO* for November 1907 that I drew attention to Mr. Ambrose McEvoy as a painter of interior genre, as an artist with the gift of saturating his subject with an atmosphere that quickened the imagination of the spectator. He showed that first sign of a positive artistic mind, the instinctive selection of a special aspect of life in obedience to mood; the instinctive rejection of everything irrelevant to it. One thing accepted and another let go from a choice made from "within"—made, that is, by Life itself. For the cast of an artist's mind is thrown out of the mould of nature like the form of his body. Selections made by temperament are natural, they are Nature's own; as they make themselves felt in art they move us with the power of something elemental. They speak for Nature in a way in which the more conscious choice of the intellect, with its assertion of its independence, does not. To the extent to which in a work of art we are compelled to bow to this force of fundamental personal expression are we in the presence of that which will defy the revisions of the judgment of fashion, and of that which will endure while the surface on which it is shown remains intact.

The art of Van Dyck has been praised by a philosopher because it placed the painter's own interpretation of life on Life, and was not merely negative in the perfection of its representation. True to his own vision of life that painter expressed the most graceful aspect of the Court. And he is to be distinguished from a flatterer, as one who takes a high view of a man is to be distinguished from a flatterer.

The soul of a subject-picture—a subject-picture in any but the most negative academic sense—resides with a world, personal to the artist, projected in it. The artist—unless he becomes the slave of models and studio-properties—has the privileges of a god in the day of a creation. The will in its purity is expressed in this type of art. The word Beauty is but an abbreviation for the evidence of this pure expression of artistic will.

The real test of portraiture lies with this, that be the vision expressed of a high or of a common order, power is shown of portraying the sitter as his personality affects the painter—though that sitter, if we know him, may have come into our own world in an altogether different light. Then we have truth to nature, of a profounder order altogether than a mere reflection of surface. Then we see life as it is mirrored



THE HON. CECIL BARING

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



LADY SYBIL SMITH FROM THE
WATER-COLOUR BY AMBROSE MCEVOY.



"SILVER AND GREY" (MRS. CHARLES
McEVY). BY AMBROSE McEVY

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

in the depths of a consciousness, in a world at the back of the painter's mind, more sensitive than the mercury background of a mirror, profound to the measure of that painter's ability to respond to life.

The more refined the vision of the artist the greater the strain upon his hand, so that in the art of those who can see most we often meet an indecision which is not present in that of the artist who has less to cope with, who can take in everything at a glance because there is so little to take in. The measure of all that vision can embrace is pre-established in ourselves. In dull portraits it is always safe to hazard that it was the painter and not the sitter who was dull.

Now I believe there will never come a time when a really characteristic portrait by Mr. McEvoy will not retain its value. I believe that future art will press towards the point at which he is arriving—striving to reach the spirit of the subject, the spirit of the sitter, impatient of detail except in the light of personality, and quite unable to dwell on it with the old solemn belief in its importance.

I was first conscious of this direction in modern portraiture when regarding, in the Tate Gallery, Whistler's unfinished picture of the elder Miss Alexander. The impression preserved in it is psychical. The dark eyes, which alone give it life, are clouded and yet burning. The clothes are just what they were to the painter, a nimbus investing a presence rather than the clothes upon a figure. There are other full-length portraits by Whistler, carried to a finish, in which the main impression, preserved to

the last, is that of a presence in the room. In this Whistler has a successor—the painter who is the subject of this article.

Mr. McEvoy had the unusual fortune to be early a pupil in art, and at a school, the Slade, where there was a live tradition. The time was made remarkable too by the art of original men, and the first "International" Exhibitions were spreading the most powerful of the foreign influences. He has since lived so closely to the best art of the past and of his time that one can almost say he has never seen a bad picture. He has bravely approached but certainly overthrown great obstacles that lay between him and the attainment of his exceptional power of self-expression. At the right moment a new direction was given to his brush.



"STUDY FOR A PORTRAIT"

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



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THE COUNTESS OF SANDWICH
BY AMBROSE McEVoy



THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH
BY AMBROSE McEVY



THE HON. MRS. CECIL BARING
BY AMBROSE McEVOY

The Portrait Paintings of Ambrose McEvoy

The artist may almost be said to have begun his career as a portrait painter with the *Portrait of a Young Man* in the Tate Gallery (presented, with other modern works, by the Second National Loan Exhibition—"Woman and Child in Art") and *Madame* in the Luxembourg (a feature of the Edmund Davis gift). In character the latter work resembles the subject-pictures of his youth. To see it is to read a novel. Nominally a portrait, it is a masterpiece of genre painting in the appeal it makes to imagination. The subject is that of a woman with profile reflected in a mirror of Victorian pattern on the mantelpiece. In later portraits the painter has risen to a transcendental order of colour. The romance of his subject-paintings has been exchanged for the ecstasy of a new vision, resulting in a "spiritualization of the external appearance"—to use a phrase in which the achievement of a great French Intimist has been described.

Art of the kind we have set forth must often tremble between successes and disasters, but at least it is further removed than any other sort of painting from the factory-work into which portraiture often degenerates.

Those who believe that Mr. McEvoy's attainment in portraiture is too important for him to be permitted to return to the more self-indulgent work of subject-painting would perhaps point with greatest confidence to his portrait of a boy, *Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill*. Here the attainment of a difficult effect has concerned him less than in many of his portraits, but the picture exhibits a quality of his art that must be added to those we have already named. It reveals the sympathy that is the life of all great portrait art, the key to a profound interpreta-

tion of the sitter. Sensibility, in the degree to which it is exhibited by our painter, is a fine-spun thing. But it represents the forces of life in their most highly organized state. It is always threatened from below, and to-day from every side. And when hostilities cease we may find that modern war by its character has created in the world a condition of mind unfavourable to the manifestation of any sensitive thing. Meanwhile the writer likes to think of a portrait of the type of Mr. McEvoy's *Duchess of Marlborough*, flanked by ancestral representations gorgeous and materialistic, standing for the visionary modern mind.

The preoccupation with the sitter in a psychological rather than material aspect that we have noted will not, I think, be without an effect on the English school. And this will be so even if it can be shown that the elusive personal character of Mr. McEvoy's achievement prevents it at the moment from contributing to the tendencies that are most in evidence in current exhibitions.



THE ARTIST'S MOTHER

BY AMBROSE MCEVOY



"LYDIA." BY AMBROSE McEVOY

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The death of Mr. John William Waterhouse, R.A., who died at his London residence on February 10, leaves a gap in the ranks of the Royal Academicians which it will not be easy to fill, and his loss will be mourned by a host of admirers who have year after year derived great pleasure from his contributions to the annual exhibitions at Burlington House. The various stages of his evolution as an artist have been discussed at various times in this magazine, in which also some of his more important pictures and many of his exquisitely charming studies have been reproduced. In 1895, shortly before his election to full membership of the Academy, he was referred to in these pages as "one of the rarest types of modern artists," and his subsequent achievements as a painter have confirmed this judgment in still greater measure. To superlative draughtsmanship, acquired by diligent study of the great masters in his early years, he added an innate feeling for colour, which he blended and distributed always with unerring judgment and an extreme sense of refinement. Mr. Waterhouse was born in 1849, and was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1885.

Another notable personality in the field of art has disappeared through the death, early in January, of Mr. William Frend de Morgan, one of the few surviving links with the group of Pre-Raphaelites and a founder of the Arts and Crafts Society. Born in 1839, he began his artistic training twenty years later at Cary's in Bloomsbury Street, after which he spent three years in the Royal Academy Schools as a student of painting. In 1869 he turned his attention to pottery, and after experiments, successful and otherwise, discovered and employed the method of producing the silver and copper lustres of Hispano-Moresque and Italian majolica, and the richly glazed blues and greens of old Persian ware. An account of his pottery, which ranks very high among the artistic products of modern days, appeared in THE STUDIO for 1899. When approaching seventy Mr. de Morgan took to writing fiction, and in this capacity became known to far wider circles than those which had known him as an artist.

Since the beginning of the year the Old Water-Colour Society has lost a prominent member by the death of Mr. Reginald Barratt, which took place early last month, and its oldest Associate, Mr. John Jessop Hardwick, who died in January. Mr. Barratt, who was born in 1861, and before adopting painting as a profession had studied architecture under Mr. Norman Shaw, specialized in Oriental subjects, chiefly of an architectural character. Mr. Hardwick was in his eighty-sixth year, and in his youth was apprenticed to Mr. Henry Vizetelly as a draughtsman and wood-engraver. It was not till 1882 that he was elected Associate of the R.W.S., prior to which he had assisted Mr. Ruskin in his drawing classes at the Working Men's College.

The water-colour, *A Bowl of Roses*, by Mr. Leonard Walker, R.I. (one of the three principals of the St. John's Wood Art Schools), which we reproduce opposite, is an instructive



STUDY BY LEONARD WALKER, R.I.



"A BOWL OF ROSES" WATER-COLOUR
BY LEONARD WALKER, R.I., R.B.A.



PANELS (CARVED, PAINTED, AND GILDED) FORMING PART OF A SCHEME OF WOODWORK IN MEMORY OF LADY JANE GREY IN ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NEWTOWN, LINFORD (EVERARD, SON AND PICK, ARCHITECTS)
BY JOSEPH ARMITAGE

example of the manner in which an unpretending subject can be dignified by sound craftsmanship and artistic resource. The artist's quietly confident draughtsmanship and agreeable management of subdued yet effective colour give significance to a piece of work which in less able hands might easily have become trivial.

Last July we gave some illustrations of woodwork by Mr. Joseph Armitage, including a set of carved communion-rail panels executed by him as part of a scheme in All Saints' Church, Newtown, Linford, in memory of Lady Jane Grey, and we now illustrate some further groups of carvings designed and executed by him for the same scheme.

Various suggestions have been put forward for national memorials, and one in particular, outlined by Mr. Brangwyn, has attracted public attention and received the endorsement of the distinguished French sculptor, M. Auguste

Rodin. Mr. Brangwyn wants to see a noble building, a sort of National Pantheon, built in a wide open space, and which either in sculpture outside or in decorations within should tell the story of the war. Another suggestion is that the present much criticized railway bridge over the river at Charing Cross should be replaced by a stately structure which should combine the functions of a thoroughfare and a monument worthy of the chief city of the Empire. Both suggestions are deserving of careful consideration, and it might indeed be possible to combine them, but whatever form the nation's memorial to its heroic dead takes, the task is one which, as Mr. Brangwyn says, calls for the highest genius, and there ought to be no haste in the adoption of a definite scheme. In this connexion the suggestion of the Civic Arts Association, that owing to the absence of nearly all our younger sculptors and craftsmen on active service the execution of memorials to the fallen should be as far as possible deferred till after the war, deserves attention.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. John Duncan's *Tristan and Isolde*, purchased by the Scottish Modern Arts Association at the Royal Scottish Academy three years ago, and exhibited later at the Royal Academy, is a characteristic example of the able artist's method. From the literary aspect it is imbued with what is known as the Celtic spirit, which is more reflective than passionate in its expression. From the painter's point of view there is a little reminiscence of the Pre-Raphaelites in its attention to the significance of details, but no detail is allowed to dominate at the expense of the general scheme, and there is no detail which is irrelevant. The colour-scheme would prohibit this, for in all Mr. Duncan's sometimes apparently over-elaborate methods there is always a careful eye on tonal correctness and unity. This particular picture is like a beautifully set mosaic without any of its hardness of line. To avoid any monotony the waves of the sea are more broadly treated, and the skill with which Mr. Duncan has blended two apparently different methods in one picture is to be noted and recommended. There is no attempt at so-called realism, the design is simple and flat or in conventional decorative design. There is no bold contour—in fact the "sculptural" is never or very seldom present in any of Mr. Duncan's work. One could almost name the artist as a Celtic primitive. But he is more of a romanticist than this. In fact it would be difficult to pigeon-hole him, so individual is he. If the *Tristan and Isolde* is not one of Mr. Duncan's greatest efforts it has charm and individuality enough to have merited its purchase for a national collection.

A. S. W.

WELLINGTON, New Zealand.
— The
Twenty-eighth Annual
Exhibition of the New
Zealand Academy of Fine
Arts was signaled by

the opening of considerable additions to the Society's gallery, which should now provide ample space for the holding of well-arranged exhibitions. The fixing of the days for reception of work too near the date of opening the exhibition (though unavoidable on this occasion) as usual resulted in some haste in the selection and hanging. The general level of the exhibition would have been considerably raised had the pruning-knife been more severely handled, and this would have improved the appearance of the walls, especially as regards the oils, by enabling those hung to be displayed to better advantage.

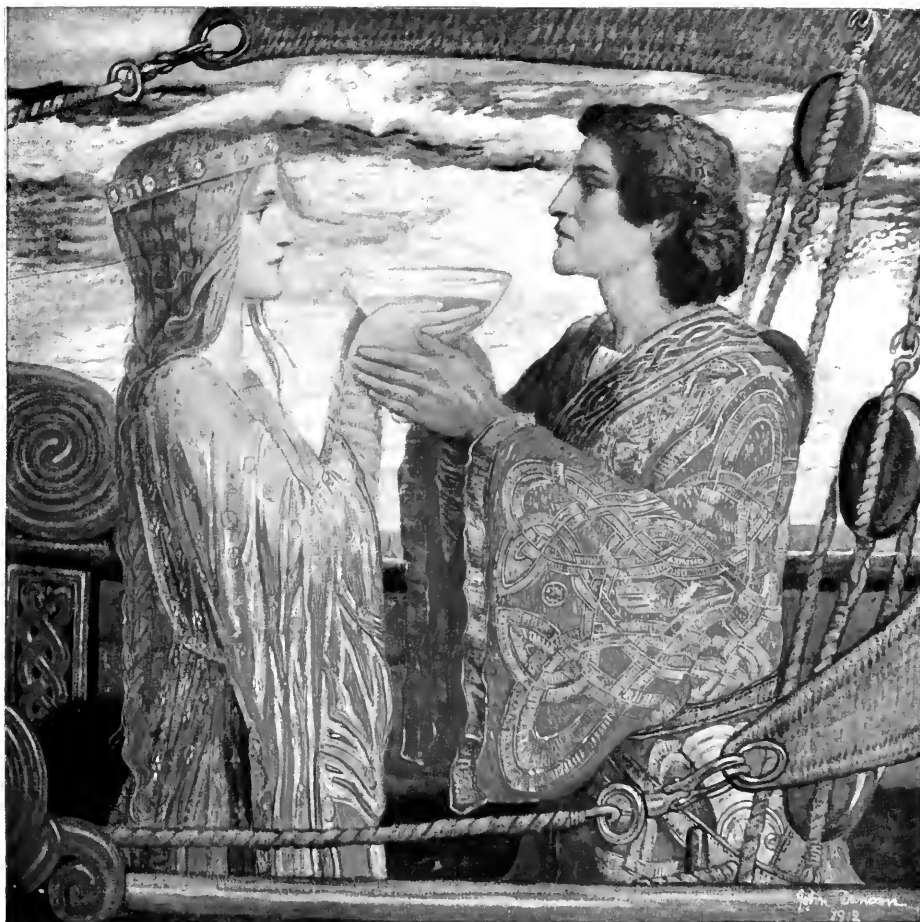
The feature of the exhibition was a portrait by Raeburn of Captain James Coutts Crawford, R.N. (one of Nelson's captains) lent by Mrs. H. J. Crawford. This is a fine example of the work of this master of portraiture, simple and direct in its treatment, faultless in the treatment of the values, restrained and harmonious in its colouring, and yet carrying a feeling of colour far beyond anything else in the exhibition. The opportunity of being able to exhibit this picture was a source of great satisfaction to the Society, whose appreciation of the loan it is hoped will stimulate other owners of beautiful and instructive work to give the public similar opportunities.



"A ROCKY COAST, KAIKOURA, NEW ZEALAND"

(New Zealand Academy)

BY CECIL F. KELLY





"TWILIGHT GREY"

(New Zealand Academy)

BY F. SEDGWICK

Among the work of local exhibitors deserving of mention several portraits were exhibited by Mr. W. A. Bowring and Mrs. J. A. Tripe—one of a child by the latter being particularly fresh and convincing in its flesh tints. A portrait of Miss Millicent Jennings by A. Elizabeth Kelly was an excellent and refined piece of colouring. Generally speaking, however, among the work exhibited there was far too great a tendency to brutality in execution and violence in colour, in many instances by those who should know better, thus tending to have a bad effect on the students. There were, however, a fair number of works in which the artists were content to work quietly along sound lines, and among these worthy of special mention are *Evening on the Beach* and *A Rocky Coast*, by Cecil F. Kelly; *Twilight Grey*, by F. Sedgwick; *A Winter Evening*, by W. S. Wauchop; and *Across the Estuary*, by Grace Butler. Some quiet and harmonious works in both oil and water-colour by Messrs. Menzies Gibbs and C. Hay Campbell and Pte. N. Welch, and some telling and pleasing sketches

in both mediums by Messrs. W. A. Bowring and E. G. Hood, were worthy of attention.

The water-colours included a loan exhibition of the works of Mr. A. W. Walsh, one of the most accomplished painters of New Zealand landscape in this medium, whose recent death at a comparatively early age is much regretted. A collection of sketches, pleasing in colour and feeling, of Cairo, were sent by Bombardier A. Nicholl of the N.Z. Field Artillery, recently reported wounded on the Somme. The work of Miss J. Evatt was vigorous but agreeable in feeling, and among others may be mentioned the work of Mrs. R. M. Hughes, Mr. C. N. Worsley, and Mr. F. Wright. In the modelling section, Mr. J. Macdonald showed two interesting bronzed reliefs depicting incidents in Maori life, and in the students' section the modelling work of the students of Mr. J. Ellis of the Wellington Technical College called for notice.

E. A. S. K.



"CAPT. JAMES COUTTS CRAWFORD,
R.N." FROM THE OIL PAINTING
BY SIR HENRY RAEBURN, R.A.

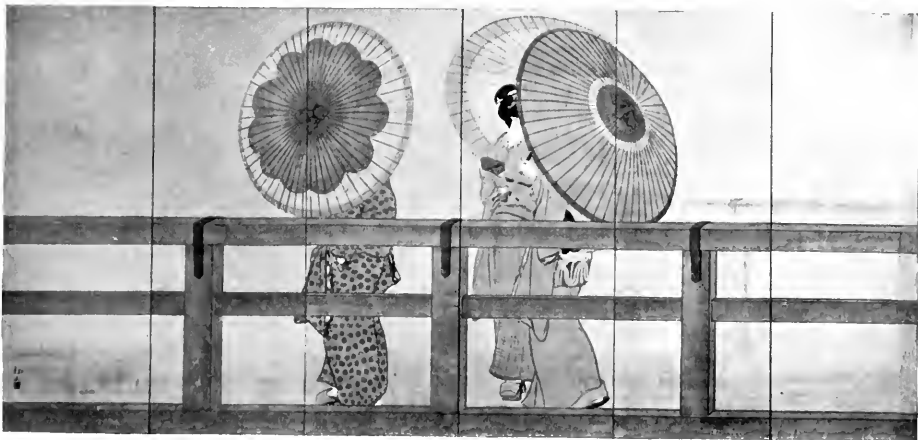
*(New Zealand Academy Exhibition
Lent by Mrs. C. J. Crawford)*

TOKYO.—Strong efforts are being made by ambitious painters to give a new life to the Japanese style of painting. They strive to inculcate in their paintings a new interpretation of surrounding things in the light of the present day. Despising conventionality in art, they disdain to follow blindly in the steps of the old masters, and to observe the established "rules" in the art of painting. They place strong emphasis on the message that the picture carries, rather than on the mode of expression or skilful brush manipulation—it is their conviction that a picture should have a soul to commune with the soul of the observer. This is the ideal that guides many of our young painters, and in particular the artists who form the Nihon Bijutsu-in, the Fine Art Institute of Japan, which recently held its third annual exhibition here.

This society owes its origin mainly to Okakura-Kakuzo, who died about four years ago. It was organized in 1898, when he resigned the directorship of the Tokyo School of Fine Arts. Several other prominent painters in the Japanese style also severed their connexion with the art school to join hands with Okakura, and thus, through them, the old life-blood of the department of Japanese painting in the school continued to flow in the Bijutsu-in. Disregarding the importance hitherto attached to the strength of brush-work in painting, they employed lines which appeared to many as if a child might

have drawn them. They even tried to shake off the cloak of skill in the hope that the picture might hold "thought" and "spirit" the more, and in order to give a direct expression to their thought and feeling they tried new pigments and strange brushes. They struggled on, not so much as a body, but as individuals, and their work attracted considerable attention at the Mombusho exhibitions which were started some ten years ago. On the death of Okakura-Kakuzo, the Bijutsu-in was revived with the old ideals, and its first exhibition was held three years ago. Its recent exhibition attracted wide public attention.

The exhibition contained paintings in the European style as well as the Japanese, and sculpture. But its real life lay in the section of Japanese painting, which contained several works of noteworthy interest. The *Spring Rain*, a screen painting by Shimomura-Kwanzan, here reproduced—a group of three girls looking back to a woman they have just passed on a bridge—showed wonderful skill in the realistic expression of feeling. The tone of the moist atmosphere was excellent. Upon closer investigation we found that the painting was done on both sides of the silk, the soft luminous effect having been obtained by the application of gold-leaf at the back. The whole thing was most skilfully executed, but the artist's methods raised the question: Should we regard only the end, disregarding the means and method of



"SPRING RAIN"

SCREEN PAINTING BY SHIMOMURA-KWANZAN

Studio-Talk



"KOU" PAINTED BY YASUDA-YUKIHIKO

attaining it? It has been said that if a brush made of bamboo fibres may properly replace those made of animal hair for producing certain effects, should not the silk and paper receive treatment prior to painting in order to produce a desired effect? Maeda-Seison, for instance, in his bird's-eye views, *Eight Scenes of Kyoto*, made clever use of a special kind of soft paper to get a blurred effect, and these drawings were attractive, not only technically, but also from their composition.

Such compositions are not at all uncommon in the Japanese painting of the present day. Another example at the Bijutsu-in Exhibition was fur-

nished by Tomida-Keisen, of Kyoto, in his *Glimpses of Okinawa*, bold alike in composition and execution. Regarding originality in execution, we owe much to the efforts of Yokoyama-Taikwan, whose *Farmer's Home* showed a great effort to assimilate the best in the old Chinese paintings in bringing out the characteristics of different trees. The pleasure that comes from sincerity of purpose could also be felt in Yasuda-Yukihiko's *Kou*, an ancient Chinese hero, standing in arms with a drawn sword. Upon his breast is leaning the slender form of the lady he loves, while in the background looms the Long Wall. The work shows the result of long study and labour, and touches the keynote of the Bijutsu-in, in that the artist has relied upon his own resources for expression of an intense inward feeling.

The tendency to set great value on the "thought" of the painting has naturally led some of the artists of the Bijutsu-in to extract motives from religious and philosophical sources. As the influence of Rodin's art encouraged our sculptors to express inward feelings, so



"THE WEAVERS"

BY HASHIMOTO-SEISUI

the high ideals of Okakura and other leaders of the Institute have led their followers to seek subjects that are suggestive and reflective in themselves. Thus Kuroda-Kokyo, in his *Tanabata*, has striven to show in a somewhat symbolic way the legend of the stars meeting once a year by crossing the Milky Way. Hashimoto-Seisui's *Weavers* also showed a similar treatment in a different way. The theme just given out for members to work on is "The Spirit of the Chrysanthemum." May they always strive to grasp the spirit of the things they paint!

HARADA-JIRO.

REVIEWS.

The Path of the Modern Russian Stage and other Essays. By ALEXANDER BAKSHY. (London: Cecil Palmer and Hayward.) 7s. 6d. net.—The first part of this book, dealing with the development of the modern Russian stage, provides a contribution to the literature of the art of the stage for which there was room. It reviews the alternative ideals of the play as *presented* to the audience, and of the play as *represented* to it—the play, that is, enclosed as a world of its own within the borders of the stage. The several experiments that have been made at the Moscow Art Theatre in giving effect to both ideals and in arriving at modifications between them is the most enlightening portion of this book. The experimental theatre, like the Moscow Art Theatre, striving to put sometimes unpractical theory into action, relieves the commercial theatre of responsibility while yet being able to perfect for it certain forms peculiarly fitted to give expression to the spirit of modern drama. Valuable is the author's essay on living space and the theatre, and his criticism of Mr. Gordon Craig's theories. But abstraction seems pushed to the point where words become abstracted from meaning in the essay on a poet-philosopher of modern Russia, the whole sustained in the Nietzschean jargon of the mythic opposition between Dionysus and Apollo. In more than one sentence the old opposition of the classic and romantic spirit is all that is implied.

Whistler. By THEODORE DURET. Translated by FRANK RUTTER, B.A. (London: Grant Richards, Ltd.) 12s. 6d. net.—The chief facts in Whistler's chequered career are now fairly well known, but the life history of this remarkable genius is so profoundly interesting

that its incidents do not suffer from repetition. The great merit of this biographical study, written by a warm friend and admirer of the artist, and now made available to English readers in an excellent translation by another sympathizer, is its terse and orderly presentation of the essentials and the omission of all those superfluities which so often obscure the really important features of a biography. Thus M. Duret's sketch of his friend's life has a distinctly Whistlerian touch, for as he observes, apropos more particularly of the master's portrait work, Whistler "has everywhere and at all times known how to throw in relief the essential feature, while eliminating the details which would weaken it." The translation is accompanied by capital reproductions of many of Whistler's most important works.

Armenian Legends and Poems. Illustrated and compiled by ZABELLE C. BOYAJIAN. (London: J. M. Dent and Sons, Ltd.) 21s. net.—In this work Mlle. Boyajian has put together a most fascinating collection of the legends and poems of Armenia, commencing as early as the fifth century, and carried down almost to our own day. Of this poetry Viscount Bryce has said in his introduction to the present work that the poetry of a people which has struggled against so many terrible misfortunes has naturally a melancholy strain: but it is also full of an unextinguishable patriotism. The last fifty pages of the book are devoted to an interesting essay by Aram Raffi on "Armenia: its Epics, Folk-Songs and Mediæval Poetry," which gives the synthesis needed to the study of this expression of the soul of an ancient and suffering race. "The spirit of Armenian poetry," says the writer, "is neither despondent nor fatalistic. Its songs are of dawn, of spring, of sunrise, of struggle, not of sunset. And perhaps this clinging to hope and this desire to live is the only secret of the survival of the Armenian nation." The poems themselves are the best confirmation of this criticism. In the illustrations Persian and Byzantine influences have been wonderfully blended by Mlle. Boyajian. Their decorative beauty is great; and the colour richly Eastern in feeling. Though in some instances they have lost a little in reproduction, the general result is satisfactory, while the mode of presentation shows excellent taste. We understand that Miss Boyajian is giving all the profits of her book to the Lord Mayor's Armenian Fund.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE: ON PEOPLE WHO EXPECT TOO MUCH

"I HOPE, now that the question of reform of education is so much in the air, that something will be done to make our art schools of some practical utility," said the Business Man. "They seem to be singularly inefficient at present."

"Inefficient, indeed!" cried the Art Master. "What is the matter with them? They are doing well enough the work for which they were designed—what else do you expect?"

"Well, perhaps the design was wrong in the beginning," laughed the Business Man. "Anyhow, I do not think the results are what they ought to be, and I do not consider that our art schools give us a fair return for the money we spend upon them."

"It may be that you are expecting the art schools to do something that does not quite come within their scope," suggested the Critic. "They were created for a particular purpose: is not that purpose being fulfilled?"

"I think not," returned the Business Man. "I happen to have seen lately a lot of work done in art schools, and it seemed to me that the bulk of it was not at all what the public would be likely to want and that there was in it a singular lack of any sense of beauty."

"Here, stop a minute," interrupted the Art Master. "What have the wants of the public to do with the work of a student in an art school? He is not there to please the public, but to learn the principles of his profession—the fundamental processes of his trade, if you prefer to put it in that way—and until he has mastered those principles he has no business to be thinking about pleasing the public."

"And the result is that all the work done in an art school is obviously art school work," argued the Business Man. "Its only purpose is to satisfy the teacher, not to appeal to any one outside who might be likely to want it."

"But surely the work of any student who is in training for a profession must be done to satisfy his teacher," protested the Critic; "and it is the duty of the teacher to see that the student does satisfy him. You expect too much when you ask that the student should also be interesting a public which has no understanding of the technical details of his work."

"Would you expect the details of any other

kind of educational work to be interesting to the public?" asked the Art Master. "Would there be any appeal to any one but his teacher in the sums done by a schoolboy who was destined later on to become the head of a great commercial concern? Does the public find any satisfaction in the exercises by which the perfect discipline of the soldier is acquired?"

"But the purpose of an art school is to teach art," objected the Business Man; "and if the art it teaches is not what the public wants, the labour of that school is wasted."

"As I take it, the purpose of an art school is not to teach art," replied the Critic; "but to teach the student the technical and mechanical processes by which he can eventually express the artistic feeling that is in him. If he has not this feeling no amount of training will ever make him really efficient as an art worker; if he has it, and it is of the kind to make a definite popular appeal, his success will be all the greater because he has been drilled and disciplined thoroughly at school."

"Must the student then always conform to the dry, ugly art school formula?" demanded the Business Man. "Must he never be allowed to show that he has a feeling for and a love of the beauty which people want to see?"

"It is enough for me if he shows that he is learning the principles and practice which are immutably the foundation of all good work in art," declared the Art Master. "Who am I that I should dictate to him the way in which later on he should apply those principles to please his public? That way he must find for himself. I have done my duty to him when I have taught him the mechanism of art."

"Then the student's work must always be mechanical and matter of fact. Is that what you mean?" asked the Business Man.

"No, not quite that. You go too far," returned the Art Master. "But all you have a right to expect of it is that it should show an intelligent understanding of the mechanism of the artist's practice and a workmanlike command of technical processes. That is what the student has come to school to learn."

"Yes, and if there is in it any conscious effort to please the public its value as school work is, I should say, appreciably diminished," commented the Critic. "Touting for popularity is hardly a student's mission."

THE LAY FIGURE.

THE ART OF THE COLOUR-PRINT.
BY MALCOLM C. SALAMAN.

THE decorative significance of the artistic colour-print has a charm of its own. For this the artist conceives his design from the first in terms of colour, and plans his engraving to that end. His work must not be confused with that in-artistic thing the coloured line-etching.

The woodcut was the medium used for the earliest attempts at printing in colours. The chiaroscuro, a print of two or more tones from separate blocks, was the pioneer of the colour-print about 1508, but the first actual colour-prints we may date some twelve years later. In an extremely rare print by Hans Weiditz, of Augsburg, six colours and the black outline were printed from a series of separate blocks, gold being one of the colours used. In the most famous example of German Renaissance colour-printing, Albert Altdorfer's *The Beautiful Virgin of Ratisbon*, done in 1520, five colours, besides the black, were printed: crimson, pink, brown, green, and a slaty blue.

The technical method of these prints is in principle the same as that employed in its perfection by the Chinese in the seventeenth century, and probably earlier, for they had printed fabrics from coloured wood-blocks certainly in the eighth and ninth centuries, and possibly before then. By a long time, therefore, they anticipated the Japanese in discovering that the wood-block was a perfectly trustworthy medium for obtaining purity as well as fullness and variety of colour in printing. Those twenty-nine wonderful Chinese prints, discovered

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a few years ago by Mr. Laurence Binyon in the British Museum, were done probably between 1660 and 1670, and are typical of the pictorial feeling among that wonderful people for the loveliness of fruit, flowers, birds, and butterflies. Exquisitely artistic in motive, their perfection of technique is so extraordinary that it is impossible they can have been experimental work. It is rather the consummation of development that these unique examples show. You shall find in them delicate colour-gradation, obtained doubtless by the printer blending the tints on the wood-blocks, with peaches more crimson at the tips and greener at the bases, and apples subtly varied in tone, and as innocent of outlines as they would be in nature. In fact there seems little we know to-day about the craft of colour-printing that



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"

COLOUR-PRINT BY W. LEE HANKEY, R.E.

The Art of the Colour-print

was unknown to those mysterious old Chinese. Quite amazing is the freshness of their colours after two and a half centuries.

The clever and artistic Japanese, of course, developed in practice the principle of relief-block cutting and printing according to the demands of their own pictorial expression, but, using flat tones up to at least 1765, it was not till later in the eighteenth century that they arrived at those exquisite colour-harmonies which, in gracious and distinguished design, have proved a source of inspiration to the decorative art of modern Europe. Certainly they have inspired the present British school of wood-engravers for colour, of which Mr. Morley Fletcher and Mr. J. D. Batten were the pioneers.

To Mr. Fletcher's researches and teaching all the artists who have attained distinction in following the Japanese practice owed their knowledge of the technique, each, however, adapting it to his individual expression, according to experience, as I have already told in *THE STUDIO* (see "Wood-Engraving for Colour," May 1913). Mr. Fletcher's influence on this interesting graphic movement has been of the

most practical kind, but beyond his personal teaching, and the example of his own charming prints, so homogeneous in design and colour-scheme, he has lately rendered further inestimable service by the publication of his illuminating handbook, "*Wood-Block Printing—A Description of the Craft of Woodcutting and Colour-Printing based on the Japanese Practice*" (John Hogg). After digesting Mr. Fletcher's pithy pages, with their lucid descriptions of every stage and detail of the making of a colour-print from wood-blocks, no artist need turn wistfully away from a Hiroshige or an Utamaro without a hope of being able to go and do likewise. For, with explicit word and illustration, the author has given him a complete working insight into the whole art and craft, from planning the design to the final printing. This little book should win many recruits to the original colour-print movement.

Of all those who learnt the Japanese technique from Mr. Morley Fletcher none has gone further in development of craftsmanship and artistic achievement than Mr. William Giles. An interesting colourist, his tone-schemes are



"A PASTORAL"





"FALAISE BY NIGHT"

COLOUR-PRINT BY FREDERICK MARRIOTT, A.R.E.

always in expressive relation to his subjects, while they are conceived simply and broadly as colour-pattern, with deliberate decorative purpose. Readers of *THE STUDIO* have seen several of his beautiful prints in reproduction, but he has never achieved anything finer in colour-gradation on the wood-block than his latest print, *The Last Gleam, Veile Fjord, Denmark*.

Mr. Allen Seaby, with a distinctive pictorial vision, a fine sense of colour, and a happy craft of hand has used the decorative value of bird-life to charming purpose. Mr Sydney Lee expresses his pictorial individuality as artistically upon the colour-block as he does through other graphic mediums. The prints of Miss Ethel Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Austen Brown, and Miss Mabel Royds have all their several artistic appeals, with charm of colour and design. Mr. Charles Mackie has found his own way. He cuts his designs upon oak, gets a

certain richness in his colours by mixing a little oil, omits the outline block, and achieves striking prints. Miss Ada L. Collier, a painter usually in oils or gouache, learnt the craft of the wood-block colour-print from Mr. Giles. Her prints, of which the attractive *Venetian Boat*, reproduced here, was printed from six blocks, show an engaging sense of decorative colour-pattern.

Standing apart from this group with the Japanese methods are two distinctive artists who also make colour-prints from wood-blocks—but in ways of their own. These are Mr. Lucien Pissarro and Lieut. Emile A. Verpilleux. Mr. Pissarro's delicate and lovely little prints, designed to be printed, with ordinary coloured inks, in the press together with letter-type as book-decoration, are produced by the graver, not the knife as in the Japanese manner. Wood-engraving, used with extraordinarily

The Art of the Colour-print

resourceful art and craft, is the medium of the remarkable prints of Lieut. Verpilloux, a young artist full of temperament and activity of vision, a craftsman of imagination. The vibrations of light through the atmospheric tones and local colours are rendered with wonderful brilliance, by actual engraving rather than devices of printing, as one may see in his latest print, *Searchlights, Trafalgar Square*, where the searchlights playing across the sky give, with their vibrant lines, a sense of mysterious vitality to the design formed by the lines of the square and the Nelson Column.

Aquatint, because its object is to produce tones that shall resemble wash-drawings, seems to me of all the intaglio methods the most suitable basis for the colour-print. It was the medium of the finest and most artistic French colour-prints of the eighteenth century, the medium with which Janinet, Descourtis, and Debucourt produced, with a number of superimposed printings from several plates, their subtleties of tonality, and it is used to-day by an interesting group of our graver-printers in colour.

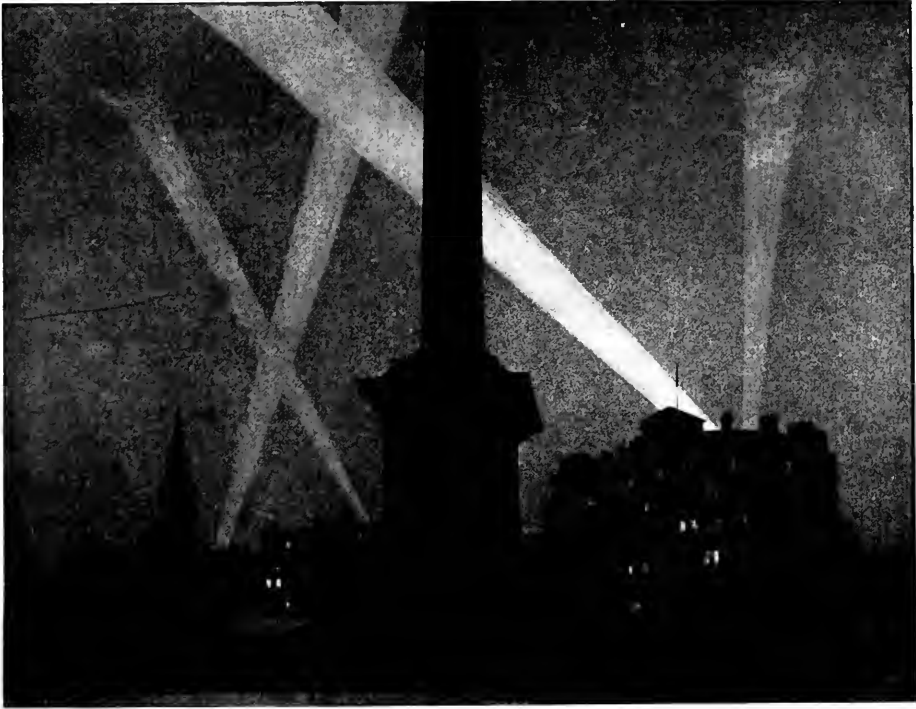
Had aquatint been a known practice at the beginning of the eighteenth century, Le Blon would undoubtedly have used that medium in preference to mezzotint. Scientifically he composed his prints with the primary colours superimposed, each printed from a separate plate, and some of his results were extraordinarily successful. But rarely is a coloured mezzotint an artistic success, since the true quality of the engraving is seen only in black and white, with all the colour-suggestion of its infinite range of tone, and then only in an early impression, brilliant with all its velvety beauty of bloom. For this reason colour-printing was merely an afterthought with the great mezzotinters of the eighteenth century; it was never the objective of their engraving. To-day Mr. Frederick Marriott, as far as I know, is alone in producing colour-prints from mezzotint plates, and then, going for strong contrasts in light and shade—artificial light frequently—he uses resources of his own to achieve his brilliancy. The modern graphic artist, seeking means only for original expression, has seen nothing worth reviving in



"ON THE SUFFOLK COAST: SEA HOLLY"



VENETIAN BOATS
LITHOGRAPH BY
ADA L. COLLIER.



"SEARCHLIGHTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE"

FROM A WOOD-BLOCK COLOUR-PRINT BY E. A. VERPILLEUX
(Messrs. Colnaghi & Obach)

the once popular, but long disused, stipple-method; while no effects were compassed by the charming pastel-manner inspired by Boucher and invented by Bonnet, which are not within the simpler resources of lithography. But eighteenth-century French aquatint holds its own with us to-day, with its multi-plate printings and the aid of soft-ground etching for the key-design, and only in the matter of greater exactness of register, and the choice between dust-ground and the more luminous spirit-ground, can it be said that we have "bettered the instruction."

This is the method used by Mr. Theodore Roussel, an artist of exquisite refinement and individuality, who has been for many years experimenting in colour-printing from metal plates, and has brought to this much sensitive artistry and originality of resource. His beautiful and poetic *Moonrise in the New Forest*, and the splendidly decorative *L'Agonie des Fleurs*, would seem to prove his belief that

the colour-engraver, if he be an artist, can command the whole gamut of tones possible to the painter.

Lieut. W. Lee Hankey, a painter and etcher with a temperament for experiment, has devoted much industry and skill to the craft of the colour-print. His colour-schemes are invariably of a satisfying simplicity, four or five plates usually serving his purpose, his more recent plates, such as *Warwick's Land*, showing increased refinement of technique and purity of tone. Mr. Alfred Hartley, a very sensitive artist, of distinguished accomplishment in black-and-white aquatint, has also expressed his pictorial poetry with subtle charm through the colour-tones of the dust-ground plates. No living artist has worked more loyally for the plate of many colours than Mr. Nelson Dawson, whose pictorial vitality may be seen in a number of spirited prints, mostly full of the sense of the sea and those who go down to her in ships. Mrs. Nelson Dawson, so frequently associated

The Art of the Colour-print

with her husband in his versatile craftsmanship, is also happy upon the coloured aquatint plates, as her charming print, *On the Suffolk Coast: Sea Holly*, reproduced here in monochrome, will show, with its suggestive simplicity of treatment. Among other noteworthy artists who find this a sympathetic medium one may name Mrs. Mabel Lee Hankey, Miss Robertine Heriot, and Mr. Raphael Roussel.

The colour-prints of Mr. E. L. Laurensen have a distinction of their own. An interesting landscape-painter, with an artistic instinct for admirable design, he began aquatinting single plates, and, painting them laboriously for each impression, he produced a number of prints of telling effect. But this did not satisfy his artistic sense of craftsmanship, and he now prints his tones generally from three plates, getting luminosity and vitality into his colouring by using the spirit-ground. Miss Hilda Porter, whose *The Hour Whispers Peace*, with its tenderness of tone and sentiment, is seen here in monochrome, prints all her colours together from a single plate, believing that the fact of their slightly overlapping in the printing helps the effect of atmosphere.

A new process of printing colour from metal

plates—a process with great possibilities in it—has been devised by Mr. William Giles. His experience, that the chief difficulty of printing from wood-blocks is the rapidity with which the colours dry upon the wood, suggested to him that colour might be printed from zinc plates etched in relief, on the principle of the wood-block, and that, by using a volatile oil instead of water for mixing the colours, the rapid drying might be avoided by the longer process of evaporation, and many extra gradations of tone printed at a single printing. The colours, meanwhile protected from any chemical action of the plate by giving it a thin coating of shellac, would be left with their maximum of luminosity and brilliance by the complete evaporation of the volatile oil in the drying process after printing. The charming *Sand Dunes, Denmark*, reproduced here in colours, exemplifies Mr. Giles's practice with his new method. One may briefly describe this. The key outline is scratched on a sheet of gelatine with an etching-needle. Soft black-lead is rubbed into the lines, and an impression is taken on as many zinc plates as may be required for the colour-printings, the polish of the zinc being first removed by weak acid.



"THE HOUR WHISPERS PEACE"

COLOUR-PRINT BY HILDA PORTER



"BATT'S FARM"

COLOUR LITHOGRAPH BY KATHARINE RICHARDSON

Before putting the plate with its design into the nitric acid—not too strong, by the way—the colour-shape, which is to be left in relief, must be covered with a protective paint to preserve it while the rest of the zinc is being eaten away—to the depth only of a sheet of paper. Deeper than this the acid would begin to bite also laterally, which would injure the design. Of course the back of the plate must be protected. To arrest the action of the acid, the zinc must be rinsed in water and dried. A resin, rejoicing in the weird name of Dragon's Blood, is freely powdered over the plate's surface, and this is then brushed off—with a thick, broad, flat brush—from left to right in four different directions. It clings particularly to the edges of the design, as yet slightly bitten. Melted on a heater, as it must be for the design's protection, the Dragon's Blood turns from red to brown. The operation is repeated until the plate has been bitten deeply enough for printing, when the zinc is cleansed with turpentine or potash. Mr. Giles has used this process for several of his recent prints, the most impressive of which, perhaps,

is *The Last Gleam, Central Corsica*, a beautiful thing. Mrs. Giles (Ada M. Shrimpton), a talented painter in water-colours has employed this method also in the service of a very sensitive landscape-vision—her *Vetches in Rye*—*Veijle Fjord*, *Almond-Tree in the Apennines*, and *The Passing of the Flowers* being exquisitely pure and harmonious in colour. And since the charm of colour is the *raison d'être* of the colour-print, it is to be hoped that other artists will be attracted to a method that offers such possibilities of attaining this.

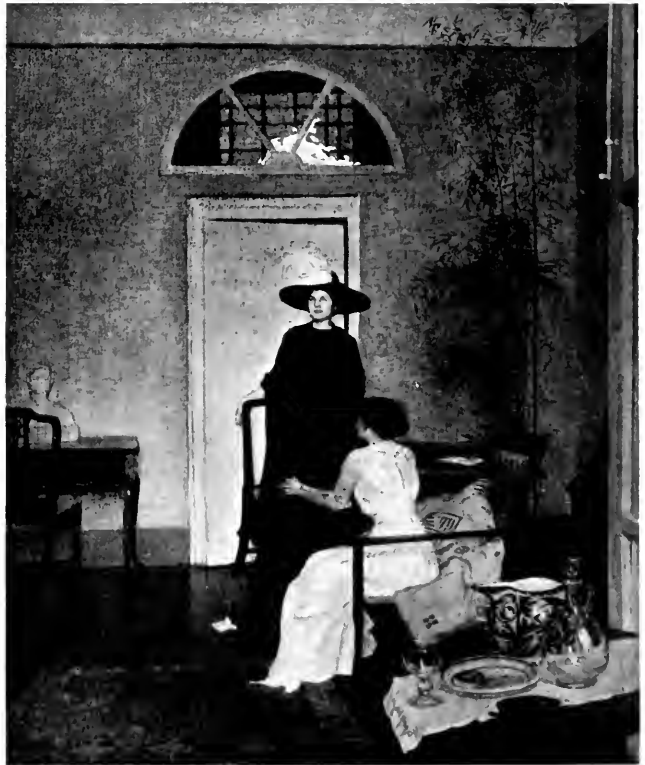
There is still another medium at the service of the graphic colour-printer—lithography; yet so far this has been little recognized in this country. The charm of spontaneity, vitality, and autography of expression is the artistic appeal of lithography, but the British artists who have responded to this appeal rarely see, as so many Continental artists have seen, that the medium may be sympathetic to pictorial expression in colour. Whistler saw this, and did tinted lithographs in his dainty and exquisite manner. T. R. Way used lithography for definite colour-prints, so has Mr. Sydney Lee.

Maxwell Armfield, Painter and Decorative Artist

Mr. William Nicholson too; while occasionally in the Exhibitions of the Senefelder Club one of the members, Mr. Spencer Pryse, for instance, will show a coloured lithograph. Yet in a modest way there is a school of colour-lithography growing, and this is due to the teaching of that sound master of lithographic technique, Mr. F. Ernest Jackson, at the Central School of Arts and Crafts. There he rightly teaches his pupils to work direct upon the stone, and to print their own stones. Strenuous work this, with many intricacies and vagaries to master, but so extremely interesting that Miss Katharine Richardson, for one, cannot imagine any genuine lithographer confiding the printing of his stones to a trade printer. Miss Richardson has done several prints artistically in the true spirit of lithography. Two of the most interesting of Mr. Jackson's pupils are Miss Louise Jacobs and Miss Dora McLaren, both of whom, not afraid of delicate colour, use the medium legitimately for their effects. Miss Dorothy Hutton has a sensitive vision and much lithographic skill, and she has been especially successful in *The Turnip Fields* and in *The Thames at Chelsea*, with her subtle treatment of the tender tones of twilight upon the river. Very different from any of these is clever Miss Margarite Janes, with her fantastic designs in frankly decorative schemes of colour in flat tones. But there is a great deal yet to be done with colour-lithography if only the artists will be true to the spirit of the medium, and take care not to aim at effects which are attained more legitimately with painters' methods. The art of the colour-print lends itself sympathetically to the modern decorative spirit, whether the expression calls for the medium of wood, metal, or stone.

MAXWELL ARMFIELD, PAINTER AND DECORATIVE ARTIST. BY GEOFFREY WHITWORTH.

IT is a good maxim in art that the achievement of any artist may be measured to some extent by his power of assimilating the work of other artists. As a man is known by his friends, so, according to this theory, is the painter known by the masters of his adoption. And on the same principle the youthful productions of great painters become a peculiarly fruitful source of study, since they preserve for us that period of imitation which can reveal as nothing else the natural affinities between the spirit of one artist and that of another. Not thus do we seek to limit the need of a unique personal inspiration. Sensitiveness to the style of others does not carry with it any such disastrous implication. On the contrary, the greatest artists have often been the most



"THE CALL"

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



“TOURISTS.” BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD

Maxwell Armfield, Painter and Decorative Artist

receptive of every kind of outside influence. And certainly the work of an artist like Maxwell Armfield has lost nothing of its individual quality from its many points of close contact with the work of predecessors and contemporaries of various schools and tendencies.

Commencing his career as a student of the Birmingham School of Art, Mr. Armfield went through the usual phase of Pre-Raphaelite adoration. But he was soon to find his way to a larger freedom of outlook and expression in an enthusiastic yet always critical study of the art of Japan. There he discovered the beautiful simplification of design and colour which he afterwards was to make his own, while from the Italian primitives he retained the tendency to a conventionalized scheme of figure-drawing which was later to be combined with a quite classical sense of the dignity of form. It will be noticed that all these varied sources of influence share at least one common characteristic—the characteristic of purity. And it is purity which is, perhaps, the most fundamental and innate quality in Mr. Armfield's spiritual and artistic equipment.

As to the subjects of his pictures, Mr. Armfield has not scrupled to go to literature for many of them. But there again, no less than in his works of a more abstract nature, the same qualities of austerity and purity are paramount. Whether as a book-illustrator or as a painter of portraits, Mr. Armfield does not, I think, *interpret* his subjects so much as *utilize* them for some private purpose of his own. The result is often a surprise in relation to the subject; but always a perfectly consistent variation on Mr. Armfield's logical scheme of visual perception. For his main concern is not simply with the forms of things, nor yet with any of the conventional meanings usually attached to those forms. He is concerned with the general rather than with the particular, and a mood of spiritual insight or revelation is more to him than ten thousand matters of fact. Here it would seem that his artistic theory, in some respects so close to that of the Post-Impressionists, breaks away, for he brings to the discovery of the soul of an object a temperament so personal that his own spiritual values are always added to whatever may be under



"A DISH OF FRUIT" AND "ANEMONES"

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



"THE COMING OF SPRING"
BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



"THE CALIFORNIAN"

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD



"THE RATHE PRIMROSE"

Fresco Painting by MAXWELL ARMFIELD



[DECORATIVE PANEL

BY MAXWELL ARMFIELD

review. So he is emphatically *not* content to view art as the mere transcription of the nature of the thing in itself. For Maxwell Armfield is a poet besides being a painter, and he knows and practises the craft of words no less skilfully than that of paints and pencils. Even in the most abstract of his landscapes one is aware of a set of values which are not simply pictorial. One remembers exquisitely tender renderings of hills and far-off mountains, as in some of the paintings of Patinir, where the horizon is less a limit to the scene than a haunting line of interrogation of what may be beyond. It is this almost religious feeling for infinity that lies behind all his thought and work and gives a sense of breadth and airiness to the smallest and most precise of his sketches.

Versatile in subject, Mr. Armfield has been no less versatile in medium and in method. One of the more prominent members of the Tempera Society, he has used that medium with marked originality and success. In water-colour he has been no less productive, whether in pure landscape or in illustrating such books as Mrs. Armfield's "Flower Book" or Mr. Dent's edition of "Hans Andersen's Fairy Tales," where a light-hearted fantasy of conception has proved to be not incompatible with an almost Persian serenity of design.

Nor must any estimate of Mr. Armfield's art, however short, end without some mention of his activity in the craft of decoration. In designs for fabrics, furniture, and room-walls

Mr. Armfield has shown a ready inventiveness and a readiness to fulfil the conditions of the machine-made article which one hopes will find increasing scope in the days after the war.

Such readiness is all too rare among the artists of to-day, a fact which accounts very largely for the failure of even such excellent organizations as the Arts and Crafts Society to progress very far in their ideal of modifying the prevalent low standard of commercial taste. No doubt the manufacturer has often been himself to blame, incapable of shedding the shackles of an evil convention of ugliness and vulgarity. But certainly the fault has not been all on one side. The artist has seldom taken the trouble to become thoroughly conversant with the needs and outlook of his new patron, and has acted too often after the manner of an architect who should insist, for purely æsthetic reasons, on building a house with fewer or more numerous rooms in it than his client required. If the astute man of business is ever to be persuaded of the commercial value of good art, it is essential that both he and the artist he employs should completely understand one another. Then not only will the bargain for both parties be profitable, but the work resulting will have a beauty and utility all its own.

To establish such work on a sound basis will be one of the most pressing problems in the world of art when once again it becomes possible for us to think seriously of the connexion of beauty with our daily life.

HUGH THOMSON, ILLUSTRATOR.
BY M. HEPWORTH DIXON.

"I DISLIKE shy people," said that most astute of Imperial ladies the late Queen Victoria, "and for the simple reason I am shy myself." Admirable as a piece of self-criticism, the dictum applies to others than those who sit in high places. For the barrier formed by acute sensibility is clearly not only an aid to shyness in others, but an obvious drawback in the conduct of ordinary life—in the market-place ready explicitness is everything. But it is certain that such super-affectability is not detrimental to the artist—the interpreter of life, the man who must above all things hold in jealous bond the fine flavour of his ego, the thrall, as it were, of his exclusive vision.

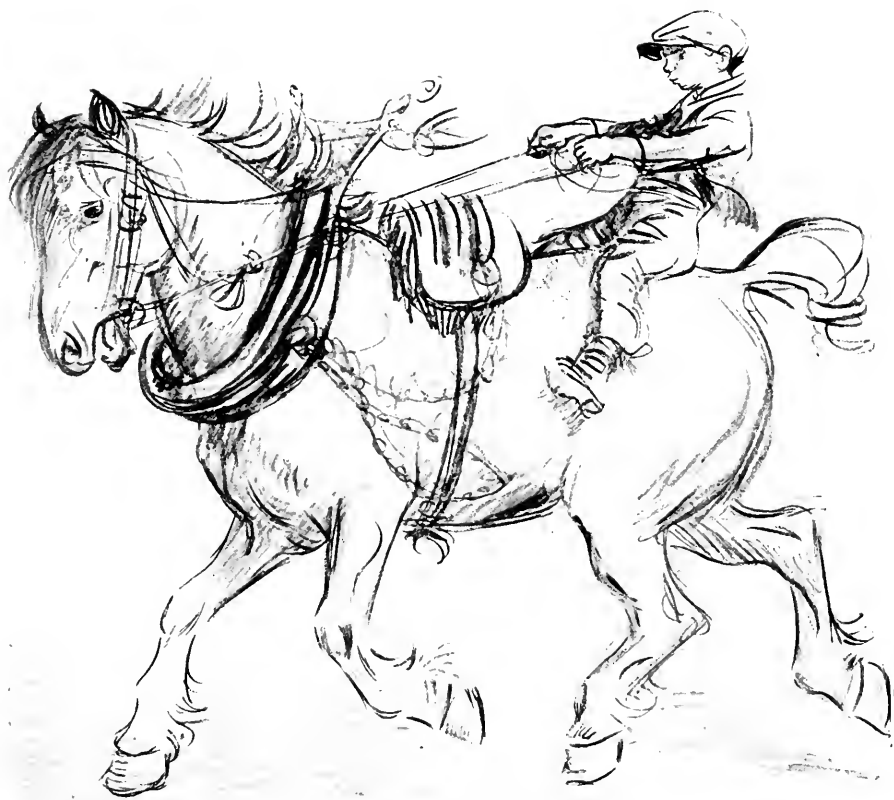
I like to think of Mr. Hugh Thomson so safeguarded. For it is whispered that he is as shy

as he is modest in the estimate of his own individual performance. Yet the output of the artist is a prodigious one, and he has the right to be proud of his artistic progeny. The high level he has maintained in his craftsmanship is rare—rare certainly in an artist of such ceaseless activity. Kate Greenaway, Mr. Thomson's contemporary, waned, as we know, in popularity before she died. It needed the stimulus of a continental vogue and her unexpected death to give her a definite place among English illustrators. Mr. Thomson would seem to need no outside stimulus and fortuitous aids, no *réclame* to keep him in the enthusiastic regard of a British public. This attitude is all the more remarkable inasmuch as Mr. Hugh Thomson has lived into a century in which he has neither part nor lot. For the twentieth century is outside his domain: the dust and heat and pressure of the time are not his. I hardly like to think of the illustrator of "Our Village"



"WENDING HOMEWARDS"
120

SKETCH BY HUGH THOMSON



"MIND AND MATTER." FROM A
SKETCH BY HUGH THOMSON

coming in contact with a food hog, a *Futurist*, or an exponent of the egregious "Fox Trot."

Not that Mr. Thomson has occupied himself entirely with depicting sentimental reverberations. Though an optimist, and a robust one, his fun only just lacks the rollicking hilarity of that unsurpassed draughtsman Randolph Caldecott. Tender, persuasive, humorous, debonair—all these things Mr. Hugh Thomson can be; but let us not forget that while his contemporary and fellow-worker Randolph Caldecott inhaled the very air of the Georgian era, Mr. Thomson is a product of the nineteenth century. Hence his peculiar aptness for understanding not only Jane Austen but George Eliot, Thackeray, and Sir James Barrie. Personally I think Mr. Austin Dobson is mistaken in thinking Mr. Thomson found Jane Austen difficult to illustrate. The perfect sympathy exhibited between artist and author in the Peacock Edition Series certainly hardly justifies the stricture. Landscapes there are none and outdoor life is to seek, but the necessity of confining himself to the human figure probably gave the artist just the zest required for depicting in so wholehearted a fashion the belles and dandies of a somewhat artificial era. There are critics even who hold that the draughtsman actually subordinates his talent to that of his author. Well, if the accusation be true, it may be taken for another instance of Mr. Hugh Thomson's gallantry, for the illustrations to Miss Burney, Miss Mitford, and Mrs. Gaskell are among the very happiest of his creations.

But it is time to turn to the artist's early struggles—the time when, arriving full of ardour and enthusiasm from Coleraine, he first attacked the elusive London editor. His initial efforts,

we know, brought him little success. Happily for the youngster, there was an editor who was also a discerning and catholic-minded critic. Mr. Comyns Carr, who was the leading spirit of the "English Illustrated Magazine," had already gathered Randolph Caldecott under his editorial wing, and quickly discerned the talent of the

new-comer. Thus Hugh Thomson's first bow to the English public was made in the "English Illustrated Magazine," where he designed the illustrations to a paper written on the Parade at Bath by the late H. D. Trail, so many years a contributor to the "Daily Telegraph."

But more ambitious efforts were to follow. For not only did Mr. Thomson's first book, "Days with Sir Roger de Coverley," come out in the "English Illustrated" in 1886, but "Coaching Ways and Coaching Days," a volume written by Outram Tristram, followed in 1888. Two years later came "The Vicar of Wakefield," a task which taxed all the artist's powers, for we know that Mr. Thomson was somewhat loath to tread in

a path already traversed by Stothard, Rowlandson, and Cruikshank. Adroitness and refinement, however, triumphed in the end, and the 182 illustrations to the immortal "Vicar" (a labour we are not surprised to learn occupied the artist something more than two years) added to the steady growth of Mr. Thomson's reputation. Yet the seal and climax of his popularity was to come, for in the hundred illustrations to Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford" the designer reached the high-water mark of his achievement. Not that Miss Mitford must be forgotten. Ruskin, who saw in the author of



"HARRY LAUDER." SKETCH FROM MEMORY
BY HUGH THOMSON



"The Fop." Sketch
by Hugh Thomson



"PRELIMINARY SKETCH FOR ILLUS-
TRATION TO "THE SCHOOL FOR
SCANDAL" BY HUGH THOMSON





*Preliminary sketch for "The Wife
of Bath." By Hugh Thomson*



"THE CONNOISSEURS"

BY HUGH THOMSON

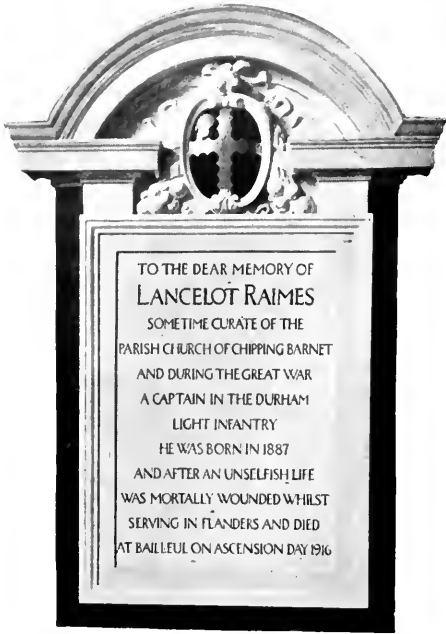
"Our Village" "the playfulness and purity of Oliver Goldsmith" without the naughtiness of his wit or "the dust of the world's great road on the other side of the hedge," would seem exactly to voice Mr. Thomson's sentiments regarding the lady.

It may come as a shock to the enthusiastic student of Mr. Thomson to learn that the artist's "scenery," whether it was for "Cranford" (the Cheshire market-town of Knutsford) or the more unsophisticated village of Miss Mitford's fancy, were all drawn on Wimbledon Common. Knutsford he had never even seen—a fact which should not surprise us in so thoroughgoing an idealist. For it is his whimsical idealism which has been the artist's chief mainstay, enabling him to comprehend and enter into the spirit of such widely different characters as Lady Castlewood in Thackeray's "Esmond" and the sapiently grotesque Triplet of "Peg Woffington," the last a pen-sketch on a fly-leaf dedicated to his friend Austin Dobson.

While on the subject of plays we must not forget the brilliant illustrations of "Quality Street" exhibited just before the outbreak of war

at the Leicester Galleries. Published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, "Quality Street" was the first Barrie play to appear in book form, and it was a happy inspiration of Messrs. Brown and Phillips to bring the collection together in a public exhibition at their galleries. As for "The School for Scandal," issued by the same publishers, little need be said at this juncture. It is a *tour de force*, not only of characterization, but of delicious colour. The artist has an eye for colour which is at once subtle, individual, and delicately and appropriately harmonious. It pleases rather than surprises, and in this trait endorses the previous criticism that Mr. Thomson's art belongs emphatically to the nineteenth century and knows nothing of the age into which we have lived—an age so cruel and vitriolic in its manifestations. Another and a calmer air belongs to the artist who has so happily illustrated "Cranford." We feel that with Mr. Thomson it is always afternoon and that the winds are tempered to his genial and kindly talent.

The illustrations to this article have a peculiar value of their own, seeing that they are all from sketches hitherto unpublished and lent by the artist for reproduction in *THE STUDIO*. *Wending Homewards* is a robust study of plough horses newly liberated from their day's toil. *Harry Lauder*, a memory sketch, is inimitable in its sense of humour, and *The Fop*, in lead-pencil, takes us, at a bound, to the Sheridan era, while *Mind and Matter* reminds us that Mr. Hugh Thomson might easily have illustrated "John Gilpin." In the same vein are the preliminary designs for *The Wife of Bath* and the sketch called *The Connoisseurs*. Our coloured illustration is again one of Mr. Thomson's initial designs for "The School for Scandal," and is so characteristic as to need no description.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN ACASTER CHURCH, YORK
DESIGNED BY E. GUY DAWBER : EXECUTED BY
JOSEPH ARMITAGE

STUDIO-TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The two memorial tablets which we illustrate on this page may be heartily commended for their dignified simplicity. The designs in both cases are essentially of an architectural character, and the sculptural ornament is kept in restraint, while a touch of colour in the heraldic features relieves the austerity of the black-and-white combination. Tablets of this type are, of course, not uncommon in our cathedrals and churches, but many of them suffer from extreme simplicity or from the other extreme of excessive ornamentation, and of the two faults perhaps the latter is the more objectionable. Some of the modelled designs for memorials shown in the recent winter exhibition of the Royal Academy would certainly have been more acceptable if the art of the sculptor had not been so freely lavished upon them and more thought had been bestowed upon the architectural setting.

On the opposite page we illustrate a stained-glass window designed by the veteran artist Mr. Henry Holiday to commemorate the noble sacrifice made by two brothers, Captain Cecil Irby Prowse of the *Queen Mary*, which went down with all hands in the Battle of Jutland, and Brigadier-General Charles Bertie Prowse, D.S.O., who fell in the Battle of the Somme shortly afterwards. The window was on view at the artist's studio a few weeks ago, and has no doubt now been erected in the church for which it was designed—an interesting fourteenth-century edifice. The design is of an allegorical character, representing the combat of the powers of light and the powers of darkness and the subjugation of the latter, and the colour-scheme is consonant with this representation—the lower part of the window assigned to the forces of evil being markedly subdued in tone, while the upper part is luminous by comparison.



MEMORIAL TABLET IN LAKENHEATH CHURCH, SUFFOLK
DESIGNED BY E. GUY DAWBER : EXECUTED BY JOSEPH
ARMITAGE



STAINED-GLASS WINDOW FOR THE CHURCH OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, YEOVIL, SOMERSET,
 IN MEMORY OF CAPTAIN CECIL IRBY PROWSE AND BRIGADIER-GENERAL CHARLES BERTIE
 PROWSE, D.S.O. DESIGNED BY HENRY HOLIDAY

Most of the societies which usually hold exhibitions in the early months of the year have carried out their programme this year. Both the Senefelder Club and the Painter-Etchers, which were in strong force at the Royal Academy winter exhibition, mustered good shows at the Leicester Galleries and the R.W.S. Galleries respectively, the feature of the former being a collection of prints by distinguished French artists who have practised lithography with success—Daumier, Fantin-Latour, Steinlen, Manet, Renoir, Corot, etc. At the Painter-Etchers' we noted especially the contributions of some new recruits—Miss Sylvia Gosse, Miss Margaret Dobson, Mr. Leonard Squirrell, and Mr. Haigh-Wood—whose work, particularly when concerned with figure subjects, certainly added to the interest of the exhibition. The exhibition of the Society of Women Artists (R.B.A. Galleries) and the Women's International Art Club (Grafton Galleries) depended for their success upon the work of a comparatively small number of artists in both cases, but the average quality of the work shown was by no means discreditable, and in both cases some excellent examples of handicraft were on view. The Aeronautical Exhibition organized by the Countess of Drogheda at the Grosvenor Gallery in aid of service funds contained, besides many interesting models, a unique collection of prints and pictures of various dates, some very recent, in which air-craft are represented. Modern aerial locomotion has provided artists with a new motive, but their representations of aircraft in motion are not always successful, though several notable exceptions were included in the exhibition.

EDINBURGH.—Hitherto Scotland has occupied a very subsidiary position as regards monumental or any form of the noble art of sculpture, but it may be hoped that with the Gladstone Memorial recently unveiled there will be created a new sense of the value of sculpture, in Edinburgh in particular, where there are so many ideal sites for such work. Yet with this wealth of available spaces, and spaces that could well be made available, there was such acute controversy over the site to be chosen that years of delay in the erection of the statue occurred, and the site eventually selected is the least suitable of the six which were in contemplation. Its chief claim is that it is in the very heart of the city—



GLADSTONE MEMORIAL, EDINBURGH
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, R.S.A., SCULPTOR



GLADSTONE MEMORIAL—FIGURE OF "HISTORY"
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, R.S.A., SCULPTOR

in St. Andrew Square and in line with the spacious George Street—and that it provides the essential southern exposure. For the selection of Mr. Pittendrigh MacGillivray, R.S.A., LL.D., as the sculptor, Scotland is indebted to the prescience of the late Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A., and the result has thoroughly warranted the choice. The architectural base—a soft shade of red unpolished granite—as well as the statuary was designed by the artist, and the modelling of the figures, untouched by any other hand, was entirely his work. The result is a co-ordination of sculpture and architecture such as is seldom met with.

Both in painting and sculpture Gladstone has been well depicted in simple morning dress. Here the artist has presented, not the politician, but the statesman, clothed in the uniform of a Privy Councillor over which is thrown the robe of Chancellor of the Exchequer. We have thus an added dignity imparted to the portrait, which, however, does not lose any of its arresting personality on account of these sartorial adornments. Indeed those who have frequently, as the writer of these notes has done, seen Gladstone facing an audience ready to respond

to the thrilling tones of the greatest orator of his time, could just realize his countenance as Dr. MacGillivray has modelled it, in the dignified repose following some conclusive statement. The robes fall in graceful lines, and even the back view, so frequently not treated with the same skill as other portions of the drapery, conveys a feeling of air in the enveloping folds.

The four symbolic figures set round the pillar have in them much of the romantic and humanistic, while classic in style. *Faith* holding to her breast a Bible on which is a crucifix, and *Fortitude*, her hands resting on a shield which bears a thorn-crowned head of the Saviour—the design used by Gladstone as a book-plate—emblemize the great place the Church occupied in the life of one who amid all the distractions and anxieties of Premiership yet esteemed it a privilege to read the lessons in a country church. *Measure* appropriately symbolizes his duties as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and *Vitality* that quality of leadership which he possessed in superlative degree.



GLADSTONE MEMORIAL—FIGURE OF "ELOQUENCE"
PITTENDRIGH MACGILLIVRAY, R.S.A., SCULPTOR

The two larger statues *History* and *Eloquence* bear a most important place in the design, and their position removed from the central group suggests that they represent these less intimate and more general qualities associated with the life of Gladstone. The hooded sibylline *History* is the dispassionate recorder for all time. *Eloquence*, on the contrary, appeals for the verdict of the moment, yet there is nothing energetic or impulsive in her mien, but an earnest persuasiveness, a feature of Gladstone's public speech which was as powerful in winning support as the perfervid oratory that characterized his denunciatory utterances. The group on the rostrum—two boys holding a scroll—is restrainedly decorative yet full of vitality. These finely modelled nude acolytes are depositing the laurel wreath of victory on a tripod on which are represented three gleds, or kites, an allusion to the family name in its original spelling, "Gled-stane."

The artist in this truly national monument has advanced Scottish sculpture to a stage it has not hitherto occupied. A painter for some years, Dr. MacGillivray, though concentrating for the greater part of his artistic life on sculpture, has from time to time shown the vein of Celtic imagination that pulsates within him by sonnets that evince a deep insight into human nature and a wide sympathy with the impulses which lead to noble action. But the memorial which from its elevated position faces the historic old town

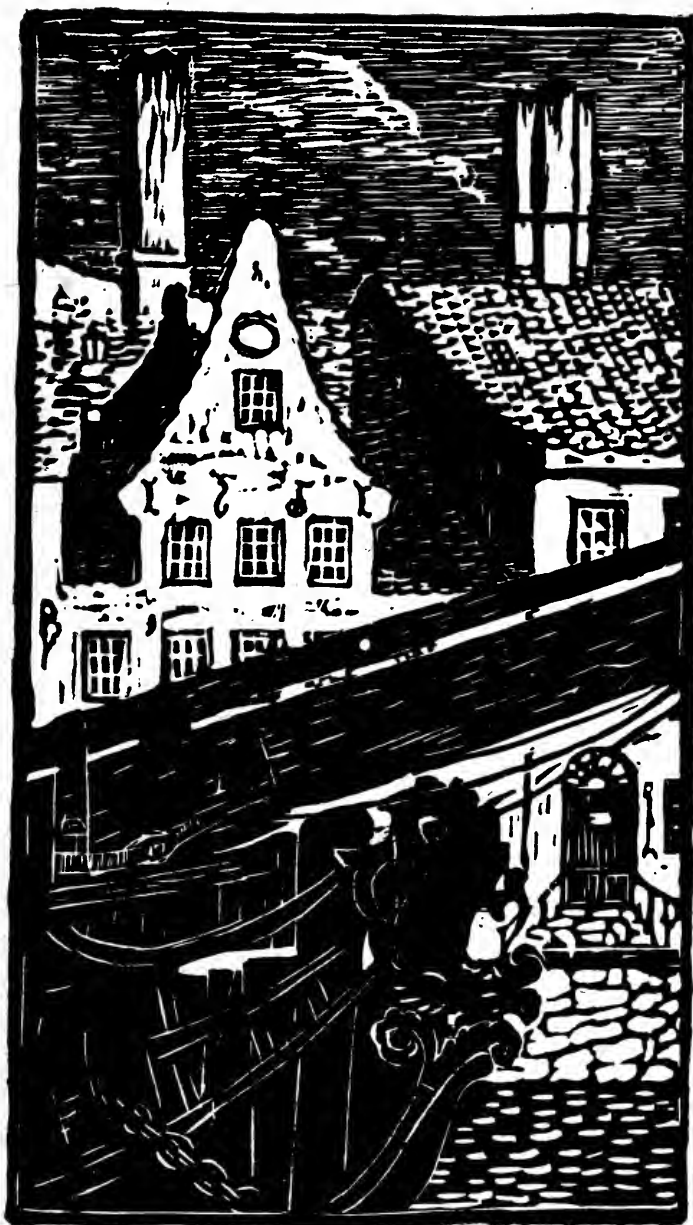
of the Scottish capital is the supreme embodiment of his art in its realization of a great statesman, and its symbolic representation of the inward qualities which led to eminence. It is an epic in bronze and stone. A. E.

CHRISTIANIA.—Olaf Willums is a young Norwegian artist of considerable promise, with an appreciation both of the different *motifs* which appeal to him and of the treatment to which they most advantageously lend themselves. The result is a clever and pleasing rendering of widely varying subjects, to which justice, in almost all cases, has been done with a certain self-contained sincerity, as a rule equally far removed from aggressive radicalism and stale tradition. Of the latter, anyhow, there is



"SPRING"

FROM A COLOUR-PRINT BY OLAF WILLUMS



Fra Nyhavn

Olaf Willums



"NYHAVN." FROM A WOOD
ENGRAVING BY OLAF WILLUMS.



"CHURCH AT SKOGEN." FROM
AN ETCHING BY OLAF WILLUMS



PORTRAIT OF H.R.H. THE
DUKE OF CONNAUGHT. BY
GERTRUDE DES CLAYES

none in his etchings, and certainly not his woodcuts, and his sense of the picturesque always stands him in good place.

G. B.

MONTREAL.—To commemorate the term of office as Governor-General of Canada of Field-Marshal H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, the Montreal Chapters of "The Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire" recently presented to the Art Association here an interesting portrait of His Royal Highness executed by Miss Gertrude Des Clayes, to whom the commission was given. Miss Des Clayes is one of a trio of sisters, each one of whom is a talented artist. Miss Gertrude Des Clayes specializes in portraiture, Miss Berthe Des Clayes is a landscapist of merit, while the third sister is a painter of animals. Miss Des Clayes is particularly successful with her portraits of men, some of which evidence quite uncommon powers of observation and of psychological insight.

H. M. L.

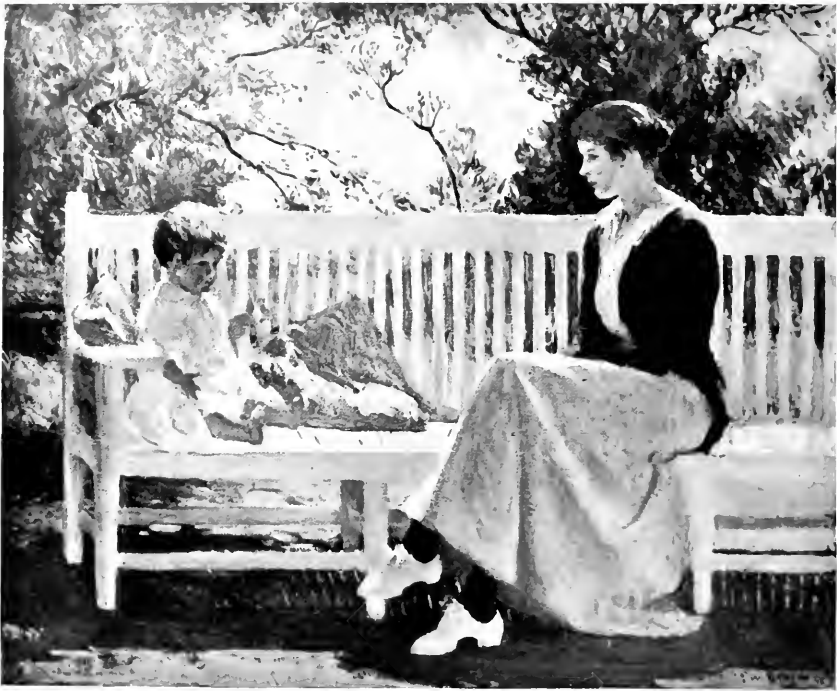
WASHINGTON.—The display of original oil paintings by living American artists not previously shown in Washington was opened to the public on December 17, in the Sixth Biennial Exhibition of Contemporary Art at the Corcoran Gallery, and included four hundred and eleven works. The First William A. Clark Prize of two thousand dollars and the Corcoran Gold Medal were awarded to Mr. Arthur B. Davies on his exhibit entitled *Castalias*; the Second of one thousand five hundred dollars and the Silver Medal to Mr. Ernest Lawson for his work entitled *Boat House, Winter, Harlem River*; the Third of one thousand dollars with the Bronze Medal to Mr. Hugh H. Breckenridge for his *Nude with Still Life*; and Honourable Mention with five hundred dollars to Mr. George B. Luks for his *Woman and Macaws*. The Hanging Committee did its work well, and the pictures were exposed in the most favorable way in a series of top-lighted galleries. One of these, known as



"A ROAD IN WINTER"

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

BY EDWARD W. REDFIELD



"MOTHER AND CHILD"

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

BY FRANK W. BENSON

"Gallery G," was given over exclusively to a group of eighteen of Mr. John Singer Sargent's works, most of them family portraits lent by the owners. A landscape entitled *Mountain Torrents* was lent by Mrs. J. Montgomery Sears, and a very fine nude *Egyptian Girl* added to the interest of the group.

The late Wm. M. Chase's portrait of the Hon. William A. Clark, the donor of the prizes, drew much attention from the visitors, a note of mourning on the frame recalling the recent death of the painter. A *Portrait Group* by Miss M. Jean McLane embodied familiar sentiment as well as distinction in colour and design. One seemed to be introduced to a charming interior by Mr. Edmund C. Tarbell in viewing his portraits of *Nell and Elinor* lent by C. W. Wheeler, Esq. Mr. Frank W. Benson's *Mother and Child*, Mr. Frank Duveneck's early portrait of *John W. Alexander*, lent by the Art Museum of Cincinnati, Miss Marie de Ford Keller's portrait of Miss Emily Dobema, Mr. Kenyon

Cox's portrait of Emil Carlsen, Mr. Herman G. Herkomer's portrait of Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A., a portrait of Miss Barbara Brown by Miss Lydia Field Emmett, and that of Rollin D. Salisbury by Mr. Ralph Clarkson, lent by the University of Chicago, all contributed to the significance of the collection.

One of the best nudes in the exhibition was by Mr. Childe Hassam and was entitled *Against the Light*. Mr. Leopold Seyffert also showed some very skilful painting of the flesh in his nude figure called *Resting*, reflected in the background of the picture. Miss Mary Cassatt charmed with beautiful contrasts of complementary colour in the lavenders and pale greens of the figure subject, *Femme à sa toilette*. Mr. Richard Miller was also very successful in the colour-scheme of *The Mandarin Coat*, and Mr. Gari Melchers gave a very brilliant and vibrant effect to a church full of gaily costumed people in a large canvas entitled *Easter Sunday*. A wonderfully powerful note of realism was



(Corcoran Gallery,
Washington)

"THE MANDARIN COAT"
BY RICHARD E. MILLER

Studio-Talk

seen Mr. George B. Luks in a life-size group of *Wrestlers*. Mr. Randall Davey's *Old Portuguese* was a fine bit of character painting.

Landscape art at its best in America has its exponent in the work of Edward W. Redfield, who exhibited here several works, among which *A Road in Winter* is perhaps a typical one. Mr. Childe Hassam with a different technique succeeded in giving an impression of a subtle envelope to his picture of *The Old Elm*. Japanese suggestion was discernible in a decorative canvas contributed by Mr. Joseph T. Pearson, Jr. entitled *Winter*, in which some very closely studied geese of a rather rare breed give wonderful interest to a very extraordinary work of art. Mr. George Bellows contributed a sort of human document, registering the hysterical excitement of a religious revival in his impressionistic *Sawdust Trail*. Mr. Guy Pene Dubois told a pathetic story of modern life in his

suggestive figures of *The Doll and the Monster*. Mr. Sergeant Kendall's *Sabrina* was a fine example of his skill as a figure painter in this semi-draped bathing-girl. *Memories*, by Mr. Frederick Frieseke, conveyed an expression of tender sentiment in terms artistic and colourful. The semi-obscurity of early morning faintly defining docks and shipping was convincingly translated by Mr. Hayley Lever in *Dawn*, and the soft radiance of the *Moonlight on a Calm Sea* was equally well expressed by Mr. Emil Carlsen. Mr. Charles H. Woodbury exhibited a *Fantasy* of the sea vibrating with prismatic colour, and Mr. Charles Morris Young presented a different mood in his *October Sea* and *The North Wind*.

As an object-lesson, showing impartially what American artists of the present day are doing, the Exhibition effectively recorded the progress that has been made in the art of painting during the last two years.

E. C.



"THE OLD ELM"

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

BY CHILDE HASSAM



"NUDE WITH STILL LIFE"

BY HUGH H. BRECKENRIDGE

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)



"WOMAN AND MACAWS"

BY GEORGE H. LUCKS

Studio-Talk

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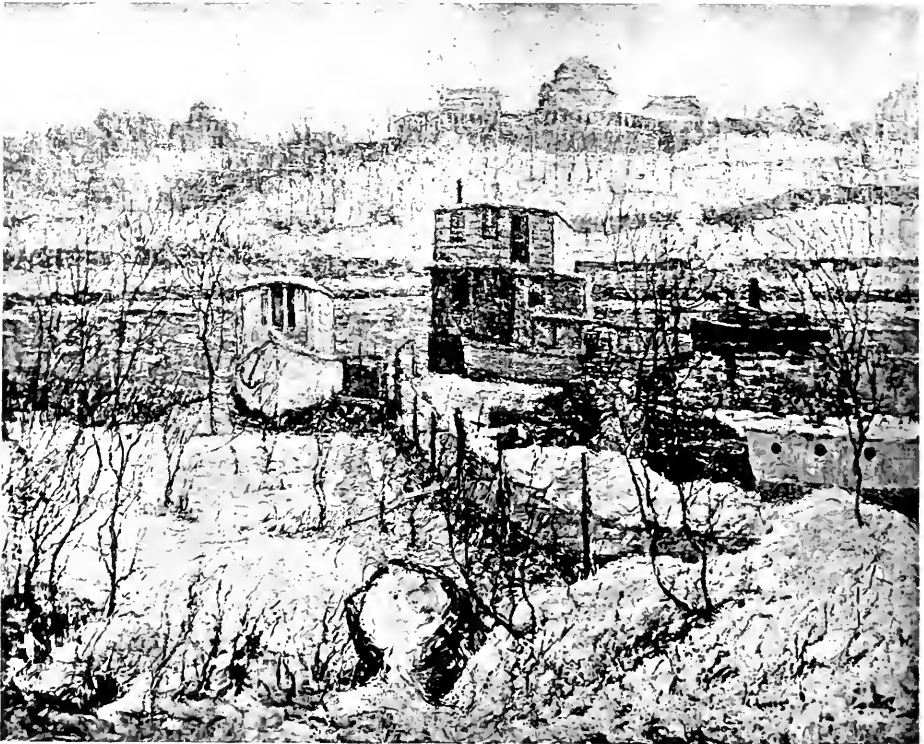
BY HUGH H. BRECKENRIDGE

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)



"WOMAN AND MACAWS"

BY GEORGE B. LUCKS



"BOAT-HOUSE, WINTER, HARLEM RIVER"

BY ERNEST LAWSON

(Corcoran Gallery, Washington)

REVIEWS.

The Royal Scottish Academy, 1826-1916. (Glasgow: Maclehose and Sons.) 42s. net.—The chief part of this massive volume consists of a complete list of works by Raeburn and by Members (honorary included) and Associates of the Royal Scottish Academy exhibited between the years 1808 and 1916 at the exhibitions held by the institutions which preceded the Academy, and those of the Academy itself from 1827 onwards, and in this list a special note is made of any works that have passed into public galleries. The list has been compiled under the direction of Mr. Frank Rinder with the sanction of the President and Council, and a narrative filling nearly a hundred pages, tracing the origin and development of the Academy, is contributed by Mr. W. D. McKay, one of its principal officers, so that the work has all the character of an

official document. By way of frontispiece there is a reduced reproduction of a fine etching of the Academy by its gifted Associate, Mr. D. Y. Cameron, and Mr. McKay's paper is illustrated by portraits of the seven Presidents who have preceded Sir James Guthrie. Besides the compilers themselves only those who have to make frequent use of catalogues such as this really appreciate the amount of work and care involved in their compilation, but if Mr. Rinder's task does not evoke from the living all the gratitude which its accomplishment deserves, he may be sure that in years to come there will always be some who in profiting by his labours will not fail to acknowledge their indebtedness.

Needlecraft in the School. By MARGARET SWANSON. Introduction by Prof. John Adams, M.A., B.Sc., LL.D. (London: Longmans, Green and Co.) 5s.—An American giving his impressions of London in war-time is reported

Reviews

to have said that what most astonished him was the sight of a chauffeuse sitting on her box and busily plying her needle while her employer was paying a call. He would have been still more astonished no doubt if he had seen a male driver doing the same thing. But why not? Many of them—taxi-drivers especially—waste much time in doing nothing when they might at least be knitting or mending socks. Prof. Adams, whose commendation of this little book on School Needlecraft as "the outcome of long and patient and humane experiment guided by a particularly vigorous and inventive mind" we heartily endorse, says it is no longer out of place for a man to talk about needlework, because boys are now taught it as a manual exercise. As a matter of fact the craft has long been recognized as by no means incompatible with manliness. Have not our bluejackets, and indeed our marines generally, always plied the needle with dexterity? And their skill is not exercised wholly on the useful, for Jack can do a turn at "fancy" work to pass away the time between watches. So no one ought to find fault with Miss Swanson for bringing boys of six to fourteen within the scope of her scheme of needlework instruction for schools. Buttonholing, darning, and marking by *appliqué* are among the items in this part of the programme, but æsthetic considerations are not lost sight of; here, as all through her book, the useful and the beautiful keep company. Garments of various kinds are dealt with, millinery receiving special attention, and there is a chapter on dyeing which is timely. Miss Swanson hails from the Glasgow School of Art, where needlecraft flourishes as a vital force, and her name with that of Miss Macbeth of the same institution has already appeared on another of Messrs. Longmans' books on the subject, "*Educational Needlecraft*," the scope of which is different from that of the present volume.

A Holiday in Umbria. By Sir THOMAS GRAHAM JACKSON, Bart., R.A., etc. (London: John Murray.) 10s. 6d. net.—Unknown to the great majority of tourists, the part of Italy with which the veteran Royal Academician is concerned in this book, embodying reminiscences of the visits he paid to it in 1881 and 1888, is, as he says, not inferior to any in historical associations and in beauty of nature and art. The little republic of San Marino,

with its capital perched high on volcanic Mount Titan, has for centuries maintained its independence and its traditions of freedom, in the assertion of which the fighting forces of this diminutive nation have ranged themselves on the side of the Allies in the great conflict. Sir Thomas Jackson has, however, more to say of Urbino, the capital of the famous Duchy whose story is set forth at length in Dennis-toun's comprehensive Memoirs of its Dukes, of which a new and copiously annotated edition made its appearance some seven or eight years ago. One of the chief sources of information concerning this history is Castiglione's "*Il Cortegiano*," and an abstract of this forms the longest and not the least interesting chapter in Sir Thomas's book, which is made additionally attractive by reproductions of some of his own sketches and a few photographs.

Port Sunlight. A Record of its Artistic and Pictorial Aspect. By T. RAFFLES DAVISON, Hon. A.R.I.B.A. (London: B.T. Batsford, Ltd.) 5s. net.—Port Sunlight occupies a prominent place in a movement which, in the years before war intervened to check it, was gathering force and promised great things in the way of ameliorating the conditions of existence among the industrial population, and the scheme of this "garden village" as presented in this well-illustrated record is worthy of the close study of those who, actuated by the same exalted motives as its founder, will, it is to be hoped, be forthcoming in the near future to follow his example. The domestic dwellings and other buildings of the village present an agreeable diversity of appearance which could hardly have been attained had the various designs emanated from a single architect or even a small number, and in distributing his commissions among a fairly considerable number Sir William Lever acted with that excellent judgment which has marked the development of the scheme from the beginning. In his prefatory note Mr. Raffles Davison speaks with appreciation of the part taken in the preparation of this record by the late Mr. Herbert Batsford, head of the well-known publishing firm, whose death a few weeks ago has removed one whose intelligent sympathy for architecture and the arts generally enabled him to render such signal service in the diffusion of knowledge relating to them.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE : ON SIMULATED SIMPLICITY.

"I OFTEN wonder whether the claims which so many artists make nowadays to be advanced and progressive, and so on, have any real foundation," said the Art Critic. "I mean that I would like to know whether these claims are honestly made or whether they are simply affectations."

"Honestly made! Of course they are!" cried the Young Artist. "The modern men are striving very sincerely to get art out of the rut in which it has been wallowing so long; and they are keen enough in this desire for progress."

"Oh, yes, that may be so," commented the Man with the Red Tie. "But in which direction is this progress going, forwards or backwards?"

"Why, forwards, of course," exclaimed the Young Artist. "That is obvious. Any change that brings a new note into art and inspires it with fresh ideas must revivify it and carry it further. Progress, I take it, means the substitution of a more advanced type of thought for the obsolete and worn-out creeds."

"There I am with you," agreed the Critic. "If you can introduce legitimately and effectively a new idea into art, and if you can work out this idea with real sincerity and conviction, you are undoubtedly making progress."

"But have the modern men got hold of a new idea, and have they any real sincerity and conviction?" broke in the Man with the Red Tie.

"That is the point on which the whole question turns," declared the Critic; "and that is the point on which I am in some considerable doubt. The modern idea does not seem to me to possess any startling novelty, and when it is put forward as something supremely advanced I cannot help doubting the good faith—or shall we say the intelligence?—of the men who claim so much for it."

"Anyhow, they have brought into art a sentiment which was not in it before, and a sentiment which is convincing and persuasive," protested the Young Artist. "Surely you will not deny that."

"But I do deny it," returned the Critic. "I deny that there is in this sentiment, which you claim as so characteristically modern, anything that you will not find expressed over and over again in the art of the past, and I say that this sentiment is not convincing because it is

out of relation to the feeling by which the world is governed to-day. If mankind has not reverted to a primitive type why should art?"

"You are backing up my suggestion that the progress in modern art is mostly backwards," chuckled the Man with the Red Tie.

"Well, I am inclined to think that you are right," replied the Critic. "I do not find a new note in modern art, I find an old one dragged into it artificially and a dead-and-gone sentiment galvanized into sham vitality. That is certainly progressing backwards."

"I do not agree with you at all," objected the Young Artist. "Even if I go so far as to admit that in some respects the modern point of view owes a little to examination of the achievements of past masters, I do not see why it cannot be a living thing and I do not understand why you should deny to it sincere conviction."

"I deny it because I hold that no second-hand conviction can ever be really sincere or rightly progressive," asserted the Critic.

"But, good heavens! cannot men so sincerely assimilate the teaching of the past that they can evolve from it an entirely new creed?" exclaimed the Young Artist.

"Most certainly they can," answered the Critic. "But if this assimilation were complete the work resulting from it would be in no sense a reflection of the work done in the past. What I argue is that this so-called advanced art is not an assimilation of ancient principles but an imitation of past processes, that it simulates the sincere simplicity of the early masters without really feeling it and professes a primitive manner of expression which is artificially acquired."

"I am sure that there are many artists to-day who aim at this sincere simplicity by natural instinct and to whom what you call the primitive manner of expression is a temperamental necessity," declared the Young Artist.

"And I do not believe that there are," returned the Critic. "The natural instinct of the true artist is to be natural, to be the product of his period, and to reflect the sentiment of the age to which he belongs. There was no simulation in the simplicity of the early masters because they thought simply and lived in an atmosphere of devout sincerity. We moderns are set in complex surroundings and think complicated thoughts; so for the present-day artist a primitive disguise is merely a pretence."

THE LAY FIGURE.

In Memoriam : Wilfrid Ball

IN MEMORIAM : WILFRID BALL,
WATER-COLOUR PAINTER. BY C.
LEWIS HIND

I CLOSE my eyes, dream back a quarter of a century, and out of the mist of memory comes Wilfrid Ball, quick of step, quick of smile, quick of comprehension, more vivid to me than many of the living. Those were the days of the old Hogarth Club, and regularly, when he was in London, he would descend from his spacious sky studio in Albemarle Street to lunch and dine at the Hogarth. His habits were methodical. Early training as an accountant had taught him method. His mind, too, was orderly. Revolutionary art, revolutionary opinions, did not interest him. His pleasure and duty was to produce Wilfrid Ball Water-Colours. On that he concentrated. He loved painting; he loved etching; he loved nature, and he was quite content to march modestly along the pleasant road of his pleasant choice. I do not think that he was in the least ambitious, and I am sure that he had no vanity, and no illusions about himself. He liked to etch and to paint, and he was delighted to find that art dealers and the public also liked his water-colours and etchings. For years Agnew's showed a panel of Wilfrid Balls at their annual water-colour display. He was successful. In a quiet way his work was in greater demand than the performances of men with a much greater reputation. The explanation is simple. His patrons were not professional buyers. They bought his water-

colours because they liked them, liked to hang them in their drawing-rooms. A Beardsley would have been provocative; a Ball was sedative. His patrons were wide-cast and faithful. Last week when I asked a bank manager of my acquaintance, who spends his Sundays painting in water-colour, if he knew Wilfrid Ball's work, he smiled and invited me into his home. I counted over twenty Wilfrid Balls in various rooms. And Mr. Deighton, a lifelong friend and patron, tells me that for years he had only to put a Wilfrid Ball into his window to sell it immediately. They were not bought by *les jeunes*, or by those who scramble for fine Brabazons; they were bought by the solid, family English who never change. (How



PORTRAIT OF WILFRID BALL

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH

In Memoriam : Wilfrid Ball

Wilfrid would have laughed at all this : how his face would have puckered up into protesting smiles !) Yes, people liked his work, and they liked him. He never roughed anybody : a man with such a genial, sympathetic nature was always welcome. He was companionable, he was retiring. If he had been asked whether he would like to spend his evenings performing the duties of President of the Royal Academy, or playing a game of snooker pool with his friends, I know what answer he would have made. He never talked about himself, so it happened that although we met constantly for years, I did not know, until after his death, that in his youth he had been a great athlete. He was the holder of the London Athletic Club's Challenge Cup for walking in 1876, and he was a good man with the oar, and a splendid cross-country runner. Yet when I come to think of it, that trim figure, and the bird-like movements of that active body showed that he had practised and retained the advantages of physical culture.

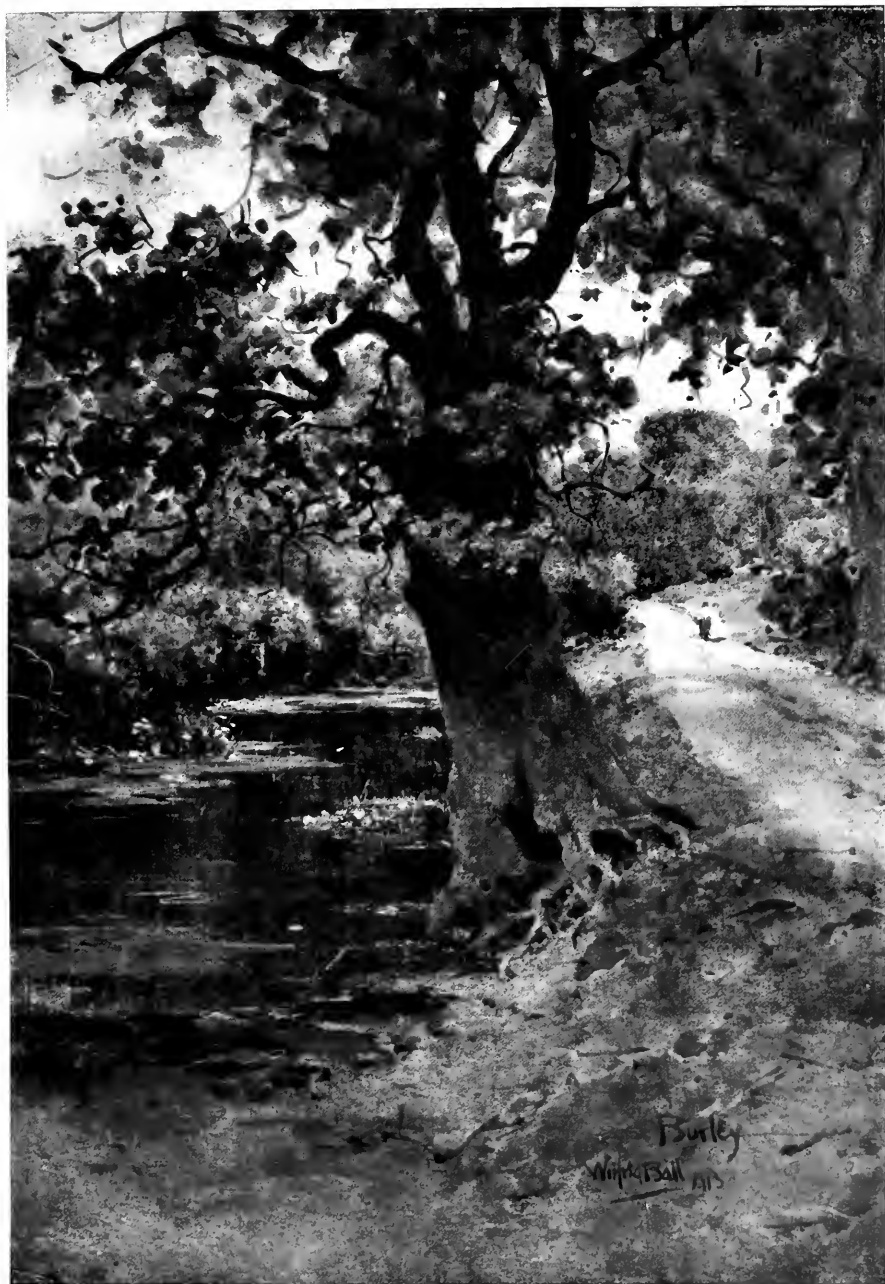
When the Hogarth Club closed, Wilfrid Ball was one of those who migrated to the Arts Club, and when in 1895 he married Miss Florence Brock-Hollinshead, and went to live at Lymington in Hampshire, naturally we did not see so much of him as formerly. He would come to

town for "Varnishing Days," or to attend a Council Meeting of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, or a dinner of the "Sette of Odd Volumes," of which he was a popular member, or to hang a one-man show of his works at the Fine Art Society's or Dunthorne's ; and on those dates, looking in at the Arts Club it was a distinct joy to me to see Wilfrid's smile, that rippling puckered smile, and to hear him ask for news. Oh, yes, we always had what Border Men call a "crack" about the old days, and latterly about the strange new days in which we are living. He deeply regretted that he was over age (he was born in 1853) and so could not offer his services to his country. The last time I saw him, in the Academy week of April 1916, we mingled our regrets at being "out of it," and he filled his much-used, much-scarred pipe, almost viciously, because he was "letting go" at the Boche, and sorrowing for the English boys, many our friends, who are no more. And I remember we talked about THE STUDIO which was planned in the old Hogarth Club days, when Mr. Charles Holme was a member, and for which Ball wrote and illustrated charming articles, one on "Egypt" in 1893, and another later, on "Venice as a Sketching Ground." So we talked and parted, and with that parting



"VIEW AT ROSHAM, SUSSEX"

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL







(The property of Mrs. Pidgeon)

"CROMER." WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

In Memoriam : Wilfrid Ball

his bodily presence passed out of my life for ever.

For in May I went to live in the country, and was rather out of touch with things ; and when I thought of Wilfrid Ball I thought of him as the English Village Painter of these days, of the village green, the village pond, lanes, woods, and lakes, for he loved to paint water, and loved the serene simplicity of Bosham, the Hamble river, and Lymington. I thought of him easing the agony of many of the days through which we have lived since August 1914 in trying to pursue the happy avocations of peace-time.

Then one day—it was February 19 of this year—I received a letter from his wife which startled, shocked, and grieved me. And yet it was a beautiful death—a death one may envy. It may be summed up in the following brief announcement : “ Wilfrid Ball, R.E., died at Khartoum on February 14th, 1917, from heat apoplexy, aged 64.”

That was the bald, cruel fact, and the details, the steps that led up to it, are as follows. Since the war began, anxious to serve his country, he

had taken up, and performed with a will, uncongenial war work. While he was doing this news came to him that the firm of accountants with whom he had been associated as a youth were short-handed at their Cairo branch. The need for extra help was imperative as most of their staff had joined the army. Wilfrid Ball saw his duty clear, and, without any fuss, left England for Cairo in September 1916, to become an accountant again at the age of 63. He had been there but a short time when a message was received from the Commandant at Khartoum saying it was absolutely necessary that some one should be sent at once to audit the military accounts. Ball volunteered, knowing well that, owing to the excessive heat, the risks a man of his age ran were grave. The rest we know. He did his duty. No one can do more. All his friends agree, entirely and proudly, with a sentence in his wife's letter to me : “ It was as much a sacrifice as if he had died in the trenches.”

The illustrations that accompany this article illustrate admirably the purpose and the per-



“ NEAR SOUTHBOURNE ”

(The property of Miss S. N. Bolton)

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL





In Memoriam : Wilfrid Ball



"A WET DAY, BOSHAM"

(The property of Dr. Neville Blagg)

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

formance of Wilfrid Ball's art. It never fell below an accomplished level ; it never attempted wild experiments, or soared into rhetoric. It

was placid and serene, and instinct with a deep love for the rural scene and the unassuming pastoral. Although Holland, Italy, France, and



"SOUTHAMPTON WATER, FROM WARSACK"

WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

(The property of Arthur R. Moro, Esq.)



"THE PASSING OF QUEEN VICTORIA"
 WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

(The property of Arthur R. Moro, Esq.)



(The property of George N. Stevens, Esq.)

"TORBAY." WATER-COLOUR BY WILFRID BALL

Egypt were included in his sketching grounds, he was essentially the painter of the English Village. Nowhere, I think, is his talent more completely expressed than in the two books on Hampshire and Sussex he illustrated for Messrs. A. and C. Black. The quiet, faithful scenes follow one another, like still, sunny days in those dear Home Counties, and I can imagine an exile in Khartoum, the burning sun above, the burning sand around, growing heartsick with longing while looking at these two volumes expressing temperately the tempered sunshine of patted, petted, pretty, unchanging England.

Almost all his work was in water-colour. He painted a few oil pictures which were shown at the New Gallery and the Dudley; but he never felt quite at home in oil. His etchings were as successful as his water-colours. The series of the Upper Thames had a great vogue; his etchings were constantly hung at the Royal Academy, and he was awarded a Bronze Medal in Paris for his etching of Venice.

It was a quiet and happy life—and the end—how dramatic, how strange, how enviable! An English water-colour painter whose deepest love was for quiet English landscape—to die for his country at Khartoum, where Gordon died, where G. W. Steevens did his finest descriptive work, and whence Lord Kitchener, "who placed five million men between Calais and Khartoum," derived his territorial title!

Farewell, old Friend! You are remembered with love—you who loved our English hedgerows.

THE ART OF GEORGE HARCOURT. BY G. FREDERIC LEES

I LIKE to think of that home of art, Bushey, as having been discovered by Turner; and many a time have I tried to picture what it must have been like when the great painter used to shoulder his painting materials and walk out from London to paint on Merry Hill. Lovely indeed it must have been in those days when innkeepers and farmer folk entertained the landscape painter and, at the parting in the morning, received from him, in lieu of the charge for bed and board, a priceless and immortal work of art. But Bushey is still an inexhaustible source of delightful pictures. Some twenty years have I known it now, and, though Continental scenes have more often met my eyes than English cottages and lanes and hedgerows, the charms of Stanmore Common and Harrow Weald, of Bushey Mill and Aldenham, of Bushey village with its ancient timbered smithy and quaint jasmine-covered cottages, have followed me wherever I have wandered.

Bushey is generally associated with the painter of *Our Village*, and certainly its rediscovery in modern days and the setting forth of its advantages as the seat of a colony of artists is due to the late Hubert Herkomer. But to me the more ancient associations revived by our great national painter have always taken precedence over those of later days, and



"MELODY"
160

OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT



"SPRING, 1915." OIL PAINTING
BY GEORGE HARCOURT

The Art of George Harcourt

made so strong an appeal to my imagination as to overlay all others. Of the artists of modern Bushey, the one who has continued to stir my memories of the place the most is undoubtedly Mr. George Harcourt. He, it has always seemed to me, has comprehended its spirit the best and interpreted its beauties in the most convincing manner, though his landscape work may not be so well known as his subject pictures and portraits, with which the present notes are primarily concerned.

Hubert Herkomer established in Bushey a school of art of a unique character, where sound instruction in drawing and painting from life could be obtained under the guidance of a painter of assured reputation. The modern spirit in art instruction, as opposed to the old methods which led to mere imitation of the master's manner, may be said to have reigned there. This nurturing of the latent talent of each individual student bore the happiest result in the case of the subject of our article. No one could say, when his three years' course

was over and he began to exhibit, that his work labelled him as a Herkomer pupil. Inspired by a deep love of nature, gifted with a keen eye for the beauties of line and colour, capable of combining subject and technique in such a manner that they form a harmonious whole, he worked out his artistic salvation in a way which at once began to attract attention.

The first occasion on which Mr. Harcourt's work indicated to connoisseurs and painters alike that a new artist of great promise had made his appearance in the artistic world was at an exhibition of the pictures of Hubert Herkomer and of his pupils at the Fine Art Society's rooms in Bond Street. His contributions to this memorable collection were two: one a large landscape entitled *Evening Time*, painted just above Merry Hill, Bushey, exemplifying the painter's love of subtle effects of light and colour; the other a subject picture called *The Heir*, bringing to light his inherent love of the dramatic.

In 1893 Mr. Harcourt made his first appear-



"THE PAINTER'S FAMILY"

OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT



"THE LEPER'S WIFE." OIL
PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT



"A LADY AND HER CHILDREN"

OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT

ance at the Royal Academy with a picture, which at once attracted wide attention, entitled *At the Window*, with the quotation from Keats's "Ode to the Nightingale":

The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown.

In this picture, presenting artistic problems which were distinctly new in those days, the figure of a girl in evening dress is standing by a window in a lamp-lit room, and her face, sharply silhouetted against the deep blue of the night, is wonderfully expressive of the meditative mood aroused by the poet's words and their coincidence with the chanting of the nightingales in the distant woods.

A more ambitious attempt expressing human emotion, combined with the beauty of natural effect, was to be made in view of the Royal Academy of the following year. On this occasion Mr. Harcourt attained, with his *Psyche*: *Farewell*, a veritable triumph. Lines

from William Morris's "Earthly Paradise" were expressive of the moment represented:

Farewell,

O fairest lord; and since I cannot dwell
With thee in heaven, let me now hide my head
In whatsoever dark place dwell the dead.

Psyche, with raised arms and uplifted face full of despair, is standing at the edge of the water in the full sunlight. The beautiful nude figure, goddess-like in its idealization, stands out against flower-gemmed meadows, bounded in the middle distance by trees, and beyond by a range of blue hills. The manner in which both the subtle colour-scheme and the emotional side of the subject are worked out came as a surprise to many well-known judges of art. As one of them said: "There are drawing, colour, and sentiment here in a degree which, displayed by so young a painter, prophesy as clear as paint can speak, a striking career in achievement and success."

In order to seize the truth of this prediction



"THE BIRTHDAY," OIL PAINTING
BY GEORGE HARCOURT



The Art of George Harcourt

and to comprehend the artist's growth the better, we will pass over the exhibit of 1895 as rapidly as possible. His picture of that year, *Thought Reading*, was well received at the Academy and also at the Paris Salon, where he was awarded a third-class medal for it; but the true continuation of the golden qualities seen in *At the Window* and—in greater measure still—in *Psyche* is observable, not in this clever representation of an ephemeral society amusement, but in *The Leper's Wife*, where we have a subject which, through its lofty spiritual idea, is of eternal interest. No wonder that Watts, who had silently noted Mr. Harcourt's previous work, was impelled, on seeing this noble canvas at the Royal Academy of 1896, to send his congratulations to the painter.

The idea of *The Leper's Wife*, though suggested by Tennyson's "Happy, or the Leper's Bride," was not done as an illustration to the poem, but as a representation of the great ideal of self-sacrifice. I know of nothing in art so dramatic and at the same time so simply and finely expressed as this figure with hidden face, who shrinks back in generous horror into the gloom of the forest. Naught of him save that warning hand is visible, but how much it tells us of his unhappy state and his unwillingness to accept the magnificent sacrifice of the divine creature who is still ready to succour him. These figures are types of boundless devotion and unutterable suffering rather than the individual man and woman of the poem, and it is because of their symbolism that the picture ranks so high and came to mean so much to Watts, who assuredly detected in it many of his own intellectual and æsthetic ideals.

The artistic kinship between Watts and Mr. Harcourt is one on which some emphasis must be laid. Both in *Psyche* and in *The Leper's Wife** we see the influence—but in its most legitimate aspect—of the great modern master. There is the symbolism of human emotion, combined with decorative qualities of a high order. Though the idea of painted anecdote is as abhorrent to Mr. Harcourt as it is to Mr. George Moore, he is by no means content to hobble his genius by the rigid application

of artistic shibboleths, such as "Art for Art's sake," of which we used to hear so much. Like the painter of *Love and Death*, he does not see why the finest pictorial qualities should not exist in a work that has subject.

At the Academy of 1899 he exhibited *Forgiven*, the theme of which was the return of an erring wife, whose dress of beautiful old-world material gave him an opportunity of displaying his mastery in the rendering of colour harmonies. This picture was purchased by the South Australian Government for the National Gallery at Adelaide. Then came *Dawn*, a single-figure child study, which obtained an honourable mention at the Paris International Exhibition of 1900. *The Wanderer*, painted some two or three years later, went to the New Zealand Academy.

Meanwhile, in 1901, Mr. Harcourt, after being for a number of years Herkomer's assistant, was appointed by the Allan Fraser Trustees as Governor of the Art School at Hospitalfield, near Arbroath, a wildly picturesque region which Scott immortalized in "The Antiquary," and Southey used as the scene for his poem, "The Abbot of Aberbrothock." Mr. Harcourt's eight years' sojourn in this romantic district was fruitful in many notable works of art. Readers of this magazine are already acquainted with some of them, such as *The Tracing*. Others are *The Painter's Family*, *Melody*, *At the Harpsichord*, and *Supper in Summer-Time*—all exhibited at the Royal Academy. He also produced an important piece of fresco work, depicting *The Founding of the Bank of England in 1694*, eighteen feet in height, which forms one of a series, the first of which was painted by Lord Leighton, at the Royal Exchange. It was presented by members of the Stock Exchange.

In 1909 Mr. Harcourt returned to his old haunts in Bushey, with which his connexion, moreover, was never really severed. The following year saw the production of *The Birthday*, a portrait group awarded a gold medal at the Amsterdam International Exhibition of 1912. This picture and others which both preceded and followed it marked a new departure in the treatment of portrait-groups, inasmuch as interesting problems of light were attacked and successfully solved by the artist. These canvases are, indeed, both subject-pictures and portrait groups. The subjects

* This painting now hangs in the building known as "School" at Winchester College, to which it was presented by the artist in memory of his son, who was a member of the great public school.



"HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A." FROM THE
OIL PAINTING BY GEORGE HARCOURT

The Thames from my Tower Windows

were little everyday incidents observed in the life and surroundings of the sitters—incidents seized *sur le vif*, and this freedom from pose is the reason why they strike the onlooker as being so exceedingly lifelike, and are such convincing representations of actuality.

Whilst continuing to produce those fresh and elevating subject-pictures in which children and nature are the constant source of his inspiration, and of which we have such a fine example in his recent Academy picture, *Spring*, 1915, the painter has devoted much of his thought and energy to portrait painting.

From a long list of works, including the portraits of the late *Hubert Herkomer*, *Sir J. Forbes Robertson*, *Miss Maxine Elliott*, *Mr. Frank Fletcher*, Headmaster of Charterhouse (painted for Marlborough College), *Dr. Wynne Willson*, *Dean of Bristol*, *Mrs. Ernest Trench and Children*, *Mr. Nathaniel Micklem, K.C., M.P.*, and *The Arbroath Whist Club*, two representative examples are selected for reproduction with these lines. The portrait of the artist under whom he studied was painted some time before Professor Herkomer's death and was exhibited at the Royal Academy of 1915. Here we see Herkomer depicted as the craftsman. He is holding in his hand an enamelled plate, and on the table are the materials which he used. The portrait group called *A Lady and Her Children* was painted in the summer of 1912. Here again we see one of those charmingly natural domestic episodes which, as stated above, have become, as it were, a characteristic of Mr. Harcourt's most recent phase; there is nothing that smacks of the studio about this scene, which was evidently painted under the actual conditions represented.

A few final words as to Mr. Harcourt's art methods. He cannot be classed as a follower of the Academic School. After the manner of the painter under whom he obtained his early training and attained control over his tools and material—like the artist who pointed to him the way of using them intellectually, he does not build up his pictures on a basis of multitudinous studies. After preparing a slight sketch of the composition and colour, he designs the picture direct on the canvas, evolving his idea as he proceeds. This method applies both to subject-pictures and portrait groups. He has found that this spontaneous method of creation is best adapted to his temperament.

THE THAMES FROM MY TOWER WINDOWS. BY EMILE CLAUS.*

I HAD just finished showing my pictures to the Editor when, after a moment's silence, he said: "Monsieur Claus, will you write your impressions of the Thames for THE STUDIO?"

Such a question startled me. "What! you want me to write?" I said.

"Yes," he replied, "I should like you to set down for me all the things that have impressed you while working up in your tower."

I paused a moment to reflect and, whilst hesitating, caught sight of my palette, my constant friend, which suddenly appeared to assume a frowning look and thus to reproach me: "What! you hesitate? Ungrateful one! I who have given you so much joy, who even here, during these long months of exile, have been your great consolation! Must I remind you that, wherever you have gone, I have been your faithful companion, in torrid heat and bitter cold? Even when I was almost frozen, you still sought my help to fix the delicate shades of the snow, the sombre hues of winter." Then my brushes also joined in a chorus of reproaches.

"That is all very true," I hastened to reply, "but be not upset, dear companion. Fear nothing from 'Madame la Plume,' I am no worshipper at her shrine. Give me but one day's liberty and to-morrow we shall be together again."

Calm being thus restored, I agreed to endeavour to write down what I had seen from my tower windows.

To my left lies Blackfriars Bridge and far away on the horizon is the Tower Bridge; on the right I see Waterloo Bridge and the silhouette of Westminster. Those are the vistas that, day by day during the past months, have provided me with the varied and entrancing impressions of the river. Oh, how wonderful is the play of light produced on certain days by this London atmosphere, with its myriads of reflections in the water! Never do I weary in my admiration of this enchanting river with its constantly unfolding marvels. Often it

* The distinguished Belgian landscape painter is shortly having an exhibition of his Thames paintings at the Goupil Gallery (Messrs. Marchant and Co.), 5 Regent Street, and the reproductions accompanying this article belong to this series.

The Thames from my Tower Windows

recalls to my mind, with its mysterious effects of the opposite shore, those fascinating mirages which impressed me so much some years ago at Venice as I went my way to work, in the early morning, on the lagoons towards Burano and that delightful Torcello.

The Thames is the ideal of the romanticist. At the very sight of it one's imagination soars to realms of fancy. Turner, that glorious master, that beautiful songster, bewitching and fascinating to all true lovers of light, was able to secure its momentary and fugitive effects with a mastery almost miraculous.

Pittsburgh, with its forest of great gaunt factory chimneys belching forth, night and day, their dense clouds of heavy smoke, presents the terrifying effect of an eclipse or a cataclysm; but London, with its mists and fogs, is something truly phenomenal, without parallel in the world. Whatever the cause—whether it be the damper atmosphere of a country set in the seas, or the mingling of the smoke from thousands of chimneys with these misty vapours—the effect of this great city is one of indescribable mystery.

There are days when the scene before me is in a constant state of transformation. From the height of my tower I gaze down upon the river whose bosom displays, as far as eye can reach, an infinity of variations; the play of light is magical—the jewels scattered broadcast by the rays of the sun, now pale, now sparkling, give one the impression of an enchanted journey through some country of the Arabian Nights.

Each day, full of eagerness and curiosity, I hasten to my tower, knowing that some fresh seduction awaits me there, and never do I meet with disappointment. One morning, with the sky pale almost to whiteness, the arches of Waterloo Bridge—itsself barely visible—will appear shrouded in silvery vapours, the atmosphere being tinged with rose—all is tender and delicate. But, towards the Tower Bridge, a grey coppery tone insidiously rises in the far distance, gradually blotting out every object from view, until within a few minutes London is enveloped in a dense fog, so dark and so thick that nothing is visible—it is black night in the middle of the day. Then, softly, high up in the sky, a gleam of light pierces through, showing that earth's great benefactor is struggling to reappear. Here and there he scatters the fog, and his rays, penetrating this curtain of moisture, take the colours of a fairy rainbow

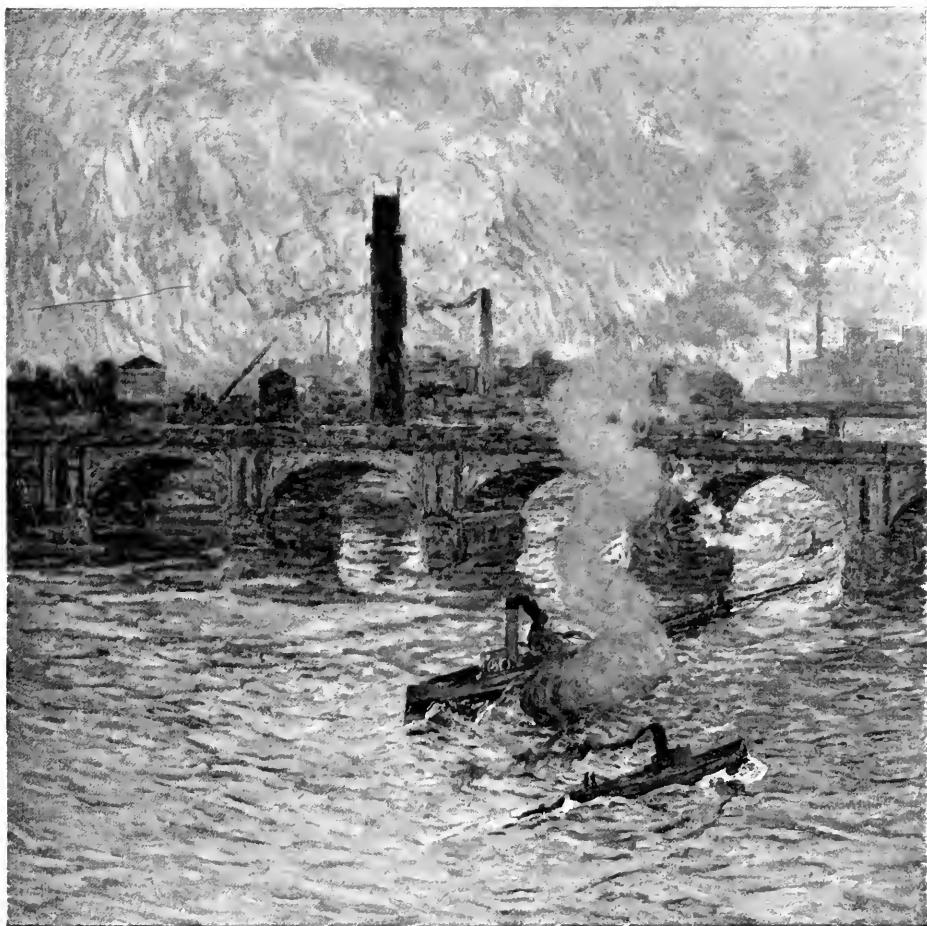
which showers glittering gems on towers, monuments, bridges, and water.

On one such day there flashed across my mind the memory of a recent visit to the National Gallery, when Rembrandt's brilliant work, *Sastrya as Flora*, so filled me with admiration. Suddenly the magical colourist of *The Resurrection* and of many other masterpieces that still dazzle the world seemed almost to be standing beside me in my tower.

Winter is the alluring lover of this impressionable river, decking her in the most enticing and varied robes; to-day she will be clothed in sumptuous brocades, sparkling with threads of gold; to-morrow, lightly veiled in delicate and diaphanous gossamer; yet another day she will wear a shroud, sombre and grim, mournful and menacing. The fog, woven with threads of white silk, floats in the air like down, the noise of the great city being hushed and deadened. Low down in the midst of this intangible and mysterious colour, a few little stars and sparkling lights dance fantastically, forming themselves into an arabesque which, in its setting of pearly blue, resolves itself at last into a pathway of flowers all aglow, extending to the farther shore. Then, phantom-like, little shadowy sails come into view only to fade away into nothingness—and so the dream of beauty goes on, with its never-failing charm.

Whatever aspect the river may wear—clear, sombre, or even tragic—the transparency of the water, as seen from my tower, is always remarkable. Heavy rains pierced with rays of sunlight are of frequent occurrence, and then the embankment and river appear merged into one. From the height of my window it looks like a great flood, and all beneath me—barges, tugs, motor-cars, and pedestrians—seem to be sailing and swimming in the vast stream. In the numberless reflections of the sky, changing from slatey-grey surfaces to moving masses of brilliant gold, the effect of all this incessant coming and going is one of bewildering fascination. The teeming life of the embankment, by the side of this mighty river, always gives me the impression of a swarm of midges zigzagging in a ray of sunshine. But, oh, what tremendous work there is for the observing eye when squalls and snowstorms are raging!

When I behold the magnificence of the Thames, I cannot refrain from thinking how this gorgeous river might have been immortalized by



"ROUGH WEATHER." OIL
PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUS.



The Thames from my Tower Windows



"WINDY WEATHER"

BY EMILE CLAUS

my illustrious compatriots and dear friends—now, alas, no more—that beautiful colourist Camille Lemonnier and that superb poet Emile Verhaeren.

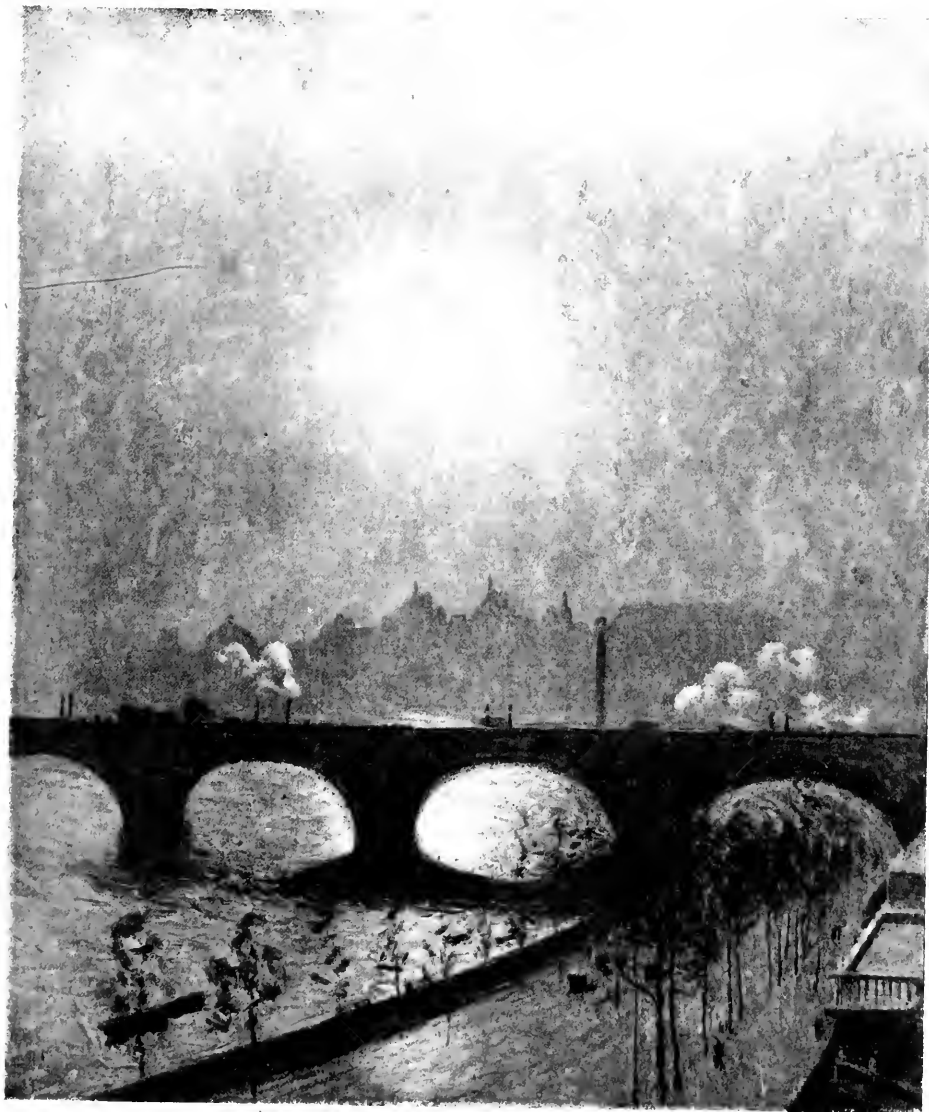
The day is fresh and clear, it is the herald of spring, summer skies will follow with their big fleecy or golden clouds sailing like massive ships through the air. What immense brilliance this sparkling midday sun sheds on the river, in which steamers and barges are swallowed up in a golden mist! A soft wind comes and sweeps away the haze; the light is joyous and springlike, bringing gladness to the heart of man and warmth to the bosom of the earth. The opposite shore, with its towers and monu-

ments, is steeped in an atmosphere of seductive and delicious resplendence; everything seems to foreshadow a time of future happiness, when the present terrific cataclysm having come to an end, the world once more will be living in peace.

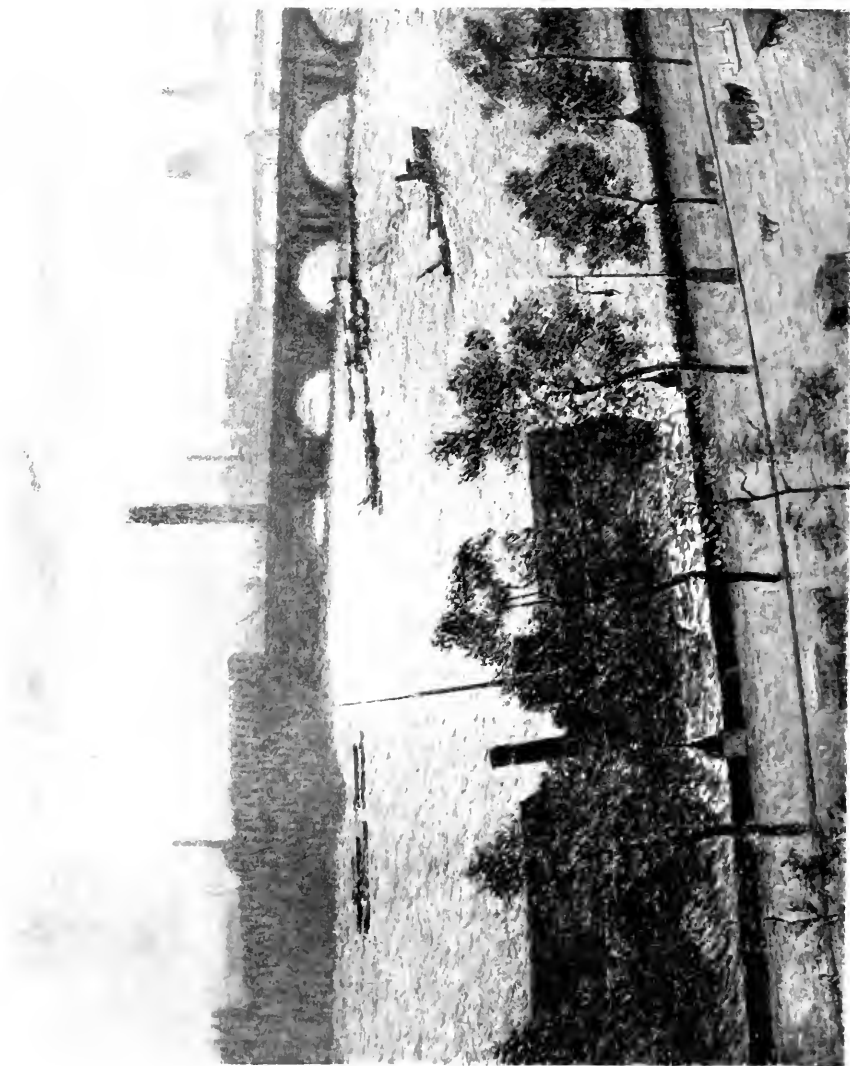
The rays of the sun plunge into the river, and far away to the south of this glorious highway my thoughts go out to that cherished land, my country—Belgium—ruined, oppressed, and martyred. My eyes become dimmed . . . ; but I hear the chant of approaching Victory, heralding a speedy return to the sunlit banks of the beautiful Lys and to my well-beloved Flanders.



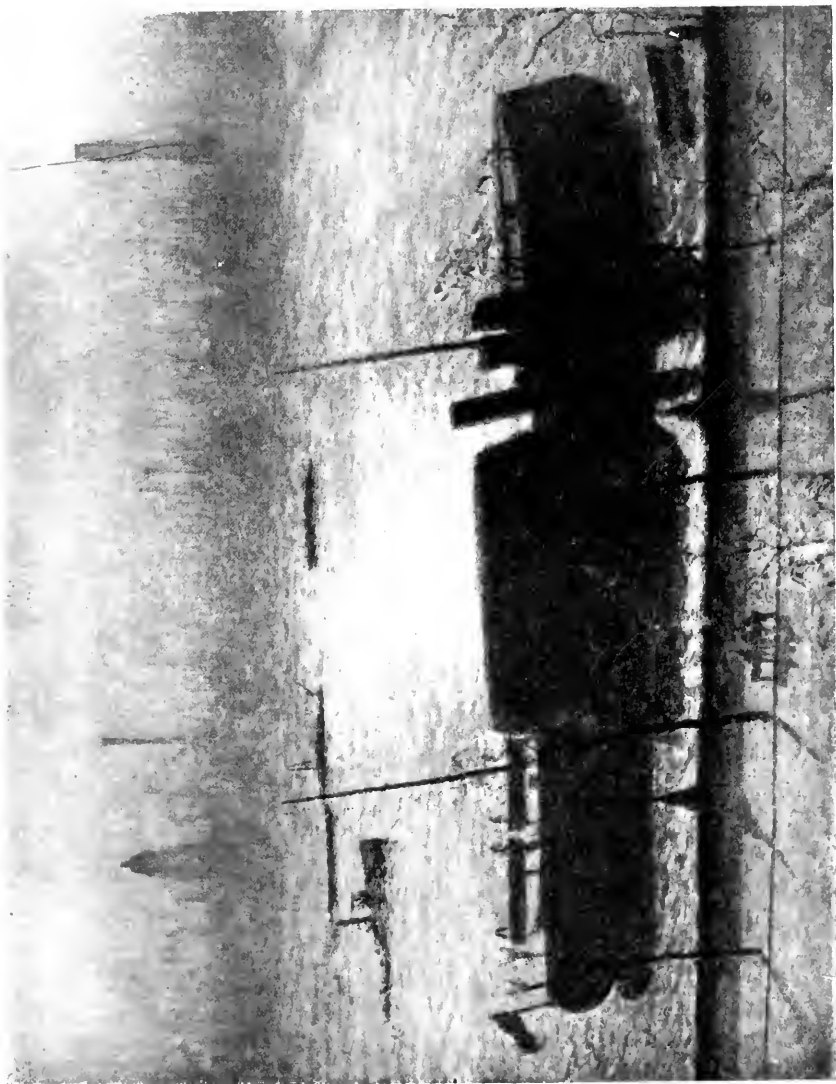
"A MORNING IN MAY." BY EMILE CLAUS



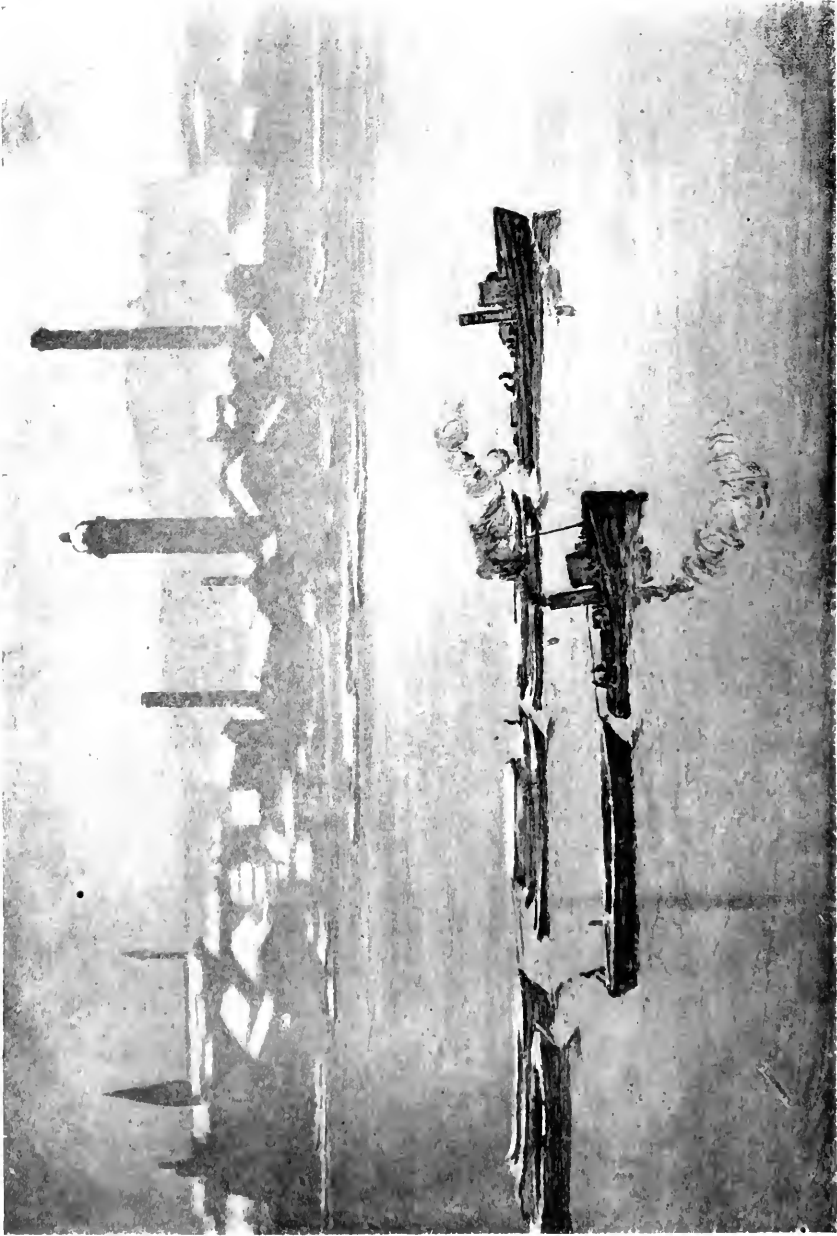
"SUNSET." BY EMILE CLAUS



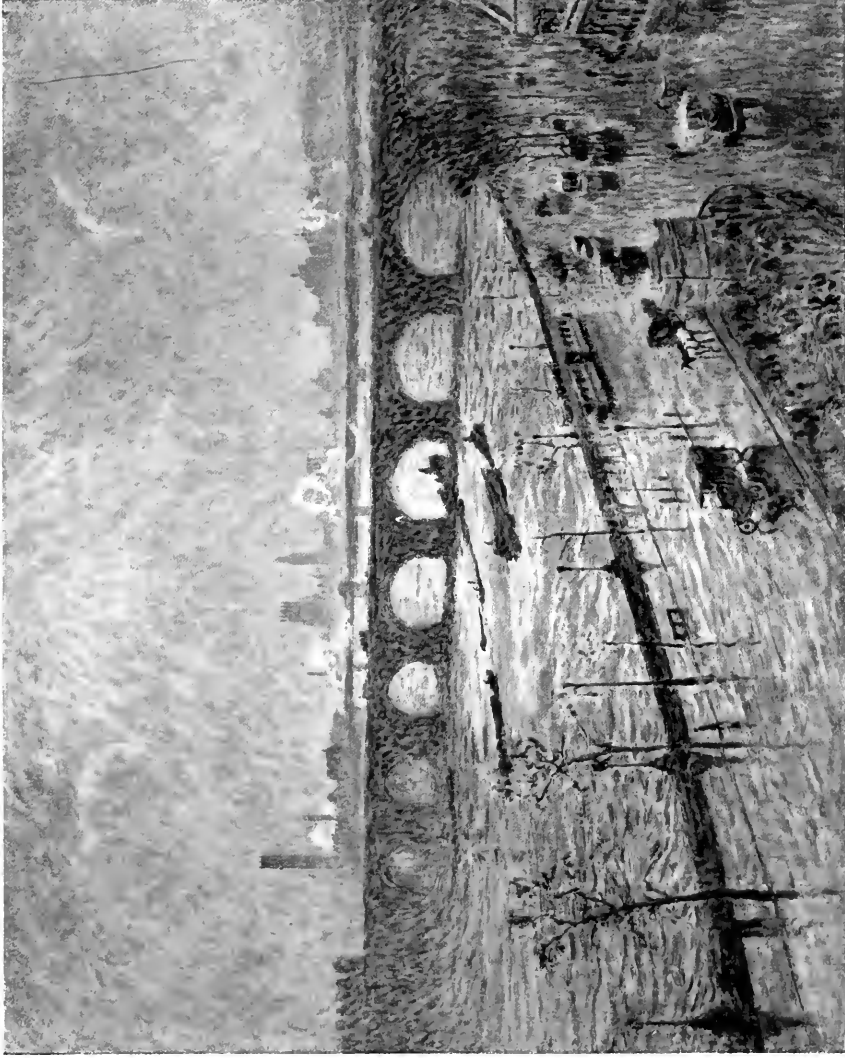
“NOVEMBER.” BY EMILE CLAU



"THE TRAINING SHIP." BY EMILE CLAU'S



"SNOW ON THE ROOFS." BY EMILE CLAUSS



"WATERLOO BRIDGE - A RAINY DAY."
OIL PAINTING BY EMILE CLAUS.



STUDIO TALK.

(From Our Own Correspondents.)

LONDON.—The third British Industries Fair organized by the Board of Trade was like that of last year held at South Kensington, but whereas on that occasion the whole of the Fair was located in the Victoria and Albert Museum, this time the numerous stalls for toys and games were accommodated at the Imperial Institute, the arrangement being decidedly advantageous. So far as the display as a whole is concerned, though it appears to have been a success from a commercial point of view, there is little to record in the direction of an improvement in the artistic quality of the goods shown, and such exhibits as those of Mr. Reginald Hallward looked rather out of place in the midst of "trade" productions of a more or less commonplace character.

From a purely industrial point of view the most significant feature of the Fair of 1917 was undoubtedly the section of toys. When the first Fair was held at the Agricultural Hall, a few months after the outbreak of war, it was hardly possible to speak of a toy industry in this country, but in the meantime the manufacture of children's playthings has undergone a remarkable development, and the number of workers engaged in producing them now runs

into tens of thousands probably. In Liverpool alone over three thousand are occupied in what promises to be a highly important addition to the industries of the city. On the whole the exhibits in this section showed a noticeable improvement in qualities of inventiveness and finish, and in most cases they compared very favourably with the toys imported from Central Europe before the war. In one department certainly a great advance on the German product has to be noted. We refer to the little model buildings exhibited at Stand B 30 by Lott's Brick Co., Ltd., of Watford. The originator of these models is the well-known architect, Mr. Arnold Mitchell, who in his spare moments has worked out a considerable variety of designs capable of being constructed of small "bricks" of artificial stone, the designs including, besides models of the kind we illustrate, various types of domestic architecture—among them the four-gabled house for which Mr. Mitchell was awarded a prize in a competition organized by the "Daily Mail." There can be no question that these toy model buildings, which are in all cases accompanied by plans, are vastly more interesting and instructive than the boxes of bricks which used to be sold in the toy shops, for the only buildings which could be made from these were mostly constructions of an unintelligible character. The success which has attended the manufacture of Mr. Arnold Mitchell's models is



ONE OF A SERIES OF TOY MODELS BUILT OF STONE BRICKS FROM DESIGNS BY ARNOLD MITCHELL
MADE BY LOTT'S BRICK COMPANY, LTD., WATFORD

Studio-Talk

gratifying evidence of the value of artistic co-operation in industrial enterprises.

Our illustrations this month also include a Communion service in silver executed for the cathedral in Nagpur, India, by the Artificers' Guild, and a brilliant example of painting by Mr. P. A. de László, in whose portrait of *J. P. Morgan, Esq.*, our readers see a characteristic likeness of a generous friend of art and a whole-hearted supporter of the cause which our nation is fighting for.

The restricted space which the abnormal circumstances of the times compel us to be content with permits only a brief reference to the various exhibitions held in London this season. Neither at the Royal Society of British Artists nor at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours have any great Surprises awaited the visitor to the spring exhibitions of these bodies. The former body, it is true, have been favoured this year with a contribution from their presi-

dent, Mr. Frank Brangwyn, whose large picture, *A Venetian Palace*, though not one of his best in point of colour, possesses those qualities of breadth and energy which are instinctive with him; but with this exception and a few others the display as a whole must be described as quite "ordinary," though smaller and certainly better arranged than usual. And much the same must be said of the collection of water-colours at the Royal Institute, where amidst abundant evidences of sound technical manipulation there is little sign of any deviation from ideals to which this society tenaciously adheres.

At the French Gallery in Pall Mall a fine collection, representing some of the best phases of modern British, French, Dutch, and Belgian art, has been brought together in aid of the French Red Cross Hospital. At the Leicester Galleries the memory of that remarkable French artist Henri Joseph Harpignies has been honoured by a well-chosen collection of his works in oil, water-colour, and charcoal, including a few



CROSS, CANDLESTICKS, AND CHALICES FOR NAGPUR CATHEDRAL, INDIA. DESIGNED BY EDWARD SPENCER (UPPER PART OF CROSS BY J. H. M. BONNER) AND EXECUTED BY C. MONEV AND F. JOBE (ARTIFICERS' GUILD)



PORTRAIT OF J. P. MORGAN, ESQ.
BY PHILIP A. DE LÁSZLÓ, M.V.O.

examples executed during the last ten years of his long and fruitful life, and the display was of particular interest as revealing his genius as a painter in water-colours, as well as his remarkable facility in using charcoal, while the canvases left the impression that the oily pigment was never quite a congenial medium with him. Concurrently with this exhibition the same galleries presented a display of sculpture by Mr. Jacob Epstein, consisting chiefly of portrait busts and heads in bronze or plaster, but including also a marble figure labelled *Venus*, which, from the attention paid to it in the Press, attracted a big crowd of people to Messrs. Brown and Phillips's galleries, and evoked many speculations as to the artist's intentions. We prefer not to indulge in the game of speculation, and are content to restrict our admiration to the busts and heads, which certainly reveal the artist as a sculptor gifted with an uncommon power of characterization.

SHEFFIELD. — To the casual traveller passing by train on his way North, Sheffield is a nightmare of tall chimneys, belching forth smoke and flame under a gloomy pall of cloud and fog, but the nature-lover who has been resident there has quite a different impression on his mind. To him, the word Sheffield brings up visions of wide moorlands, hills and dales and rippling brooks, and all the delights of a lovely countryside, and he is well aware of the fact that there is no large manufacturing town in the British Isles that can compare with Sheffield for the natural beauties by which it is surrounded. Such being the case it is no wonder that the great majority of Sheffield artists turn their attention to landscape painting, and

prominent among the younger men is Mr. Stanley Royle, who recently held an exhibition of oil paintings at the Independent Gallery. He has been rejected as medically unfit by the Army, and has also been compelled to withdraw from work on munitions for the same reason. Still on the sunny side of thirty, Mr. Royle has been seen to advantage on the walls of the Royal Academy, Royal Institute, and elsewhere for some half-dozen years, and he is fast gaining much more than a merely local reputation. The exhibition now under notice included several of his Academy pictures. We illustrate *The Edge of the Wood*, a finely designed landscape full of sunlight and glowing with colour. W. E.

NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE.—In continuation of the record of works by deceased local artists, a special loan exhibition of paintings in oil and



"THE EDGE OF THE WOOD"

BY STANLEY ROYLE



"CORFE CASTLE"

(By permission of Mrs. Lund)

BY NIELS M. LUND, R.O.I.

water-colours by Joseph Crawhall and Niels M. Lund was brought together at the Laing (Municipal) Art Gallery recently. No previous collection so fully illustrated the work of Joseph Crawhall and the extensive range of his art, clearly showing his profound knowledge, his keen sense of colour and form, and his independence of outlook and method. All the pictures were of the greatest interest, even the slightest sketch containing distinct promise of the brilliant work he afterwards achieved.

Niels M. Lund received his early training at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. He made such rapid progress that his father decided to send him to London to pursue his art career. He studied at the Royal Academy School, and afterwards in Paris. He had a gift for the portrayal of rushing water, and painted many notable pictures at Killin, in Perthshire, where he found abundant scope for the development of

this particular talent. In 1887 Mr. Lund made his first appearance on the walls of the Royal Academy, and four years later his reputation was greatly enhanced by his large picture, *A Winter's Night*, which in 1895 was awarded a gold medal at the Paris Salon, and in 1905 was presented to the Permanent Collections of the Laing Art Gallery by the late Sir John D. Milburn. In all he contributed forty-two pictures to the Royal Academy. *The Land of the Leal*, exhibited at the Salon, Paris, under the title of *Paysage Ecosais*, was purchased by the French Government for the Luxembourg Galleries. In 1912 Mr. Lund joined Sir Frank Short's etching class, and became an Associate of the Royal Painter-Etchers in 1915. For the exhibition under notice Mr. C. Bernard Stevenson, the curator, collected over two hundred examples of Mr. Lund's work, including a large decorative subject-picture, *The Bath 'of Diana*, and several portraits. A series of his

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etchings and engravings was arranged on a screen. It was the first time Mr. Lund's work had been brought together as a "one-man" show, and it clearly proved him to have been an artist of uncommon power and versatility.

PARIS.—When towards the close of October 1915 the equipment of the room of the President of the Municipal Council at the Hôtel de Ville was completed, the occasion called forth many criticisms and reproaches. How could the Government permit such absurd extravagance in war-time when money was so precious? There was a great deal of talk of this kind, and many unpleasant remarks were uttered about the business. But as a matter of fact, this presidential *salle* was the outcome of a competition instituted by the Paris Municipality in connexion with the Lyons exhibition. The furniture having been made before the war, it was

not necessary to defer its installation till the termination of hostilities. Such was the opinion of the authorities.

The room assigned to the chief representative of Paris symbolizes admirably the richness and vitality of La Ville Lumière, and it has been furnished with excellent taste. It is at once a *cabinet de travail* and a *petit salon* in which the President receives official personages. Tony Selmersheim set himself to accomplish this double purpose, and his achievement has earned the success it merited in being awarded first place on the occasion of the competition. Luxurious simplicity is its keynote; the gilt ornamentation and dazzling *miroiteries* which one finds in certain Ministerial *salons* is not to be met with here. The well-thought-out decoration of the room is indeed a triumph for the modern school; it is an attestation of good French taste. Entirely free from exag-



ROOM OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONSEIL MUNICIPAL AT THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, WITH DECORATIONS AND FURNITURE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY TONY SELMERSEIM



ROOM OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONSEIL MUNICIPAL. HÔTEL DE VILLE, PARIS, WITH DECORATIONS AND FURNITURE DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY TONY SELMERSHEIM

geration and without a discordant note, the entire equipment is characterized by a remarkable elegance: a truly national harmony is observable in the smallest details.

Our modern school of decorative artists has hitherto come in for a good deal of hostile criticism because too many of its adherents have looked to Germany for inspiration and have imported from beyond the Rhine notions which clashed violently with our artistic ideals. Others in seeking to introduce innovations have lapsed into excesses and extravagances, but it must not be forgotten that it is always more difficult to create than to copy. France, an originaive nation *par excellence*, is strangely conventional in matters of art. Certainly our forerunners have bequeathed to us a host of remarkable works which call for admiration, but is that a reason why we should look askance at modern productions? Modern art rightly

understood partakes of the character of our age, in which practicality is studied equally with elegance and comfort, whereas luxury as understood by the ancients was often associated with inconvenience.

Tony Selmersheim has proved that modern art is capable of creating an ensemble at once sumptuous and serviceable. Especially felicitous is the effect he has obtained with wax-polished mahogany, which he has employed for panels, wainscoting, overmantel, chairs, and sofas. The lines of the furniture are neat and comely; their harmony is not disturbed by any complicated ornamentation, but some beautiful marbles and bronzes form a striking relief to the rich woodwork. The fireplace, which is of marble, with the capitals and bases of the columns in bronze, is flanked by two bookcases, and between the doors there is another large piece of cabinet work of the



"PREPARING A NET" OIL PAINTING BY ISHII-HAKUTEI

same character. The table is of very imposing appearance; the fauteuils are comfortable, and the chairs have an air of welcome. An awkwardly placed door has been concealed by a cleverly contrived niche. On the walls fine hangings take the place of wood at intervals, and the floor coverings of a neutral tone give relief to the furniture placed thereon. Other interesting features of the room are the electric light fittings in the shape of marble-like basins supported by arms at the height of the frieze; the windows with stained glass by Socard; and a clock by the sculptor A. Marque, flanked by two vases by Metthey. H. L.

TOKYO.—In order to be faithful to their artistic ideals, and for the purpose of encouraging originality and freedom of expression in art, a number of progressive artists who practise the European style of painting resolved not to show their work at the annual Mombusho Art Exhibition (organized by the Department of Education), and formed some time ago a society named Nika-kai, which recently held its third annual exhibition of paintings in Tokyo. The society is composed of artists most of whom have studied art in Europe at one time or another. The exhibition contained some ex-

cellent examples of their work, as well as that of outsiders, in oil and water-colour.

Ishii-Hakutei, who is recognized as the leader of this society, was a prominent exhibitor. We reproduce here two of his paintings—*Under the Pine-Tree* and *Preparing a Net*. The former, in its general feeling, in the simplicity of treatment, shows an approximation to the Japanese style of painting, which, strange to say, is a quality very seldom seen in the works of our oil painters. In the latter painting, Hakutei is in his usual self, still revealing his special talent in the treatment of nature.

HARADA-JIRO.



"UNDER THE PINE-TREE" BY ISHII-HAKUTEI

REVIEWS

Bench Ends in English Churches. By J. CHARLES COX, LL.D., F.S.A. (Oxford University Press.) 7s. 6d. net.—This amply illustrated volume, the latest of numerous important contributions to ecclesiastical archaeology and art for which we are indebted to Dr. Cox, represents the realization of a wish he has long cherished—to draw attention to the skilled carpentry of the mediæval period extant in English churches all over the land and bearing an essentially English character. To achieve this purpose he has personally visited a vast number of churches, and the result is a treatise which we are sure will be warmly appreciated by antiquarians and students. In four introductory chapters the author discusses the various kinds of church seating, the history of pews, and especially of those special varieties with which most of us are familiar, and the erection of galleries, but the bulk of the book takes the form of a survey based on a topographical plan, the shires being dealt with in alphabetical order—an arrangement which will be found very convenient for those who desire to visit the churches referred to and inspect the examples cited. There is much interesting lore associated with the subject, and among other things it is curious to read in these days that in olden times it was held to be "highly indecent" for a man and his wife to sit together in the same pew.

The Cleveland Museum of Art: Catalogue of the Memorial Exhibition, 1916. Not an ordinary catalogue this, but a really sumptuous volume which will be treasured in years to come as commemorating an important event in the history of the City of Cleveland, Ohio. The Museum of Art inaugurated last summer owes its existence to three citizens who independently of each other bequeathed funds for the establishment of such an institution, and the successful realization of the project was made possible by the willingness of the respective trustees to join forces and so to permit the erection of a substantial building capable of accommodating a considerable permanent collection as well loan collections. The inaugural exhibition, of which this fine volume is a record, was remarkably diverse in its character, the arts of antiquity, of the Middle Ages, and of modern times, as well as Oriental art, being represented—features of special interest being a collection of

works by American artists, living and deceased, a series of Italian tapestries representing the story of Dido and Æneas which Mrs. Dudley Allen presented to the museum, and a collection of Old Masters presented by Mrs. Liberty Holden. Besides views of the Museum, the illustrations comprise over a hundred excellent reproductions of the principal objects exhibited.

The National Stud: A Gift to the State. A memorial of it compiled, edited, and decorated by GEORGE A. FOTHERGILL. With portraits of Lynwood Palmer and the Editor. (Printed by T. and A. Constable for private circulation.)—Two years ago Colonel Hall-Walker, M.P., a patron alike of Art and Sport—his name is indissolubly associated with the Walker Art Gallery, Liverpool, of which he is Deputy Chairman—presented to the State his valuable stud of thoroughbred sires, brood mares, yearlings, foals, and horses in training, computed to be worth close on a hundred thousand pounds, as well as cattle to the number of over three hundred head; and of this magnificent gift the present volume forms a worthy memorial. The entire preparation and arrangement of the volume was entrusted by the donor to Dr. Fothergill, a remarkably versatile Scotsman who, besides his medical qualification, has a considerable reputation as a poet and artist. To his accomplishments in the latter capacity this memorial bears ample witness; in addition to reproductions of several water-colour drawings of race-horses he has contributed all the decorative embellishment of the volume in the shape of borders to the numerous pedigrees, headings, and so forth, executed in line and embodying motives *en rapport* with the subject. Most of the strictly pictorial matter is, however, the work of Mr. Lynwood Palmer, whose paintings of many of the fine horses owned by Colonel Hall-Walker are reproduced in colour. Both in these and in Dr. Fothergill's drawings there is evidence of a knowledge of equine form which could only have been acquired by close and sympathetic observation, and it is this knowledge which, besides contributing to the attractiveness of the memorial, gives it unquestionable value as a documentary record.

In our last issue a print by Miss Ada L. Collier reproduced in colours was through inadvertence described as a lithograph instead of as a wood print.

The Lay Figure

THE LAY FIGURE : ON SOME MATTERS OF NATIONAL IMPORTANCE.

"I WANT to make a protest," said the Art Critic, "against the inartistic spirit of our Government officials. I have, I consider, a just cause of complaint against people in high places ; and I would like to know how the matter strikes you."

"Go ahead," laughed the Man with the Red Tie. "I always enjoy an attack on men in authority. It is a mistake to let them think they are infallible."

"Well, has it not occurred to you that the Treasury notes, which we have had to carry about since the war started, are from the artistic point of view a disgrace to the country which has produced them ?" asked the Critic. "Did you ever see anything more commonplace or more hopelessly wanting in any idea of design ?"

"I regret to say that I have seen so few of them lately that they have not offended me as much as I should like," sighed the Man with the Red Tie. "But I entirely agree with you that, apart from their money value, they have no claims whatever to consideration. Artistically they are about as bad as they could be."

"What does that matter ?" broke in the Business Man. "Who wants a bank-note to be a work of art ? So long as things of that sort are practical and convenient who cares what they look like ?"

"I do, for one," returned the Critic. "Things of that sort, as you put it, enter intimately into the lives of us all and do something to mark the standard of taste in the country which produces and uses them. If a nation tolerates a currency, whether in paper or metal, which is ugly and ill-designed it stamps itself as devoid of taste."

"Yes, and as the currency of a nation is not entirely for home consumption the want of taste of the people concerned is advertised all over the world," supplemented the Man with the Red Tie.

"Certainly ! We cannot hide our shame," agreed the Critic. "We are convicted of indifference to our artistic obligations by one of our chief articles of export. If our money is so bad our customers abroad are justified in believing that all our art is false currency."

"No, that is nonsense," cried the Business Man. "Our artistic products stand or fall in the markets of the world by their own merit.

If they meet the public demand they are saleable, if they do not they are left on our hands. That is a very simple business position."

"So it may be," said the Critic. "But you do not quite see the point of my argument. The public demand in commerce is very much affected by prejudice, and if you create a prejudice by failure in one direction you will find that it operates harmfully in others. If you prove that you are indifferent to artistic considerations in your domestic affairs you will not find it easy to convince other people that the art you offer them is either sound or sincere."

"Do you look upon the currency of a country as a sort of advertising medium ?" inquired the Business Man.

"Most decidedly I do," replied the Critic ; "and I regard attention to artistic details in such matters as a real factor in commercial success. What view will other nations take of us if they think that we are satisfied with the things which our Treasury officials have lately imposed upon us ?"

"But are any other nations more particular on this point than we are ?" asked the Business Man.

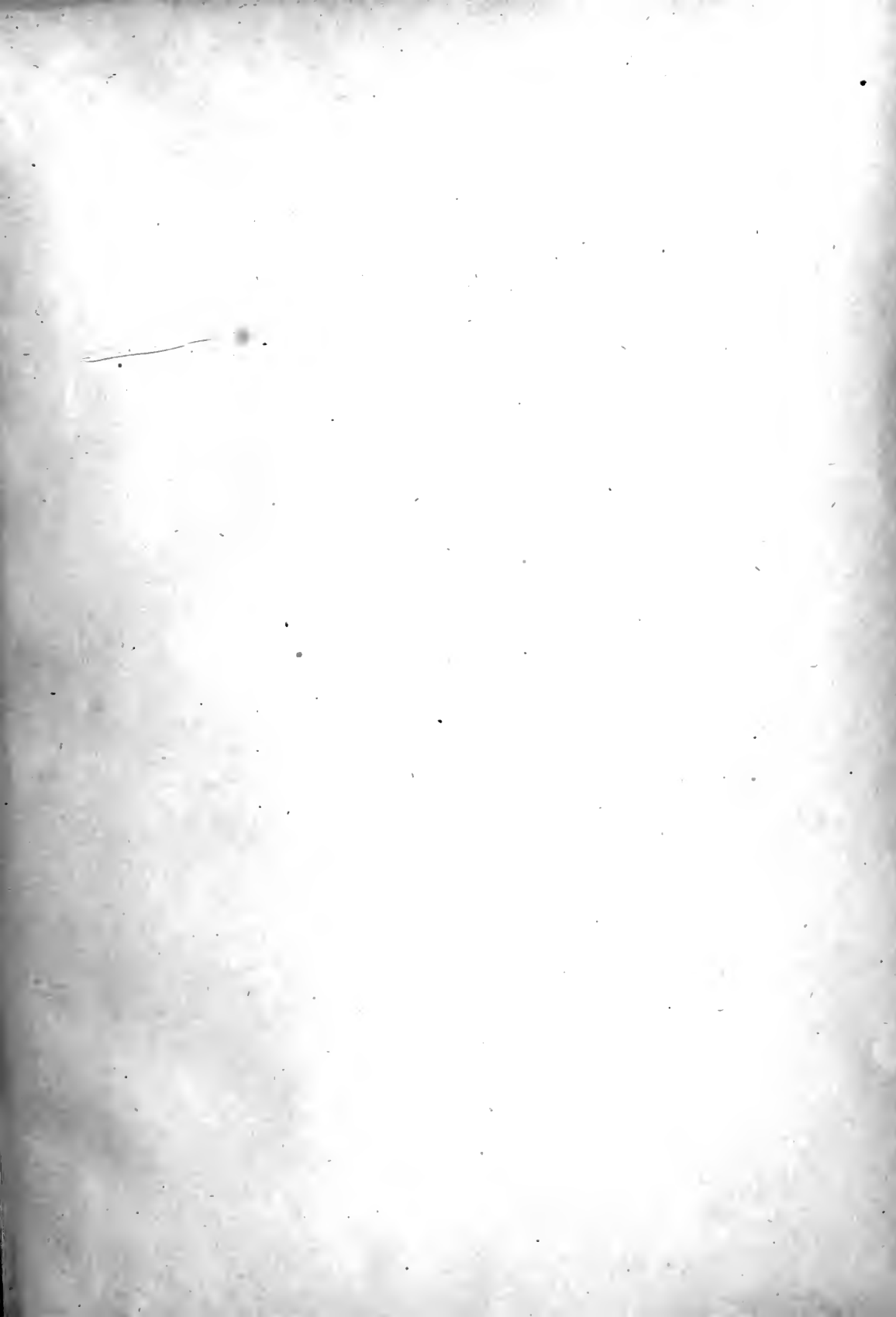
"Good Heavens ! Yes !" exclaimed the Man with the Red Tie. "I should say that there is hardly any other country in the world where the things we are talking about would be tolerated."

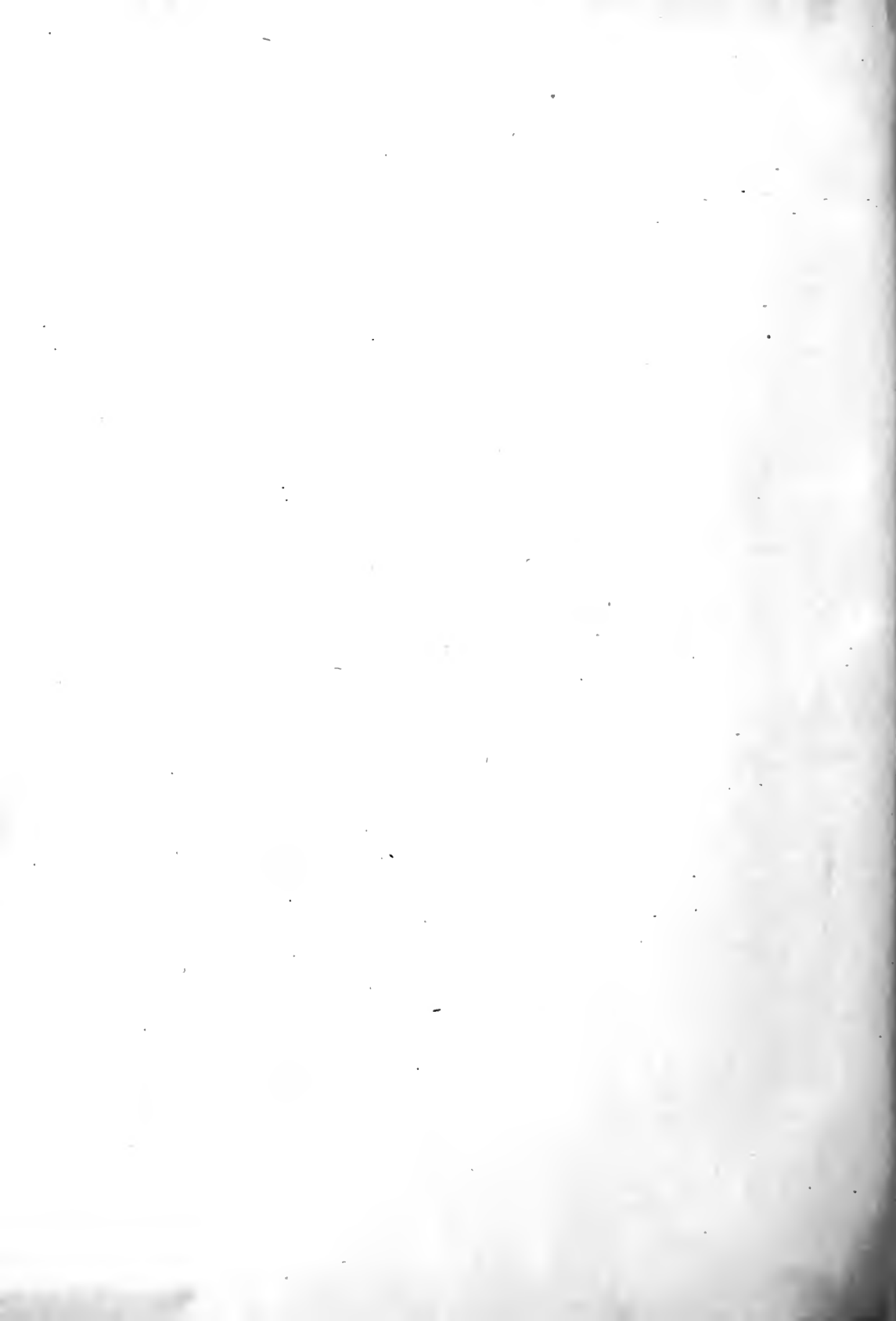
"Without going quite as far as that I can assure you that we do not compare at all well with most of the other nations. In America, for instance, the note-engravings—and the postage-stamps too, by the way—are admirable examples of well-considered production. In Japan the Government bonds are delightful things, as attractive in design as they are excellent in printing ; and I could quote other examples of thought and taste bestowed upon such official documents. My point is that if other countries take pains to secure artistic collaboration in things of this sort we cannot afford to be so lax and careless. We must show that we are not behind the rest of the world."

"I will take your word for it," scoffed the Business Man ; "but it seems to me that you are making a great fuss about nothing."

"That is apparently the view taken by the Treasury officials," commented the Man with the Red Tie ; "and that is the view we want to alter."

THE LAY FIGURE.





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